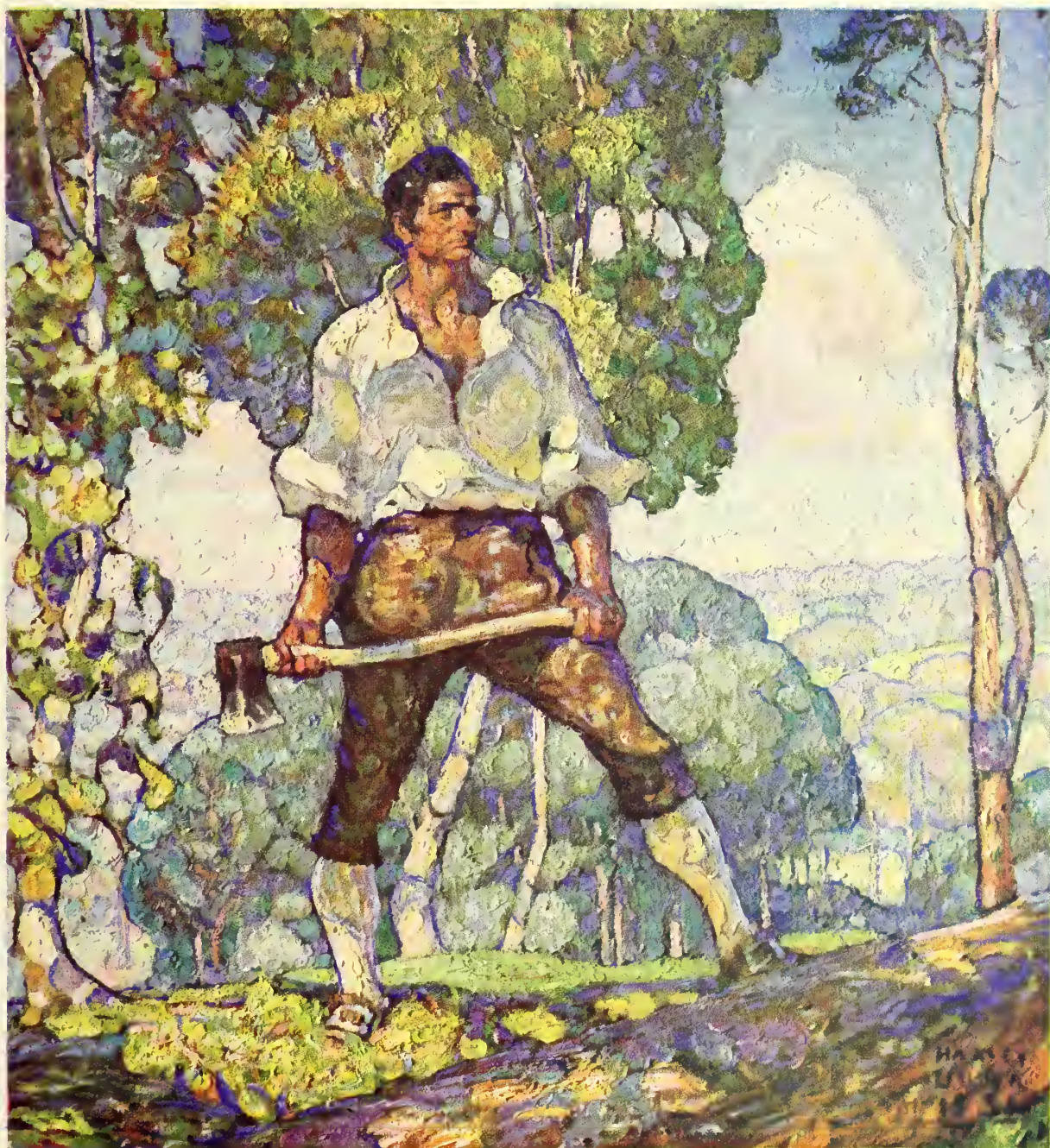


*The* *25 Cents* *May - 1931*  
**A** **AMERICAN**  
**L** **LEGION** *Monthly*



R.G.KIRK ★ CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN  
SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR. ★ FREDERICK PALMER  
OSCAR *of the* WALDORF



# Sunshine *mellows* Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always  
kind to your throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE — made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED" — an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

## "It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

© 1981, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.



TUNE IN —  
The Lucky Strike  
Dance Orchestra,  
every Tuesday,  
Thursday and Saturday  
evening over  
N.B.C. networks

*Lowest price*  
in the world for the greatest  
advance in motoring  
*free wheeling*

**\$895**

4-DOOR, 5 PASSENGER SEDAN

Other models \$845 to \$995

*Prices at the factory*



SEVENTY-NINE years of Studebaker progress reach a brilliant climax . . . the most important motor car improvement of modern times at \$845 to \$995.

Think of it! The same Free Wheeling with positive gear control adopted by Pierce-Arrow and Lincoln is yours in this brilliant new Studebaker.

And with it come all these benefits . . . 15% to 20% savings in gasoline and oil . . . reductions in chassis wear and repairs . . . freedom from clutch slavery . . . and a driving thrill you've never known.

Get in on the savings and the

safety and the driving simplicity of this new low priced Studebaker. Shift back and forth between second and high at any speed without touching the clutch.

Highway commissioners and safety directors throughout the country have driven Free Wheeling Studebakers and pronounced Free Wheeling with positive gear control a new measure of personal and public safety.

Phone your Studebaker dealer to take you Free Wheeling in this brilliant new seventy horsepower Studebaker.

**STUDEBAKER**

*Builder of  
Champions*



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

MAY, 1931



# The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

VOL. 10, No. 5



## In This Issue

COVER DESIGN: <i>The Pioneer</i>	by Harvey Dunn	
ROPE'S END	by R. G. Kirk	5
	<i>Illustrations by Lowell L. Balcom</i>	
IT'S THE HUMAN ELEMENT	by Clarence D. Chamberlin	10
ADVICE	by B. F. Affleck    Alfred Kauffman Otto H. Falk    Edward A. Filene	12
	<i>Decorations by Harry Townsend</i>	
EXIT THE SLUM	by William F. Deegan	14
BEDSIDE STORIES	by John Palmer Cumming	16
	<i>Illustrations by Hubert Mathieu</i>	
WHY YOU COULDN'T RUN A RESTAURANT	by Oscar of the Waldorf	18
	<i>Cartoons by John Cassel</i>	
WHEN MR. BAKER MADE WAR: <i>Part Seven</i>	by Frederick Palmer	20
CAMPFIRES	by Samuel Scoville, Jr.	26
	<i>Illustration by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige</i>	
ICI ON PARLE AMERICAINE	by Philip Von Blon	28
THEN AND NOW	by The Company Clerk	32
TEAMWORK	by John R. Tunis	34
THE UNFINISHED BATTLE		63

## Among Next Month's Features

SAMUEL  
MCROBERTS  
*Points Out the Earmarks  
of a Good Bank*

ALEXANDER  
SPRUNT, JR.  
*Has a Word for a Family of  
Useful Creatures Who Are  
Persecuted for the Sins of a  
Few Bad Eggs Among Them  
—"Suffering Snakes"*

PETER B. KYNE  
*Tells the Story of a Boy Who  
Grew to Be a Man and  
Couldn't See Why a Debt  
Should Be "Outlawed"*

## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

NEW MEXICO: The 47th State, admitted to the Union Jan. 6, 1912. The Indians first occupied the region. The Spanish settled there in 1508, establishing Santa Fé, the second oldest permanent European settlement within the present confines of the United States. While a province of Mexico, traders and engineers laid out the picturesque and historical Santa Fé trail that ran from Santa Fé to Missouri. The United States acquired indisputable right to the region by the treaty of peace that ended the Mexican War, Feb. 2, 1848 and by the Gadsden Purchase treaty of 1853. Congress organized New Mexico Territory, Sept. 9, 1850. Population, 1850, 61,547; 1930 (U. S. Census), 423,317. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2500 and over), 1900, 14.0; 1910, 14.2; 1920, 18.0. Area, 122,634 sq. miles. Density of population (1930 U. S. Census), 3.5 per sq. mile, Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 44th in population, 4th in area, 45th in density. Capital, Santa Fé (1930 U. S. Census), 11,176. Three largest cities (1930 U. S. Census); Albuquerque, 26,570; Santa Fé; Roswell, 11,173. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$851,836,000. Principal sources of wealth: all crops (1920 U. S. Census) valued at \$40,619,000, the leaders being the regular cereals, kaffir, milo, potatoes, cotton. Mineral output (1920), \$45,000,000 included copper, zinc, silver and gold; manufacturing output (1923) \$20,422,126; value of livestock (1922) \$47,068,000. New Mexico had 14,304 men and women in service during the World War. The State motto, which was adopted Sept. 9, 1850, is Crescit Eundo (It Grows as it Goes). Origin of Name: Christened in honor of Old Mexico. Nickname: Sunshine, Spanish.



THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1931, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. General Manager, Robert F. Smith; Editor, John T. Winterich; Advertising Manager, B. L. Dombrowski; Business Manager, Richard E. Brann; Managing Editor, Philip Von Blon; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents, yearly subscription in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, 2457 East Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



# Pick Your Own Job! I'll Help You To Get It

**N**O special experience required to get one of these attractive Government positions. All you need is to pass an examination—and it is easy if you prepare for it. And that's my business. For eight years I was a Secretary Examiner. Since then, during the past twenty years, I have helped thousands into well-paid Government positions, and I can help you get there too. I know *how to train you* to get highest rating in Civil Service Examinations, which will qualify you for first positions open. You get the job you're after within a year of passing examinations—or it *costs you nothing*. **GOVERNMENT GIVES EX-SERVICE MEN PREFERENCE!**

## Good Pay - Short Hours - Steady Work

Get rid of the bugaboos of hard times, strikes, lay-offs, job-hunting that you must always worry about in ordinary jobs. Don't stick in the low-pay jobs that start you off in a rut and keep you there. Work for Uncle Sam in a fine position you can't lose for any religious, political or personal reasons. Here's a wonderful position you can easily get that pays you from \$1850 to \$3300 a year; where there are no strikes or lockouts, where you get vacations with pay, retirement pensions, 8-hour day, automatic yearly salary raises, unlimited opportunities for quick advancement and many other advantages you can't get anywhere else!

## FREE My New Book "How To Secure a Gov't Position"

If you are a citizen, eighteen to fifty, you can get the Civil Service Position you want. Write today for my new free book that tells all about the Civil Service—the jobs open, what you must do to get the job, the pay, the vacation, and all the big advantages of Government Positions. Find out just how I can help you land a steady good-paying position in the Civil Service in Washington, traveling, or near your home. Mail the coupon or a postal today.

A. R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert  
**PATTERSON SCHOOL**  
635 Wisner Building  
Rochester, N. Y.

MAY, 1931



### RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

**\$1850 to \$2700 a year**

Opportunity for travel, 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. Paid all the time.

### POST OFFICE CLERK

**\$1700 to \$2100 a year**

**Special Clerks at \$2200 to \$2300**

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Eligible to promotion to higher paid positions.

### CITY MAIL CARRIER

**\$1700 to \$2100 a year**

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Good chance for rapid promotion to bigger pay.

### R. F. D. MAIL CARRIER

**\$1800 to \$2300 a year**

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. A fine position for men in rural districts.

### INTERNAL REVENUE and CUSTOMS HOUSE POSITIONS

**\$1100, \$1680 to \$3000 a year and up**

**Extra Pay for Overtime**

### POSTMASTER

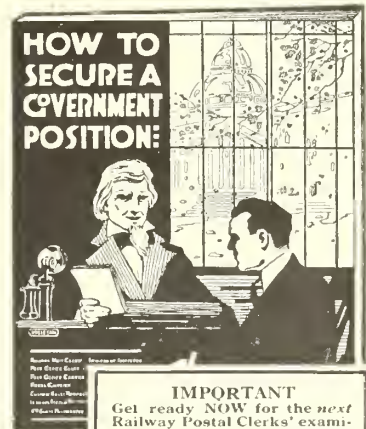
**\$1200 to \$2500 a year**

This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position that can be made very profitable.

### DEPARTMENTAL CLERK

**\$1440 to \$1620 a year and up to \$3000 a year**

30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave with full pay. Work in Washington, or near home.



A. R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert  
**PATTERSON SCHOOL**  
635 Wisner Building,  
Rochester, New York

Please send me your big free book and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1,850 to \$3,300 a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This doesn't cost me a penny.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Auxiliary Members

Write for your copy  
of this catalog



A brand new 1931 Auxiliary Emblem Catalog is yours for the asking!

This interesting new booklet, beautifully illustrated in colors, is devoted exclusively to official American Legion Auxiliary regalia and supplies. It includes, of course, the essential supplies: *flags, banners, medals, etc.*, and in addition, an extensive line of brand new merchandise: *compacts, bracelets, pendants* and other items designed for your personal use, at surprisingly reduced prices. Your copy of this brand new catalog is ready to mail. It's yours for the asking. Write for it today!



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

\*

Emblem Division, The American Legion  
777 North Meridian, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please mail promptly a copy of the 1931 American Legion Auxiliary catalog. It is to be distinctly understood this in no way obligates me.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

I am a member of Unit No. \_\_\_\_\_ Post of \_\_\_\_\_

5-31



# ROPE'S END

*By R. G. KIRK*

*Illustrations by  
Lowell L. Balcom*

## *The Law Goes Half-way 'Round the World to Get Its Man— and Loses Him*

**W**ILY KOSKINEN knew rope—no steel erector better. But that didn't help Wily much when it came his time to get hanged by the neck. All bridgemen know rope. Line, they say; never rope. But by any name, Wily Koskinen knew it. For Wily was not only a steel erector; he was a sailorman. And Wily was not only a sailorman; he was a Finn. And what a Finn sailorman doesn't know about rope is literally nobody's business.

If ever a man got sent up the rope without cause, it was Wily Koskinen. All Wily did was to swipe Hop Denver alongside the head with a reinforced concrete fist, and knock him, dead as a herring, off of a bridge. All fair and honest, although at his trial poor Wily couldn't convince the jury of this. A gang of Hop Denver's buddies perjured their lousy souls to hell, and the verdict was guilty. First degree murder. And all Wily did was to whang Hop Denver across the skull with his knuckle bones in a fight, and crack his neck, the snow-peddling rat. How do I know it? Wily Koskinen said so. Any one who knows Wily would take his word against a whole court-room full of snakes like the mob that witnessed against him. But the jury didn't know Wily. And the jury was made up of hundred-percenters. They didn't like Finns. And Wily was sure one tough looking bird, with his blond stiff hair, and his pale cold eye, and his face as flat as a Manchus'. He strengthened the jury's belief that the Finns were a heathen tribe that dwelt in Siberia somewhere, and who went to and fro in the earth breaking necks as a sort of pagan rite.

And so fate had it that Wily Koskinen, rigger, first class, who practically lived by the rope, was to hang by a rope by the neck. And the fact that Wily knew all about rope didn't make this any the easier for Wily.

There's a lot more sensible stuff to know about rope than tying a wide selection of never-used, fancy knots. How to coil



*On the suicide squad*

it, for instance. There's a right and a wrong way to do as simple a thing as that. You coil it clockwise. Coil it counter-clockwise, and there's kinks all over the place.

Ask Wily Koskinen how to coil rope, and he'd say, "Coil line? You coil line wit' ta sun"—"with the sun"—which is O. K. for Finns, who live in the north. But I've often wondered how Wily would coil a line below the equator. The sun swings up moving left as you look at it rising there. And Finns are conservatives, what I mean. If "wit' ta sun" is O. K. for coiling up rope in Finland, it ought to be O. K. any place in the world—and the kinks be damned. Stubborn? Say, listen. To say that a Finn is as stubborn as a mule wouldn't give you the least idea. But if you should say that a mule was stubborn as a Finn, you'd be telling about some mule. Of course I really doubt if a Finnsailorman would coil a rope wrongly, rules or no rules, except under most unusual, overwhelming conditions, as when Wily Koskinen did it; for a Finn, give the heathen his due, is most generally pretty near always bull-headed in a right cause.

But Wily Koskinen did coil a rope wrongly, once in his life. Not counter-clockwise, not against the sun; but he finished the operation wrongly. There are two things to remember especially, coiling a line. First, clockwise. Next, and of vital importance aloft, in bridging, drop the end of the line down inside the coil when you're done. Never leave it hanging outside of the coil. And Wily Koskinen forgot this once, in a moment of terrible stress. That made two crimes against him. For the first one, cold-caulking Hop Denver, they should have pinned a medal on him. But they sentenced Wily for that to hang by the neck until he was dead, dead, dead. And for the second, improperly coiling a rope, the rope actually got him. For that bridging crime, which was strangely hooked up with the civil one, he actually swung—he actu-

ally got hanged by the neck until he—but that's at the end of this record.

I remember the day very well when Hop Denver got his. It was on the Tide River job, a stupendous cantilever that Father Joe Priest was raising. I was field engineer for Father Joseph, the coldest nosed, warmest hearted, hardest boiled erector chief it has ever been my elegant luck to get bawled out by for not checking deflections on time.

A fine job of work Wily did when he cold-caulked Hop; for we found out later that Hop got his nick-name not from a little halt in his gait, but because he was peddling snow. Any worm loud enough to bootleg that stuff is an ornament to a good funeral. A fine job of work Wily did, although he never intended to make



it as thorough and finished a chore as it turned out to be. It was coming to Hop, too. Hop Denver did worse to hundreds of men than merely to kill them.

Now Hop was a first class bridgeman. He had to be. He worked for Father Joe Priest. And Father Joseph could get up more steel in a shorter time, with fewer men—all of whom had to be very doggone first class—than any erector chief in the game. Sooner or later, of course, Father Joe would have found out that Hop was bringing his filthy dope racket onto the bridge, and Father Joe would probably have booted the pants of Hop and his p-i buddies right off of steel into the river. But until that discovery Hop would have stayed on with Father Joe as long as he did good bridging—if he hadn't called Wily Koskinen a Swede.

**T**HE day before Hop got his, a fitting-up wrench came whanging down from way up aloft right into the midst of Hop's gang, where they were bunched together, riveting a bottom chord splice, near the foot of a vertical strut. It luckily hit no one. If it had, there would have been brains, or some substitute, splashed all over the place. Nobody got hurt; but just the same, when quitting time came, Hop's gang didn't go down at once to the ground, but stood waiting about at the foot of that strut. And presently Wily Koskinen came clambering down it to the floor of the bridge.

Erecting gangs have a pretty hot third degree that they hand out to men who let tools get away. And rightly. A dropped tool means a dead man, often enough, on a steel erection job.

Hop said to Wily, "Look here, you unprintable so on and so forth! This wrench came down from up there where you been workin'. So get this, Flat Face. Bridgin's no job for a so on and so forth who can't hang on to his tools. Where you belong is back in the old country, shovelin' dung on a farm. We don't like you guineas anyhow, comin' in here and grabbin' off jobs that good Americans ought to have. So listen, Dead Pan, when you get to the ground, you just ask for your time. And don't come back up on this bridge tomorrow. You do, and you'll get this wrench that you dropped bent over your skull. Is them orders, gang?"

Hop's riveting gang assured Koskinen that them was orders.

Now Finns, though a bull-headed people, are not swift to wrath. They are reasonably long-suffering. Instead of wasting good time and strength in strife, they win out, often, by passive resistance; meantime sawing wood, and making their regular trips to the savings bank. But there is one little thing which will change their resistance from passive to active—one little thing that will make a Finn throw off his characteristic stolidity like a burning shirt. We refer to the ceremony of laying on hands. Offer him bodily harm, and up he will flare. Deep under a more or less humble exterior, Finns are proud, and do not care to be kicked in the pants, or to have fitting-up wrenches bent over their skulls. And, what's more, they do not have to stand for it. Your Finn is a pretty fair shakes of a bodily harmer himself, when he finally goes into action. As developed tragically in this particular case.

It came out later, at Wily's trial, that Wily's young cousin, Arny Koskinen, not long on this side, and but that day come on our job, was the one who had dropped the wrench. He had been sent aloft to work as a buddy to Wily that day, on the bolting-up gang. And at whistle time he had stayed up aloft, as a course of wisdom, while the more experienced and better-known Wily went down first, to reconnoiter—to see if any trouble had brewed because of the fallen wrench, and to take the brunt of it if it had.

Wily took plenty brunt, all right. But he never mentioned his cousin. He took it all in silence, until Hop Denver came to the place in his oration where he promised to wrap the fallen fitting-up wrench around somebody's alabaster brow. The Wily orated back.

Wily said, "Dot's all right, Hop. You t'ink I'm best get fire off yob for let fall dot ranch, you come down alonk to office wit' me. We see bik boss. I'm tell boss all 'bout dot ranch. Bik boss say I'm fire, I'm fire. But he don' say dot, I'm come back on yob tomorrow. You don' can fire me, Hop. You and you gank, all four, don' can fire me off dis 'ridge. And one somebody dis gank put hand on me, I kill him. Sure t'ing. Come on down alonk, see boss."

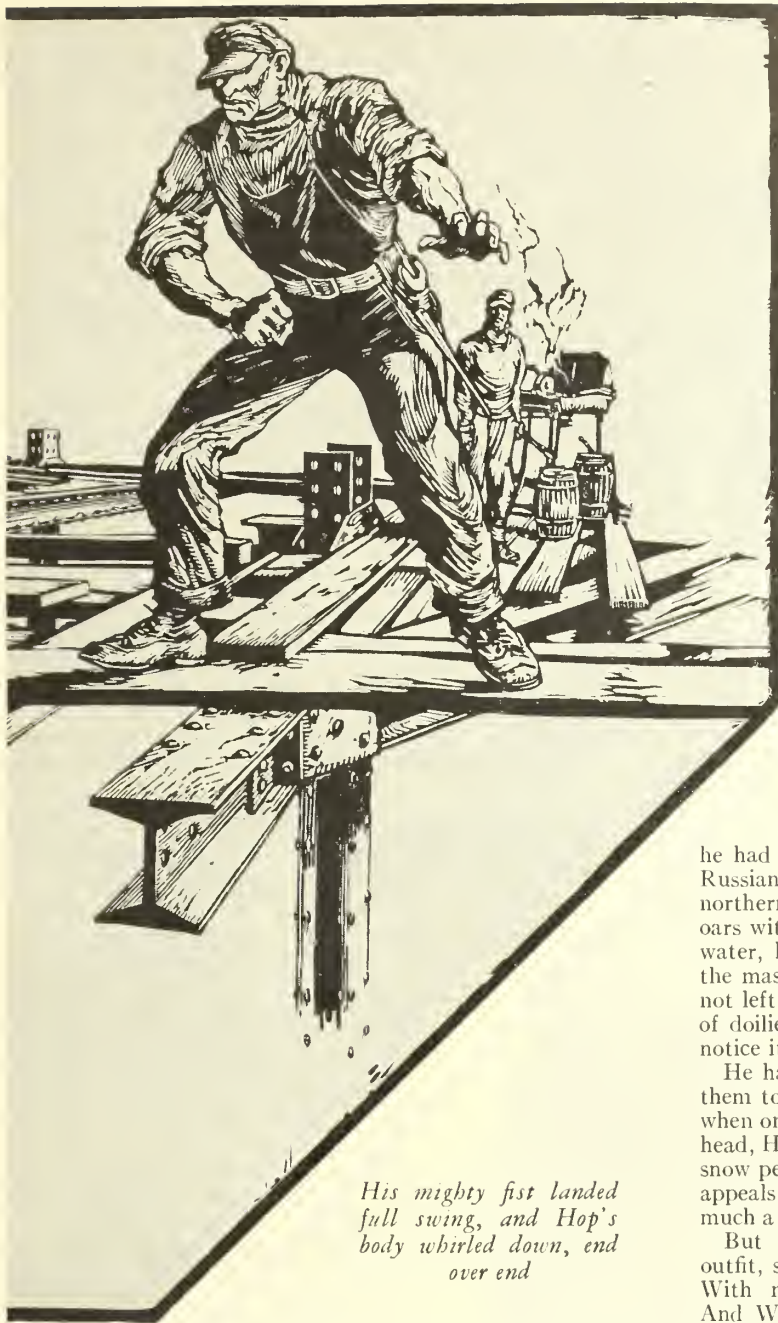


But of course Hop didn't go along down to the office with Wily, to see Father Joe. Instead, he made further loud-mouthed threats. He'd handle this business himself. And of course, next day, Wily, the bull-headed Finn, instead of asking his pusher to give him another job, away from Hop's gang till the war cloud blew over, came right back to where he had worked the previous day. Nobody tried to adjust the fitting-up wrench to the contours of Wily's bull head; but inevitably there was more eloquence. And Hop Denver called Wily a Swede. A so on and so forth etcetera and then some Square Head.

Now the so on and so forth part of the speech is unprintable stuff, but it goes with bridgemen. They like it. Steel erectors' terms of endearment start in where other folks' terms of blasphemous opprobrium stop. It was only the Square Head part to which Wily took exception.

It's true, Finns are oftentimes blonds. But this shouldn't make you confuse them with Swedes. Finn hair is unruly, stickupish, like hemp; and their eyes, when pale, often glint with fleckings of gold. Finns have rather flat faces, and wide-apart cheek bones. A Finn is no Teuton by race. His nose is too flat. A Finn is no Scandinavian. A Finn is a Finn. And he's damn proud of it. You might as well call him a Turk as a Swede. Maybe, ethnologically, you'd be more nearly correct at that. And you'd probably run less chance of a cat fight. For it isn't the Turk who holds the finest farm land in Finland—a country where most of the soil gives battle to man which none





*His mighty fist landed  
full swing, and Hop's  
body whirled down, end  
over end*

but a race with Finnish persistence could win. Don't mistake me; the Finns and the Swedes get along very well together in Finland. But then a Swede would never think of calling a Finn a Swede. But Hop Denver did, and one word led to a bookfull, and when the smoke cleared away, Hop Denver was dead.

Koskinen told at the trial that it started in as a knock-down, drag-out fight, one against four, which very suddenly stopped in a deathly quiet. His cousin Arny had started to go aloft, and when he got back to the bridge floor, the thing was over, and men were standing aghast. And if Koskinen said so, that's how it was. But Hop Denver's buddies swore otherwise, claiming that Wily was laying for Hop with a snatch-block. They swore that that fitting-up wrench of Wily's wasn't the first of his tools that had fallen close to Hop Denver. And they swore that when Hop said that he'd run Wily off of the bridge for dropping stuff from aloft, Wily said that he'd kill him. Four to one? They swore that Hop Denver went up on the bridge a little ahead of them. They saw the thing done, but they couldn't get there in time to stop it.

Four to one? Why, Wily Koskinen was unmarked after the fight. Any time the four of them couldn't leave a few trade marks on a single opponent. Why even Hop Denver alone, with a chance, would have left signs of battle on Wily, aplenty. Hop was good. He had fought around, a bit, at the clubs. They produced his record. The jury considered it. Some jury. Any

one with half a grain of sense could see at a glance that the only way you could make a mark on a weather-baked map like Wily's would be with a cold cutter and an eight pound maul.

But the cards were stacked against Wily. There was the cruel business of Hop Denver's fall. He was dead in the air, so it didn't matter a rip. But the jury couldn't seem to get the pitiful picture out of its mind of Hop's body whirling down, end over end, to hit with a white geyser splash in the black winter river, a hundred and thirty-five feet below. A smart attorney put that picture into their minds, and there it stayed, to the end of the trial. Could a man's fist do that?

Here they brought in the snatch-block. Exhibit A. Smart enough at that; for a snatch-block looks to a jury a lot more like a tool of premeditated assault than a fist; although as far as I am concerned, I'd as soon be clanked over the skull with the one as the other, with Wily Koskinen on the delivering end. But it helped stack the cards against Wily. They brought it in, and they put it down on the table; and the jury looked at it. And Wily's insistence that he had used only his fist, made his case that much worse. Hop Denver's riveting gang, and three or four others, who later were found to be sharing in Hop's coke racket, swore they had seen Wily level on Hop with Exhibit A; which made more sense to the jury. They weren't used to thinking in terms of fists like Wily Koskinen's.

But you ought to see Wily's fists. I've never seen hands like Koskinen's. Lethal tools if ever I looked at a pair. He got them swinging a sweep. From his thirteenth year to his twenty-fifth, first learning under his dad, then licensed pilot himself, he had brought the tar-boats down from the forests along the Russian border, through the hair-raising rapids of the Ounas in northern Finland. A dozen years of hanging on to the mighty oars with a grip that meant life or death, as he fought the wild water, had given him hands of steel. Years to follow, before the mast, and other years in the gentle calling of bridging, had not left him much time for the handling of silks or the knitting of doilies; so that his huge paws hadn't softened so you could notice it much.

He had little skill in handling them in a fight. He had used them to work for a living. But it happened, nevertheless, that when one of them landed, full swing, on the side of Hop Denver's head, Hop's light got jarred out. And good riddance, I say—the snow peddling louse. Anybody who peddles a merchandise that appeals alone to the wobble-kneed side of his brother men is as much a pimp as one who procures for some drab.

But they railroaded Wily Koskinen. They swore, Hop's outfit, seven or eight of the rats, that Wily deliberately killed. With malice aforethought and a steel-bound snatch-block. And Wily had no other but Arny, who was his countryman and his cousin, and who could scarcely make himself understood to the twelve good hundred-percenters and true, with his broken English. Although they understood well enough when he had to admit that Wily, upflaring at threats of bodily harm, had threatened to kill.

So it was up the rope you go for Wily Koskinen; as filthy a mess of perjury back of the verdict as ever I hope to hear. And off to the big house went Wily.

THEN, soon after that the Tide River span got finished; and next thing you know they were sending Father Joe clear across to the other side of the world, to throw that magnificent lace-work of steel across the Hsipaw gorge in Burma. And I, praised be, got shipped the long road to Mandalay with him, as his field engineer. Old Johnny Bull wanted that terrible chasm spanned in a year. Father Joe was the man to span it. Father Joseph; nobody else but. Susquehanna Steel Company knew it. And Father Joe knew it; and knew he held the cards.

So before he left, or would leave, you may knock me cock-eyed with a handful of tripe if he didn't persuade the company to promise the best criminal lawyer in the U. S. A. the sweet sum of twenty-five grand if he would keep Wily from climbing the rope.

Why did Father Joe do this for Wily? Father Joe knows a man when he sees one, that's why. And he told the Company that they could take the twenty-five grand out of his salary, a thousand a year, until it was all paid back; if they were shrim-



souled enough to do it. Father Joe assured them that they were as good as paid. They had plenty of time to get their dough back, he explained. He said he had heard a persistent rumor that the first hundred years of bridging were the hardest; and it was his intention to stick around for some of the easy picking after that century term of raw-hiding was over.

It's a pity that Susquehanna Steel didn't get back of Wily with their twenty-five grand before they did; but until Father Joe got them where he could bear down on them, on account of that one year contract on the Hsipaw viaduct, that ice gizzard outfit—heart, hell! they didn't have any heart!—would not have put up twenty-five grand to keep Santa Claus from getting strung up, pack and all. But the criminal lawyer never did get the twenty-five grand. They got back of Wily too late. The lawyer got his retainer, that's all. For Wily got hanged. He got hanged by the neck until—but that, as we said before, is the end of this record. Which now approaches.

We got to Burma; and out to Hsipaw, and started to get up steel. Then one day, down at Rangoon, where Father Joe sent me to meet and hurry up country a hold full of steel, who comes off of the ship as soon as it docked but a solid hundred and ninety pound chunk of tan whiskered sailorman, and hits me up for a job.

"I'm Yens Olafsen," said this man, looking me straight in the eye. "I'm first class rigger. I like yob on Hsipaw. I get him?"

He got him.

Olafsen told me, riding out steel up through Burma's hills, to the gorge, that there had been a terrible boiler explosion, followed by fire from broken gas mains, in the big house back in the States just before he shipped for India. Prisoners had been released to escape the flames; but so systematically had they been guarded that only one of them managed to make a get-away; a man in the shadow of the noose, who, preferring bullets to rope, took a thousand to one shot, and made the river; went into it carrying lead, out-dived the boats and the search lights, shed his clothes, every stitch, swam the best part of thirty miles, climbed anchor chains at the end of his swim, and stowed away.

I would have known who that was without any tan-whiskered A. B. to tell me the story. Finns are the greatest endurance performers in the world. They have to be or they wouldn't grow up in Finland. The night had been dark, the month had been May and the water refreshing and cool, he had only carried one bullet; so what was there to stop Wily Koskinen from swimming a mere couple of dozen miles?

The ship on which Koskinen had stowed was by sheer luck bound for India, loaded with structural steel. Koskinen was right at home. He crawled in between a couple big girders, found a comfortable cross-brace for a pillow, and went to sleep. Two days out, he changed that bed for a forecask bunk. The fo'c's'l, knowing a sailor when they saw one, asked no wrong questions. He was a stranger, and like good Christian men, they took him in; naked, and they clothed him; hungry, and they gave him to eat; thirsty and they gave him a jolt; wounded, and they dug out the bullet, slapped a filthy cud of tobacco, made up of three large chews from as many mouths, on the wound, and called him a well man. Which he was. He reported on deck next watch, and although the mate didn't seem to remember this tan-whiskered sailor, the ship was short handed, and when the mate saw this man coil up a line, he asked no questions at all.

Olafsen and I reached Hsipaw without incident. And I took him in to Father Joe, and introduced him. You should have seen the perfectly dead eye that Father Joe turned on him.

Father Joe said, "All you Square Head sailors seem to think that because you know line, and can go up, that you're natural bridgemen. We want steel erectors, not sailors. Ever raise any steel?"

"No sir," Olafsen said. "I'm first class rigger; but I'm never work on steel yob. No, sir."

"That's fine," said Father Joe. "I'm glad you did. We're short a man in the raising gang, Church. Knorr fell into the gorge when you were away. He's number four. So put this Swede in his place, on the suicide squad, out at the end of steel tomorrow."

And Father Joe turned to his blue-prints with no more sign of warmth in his pale grey eye than you'd find on a dagger blade. Fate and Finnish obstinacy had combined to bring about certain satisfactory results.

But they traced him anyhow, be damned if they didn't. Even the heroic measure of taking a Swedish name didn't throw off the law. Old Lady Justice, so named, demanded a rope's end for Wily Koskinen. And to give him that rope's end she traced him half way round the world. Clear to India. Clear to the Northern Shan States of Upper Burma, mind you—after a man who had done the world a lot of good, by cuffing a dope peddling rat on the side of the head, and knocking him dead as a salted mackerel, off of a bridge. They should have tossed a garland of daisies around Wily Koskinen's neck for that, instead of a rope.

Mr. Southing—Mr. Ramsgate Southing, none other than the Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner of the District—did us the honor to handle this thing. A special engine brought him and a couple native police to the camp—all dressed in spotless linen and a pith helmet and a monocle; not the native police, or the engine—Mr. Southing.

Mr. Southing said to Father Joe, "You've a certain Finlander working on your job, I understand."

Father Joe said, "My dear sir, you are full of crumpets and what not. There's not a Finn name on my pay sheets!"

"Crumpets, what!" exclaimed Ramsgate, old turnip. "I am Mr. Southing, sir. Mr. Ramsgate Southing, Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner of this District."

"Oh!" Father Joe said. "I beg your pardon. Here I was, thinking all the time that you were somebody else—and stuffed full of crumpets. You see, you had failed to introduce yourself or to state your business. I, sir, am Mr. Priest—Mr. Joseph U. S. A. Priest, erection chief for the Susquehanna Steel Company, engaged in erecting a viaduct in your District. I'm pleased to meet you, I'm sure. But there isn't a Finnish name on the books."

"Quite so," said Mr. Southing. "His name, on your pay sheets, is Swedish. Olafsen; but that is wrong. The man is deceiving you. The name, properly, is Koskinen. The police of your country want him for murder. And there is our extradition treaty, you know. Will you have this man brought to me?"

"I will not," said Father Joe Priest. "But I will give you a drink. Come into my elegantly appointed field office, where you can take off your monocle, sit on a transit box, spit in the sawdust box and be comfortable. And we'll talk this thing over, and take a look at your papers."

Father Joe has an eye that can twinkle back of the ice, and say, "Give me half a chance and I'll talk your language." Mr. Southing hooked arms with Father Joe, and they went into Father Joe's office, and they had a drink. I was down in the gorge at the time, giving levels to a gang that was shimming up base plates on foundations there; and I missed it all. But Father Joe told me afterward that no amount of eloquence or of perfectly first class Scotch could move the Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner the width of the well known red hair of our business.

"It's orders, dear fellow," said Mr. Southing. "Too bad. Much too bad, old chap, if this thing is as you say. But the man had a trial, and the man was convicted of murder, and the man was sentenced to hang. So



Wily Koskinen, rigger, first class



there's nothing to do but to hang him, what! In England, we do that, you know. And we have few murders. Perhaps in America there might be fewer also if you good people—. But here. If you will not bring this man to me, I shall go to him!"

"Let's see you," said Father Joe; for he didn't think that he could.

It took nerve to go out to the end of steel on the Hsipaw viaduct. The Hsipaw viaduct was, at this stage, out to about the middle of the terrible gorge which it was to span. Over three hundred feet above foundations the end of steel rose here. Beyond was the void; and across it, a thousand feet, sheer cliffs of limestone, red streaked, yellow streaked, toward which we were building, towered and challenged. And far down below the highest steel trestle's foundations, five hundred deeper, the Chungzui plunged into the black and terrible portal of that marvelous tunnel which the river had bored through the living rock on which the viaduct stands.

It took good nerve to walk out to the end of steel. It took good nerve for a bridgeman to do it. It wasn't the height alone. It was the awesome beauty of it all that left you breathless, shaken. The sheer cliff's challenge across the gorge, the mountains of Shan mounting up and away on every side, the overpowering green of the jungle—the feeling that little men could never conquer it all. It took nerve all right. And Mr. Ramsgate Southing, who never had been three stories up in his life without walls around him, and solid floors under his feet, stuck his monocle into his eye, and went out to the end of steel; while Father Joe followed after him, wondering.

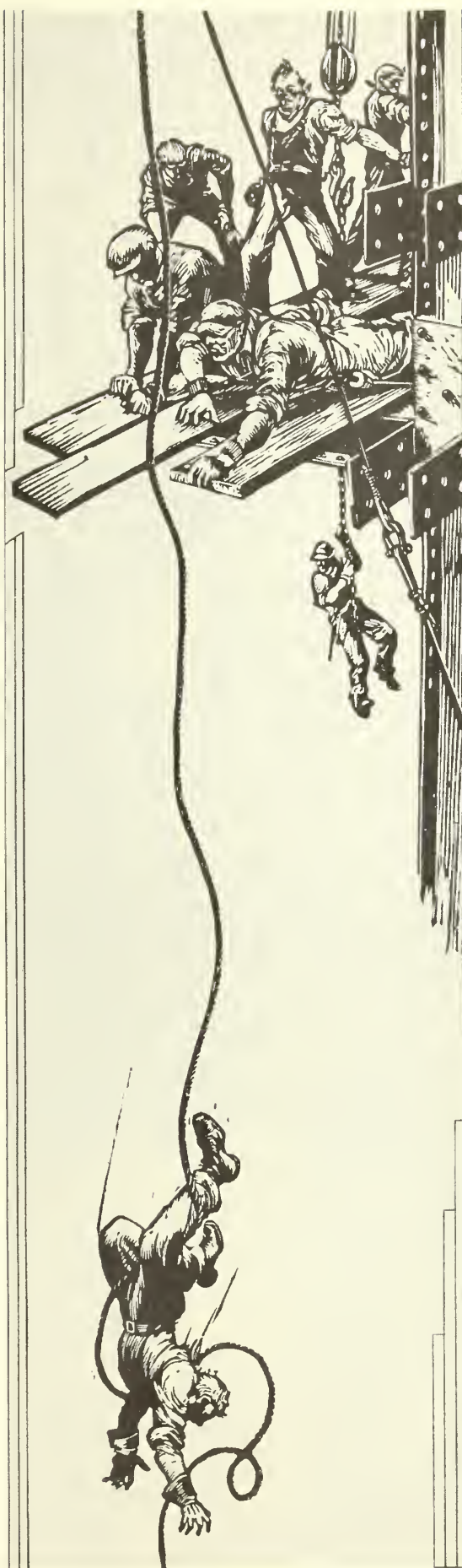
Out at the very end of steel, at the dizzyest point above the floor of the gorge, Mr. Southing came on the man he was after. He had a description of Wily Koskinen, and I know of no man who could be so unmistakably described.

"You are Vilho Koskinen, are you not?" inquired the Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner.

Wily Koskinen was coiling a line. He was coiling it up on a little platform of boards laid across steel out at the very jumping off place. Wily was highball man that day—signal man, who relayed the hand signs from the men deep down in the gorge to the hoist operators on the traveler. Not every man could be highball man at Hsipaw. Bridgemen who had never felt in their lives a qualm at great height, told me that there was something about the Hsipaw, with its river diving into the fearful tunnel a thousand feet below, that put yellow streaks up their backs. But Wily Koskinen could lean out over that terrible gash, braced against the wind that blew up through it, and look down for signals, and pass them along to the traveler crew with no more concern than if he were looking down into a bucket of beer.

It was whistle time, and Wily was coiling a line when the law spoke his name. And when the law, with a noose in its hand, said in proper Finnish, "Vilho Koskinen"—when the law said that, unexpectedly, way out there in the Shan hills of Burma, half way across the world from where he had cracked the neck of Hop Denver, Vilho Koskinen made what was perhaps the first rigger's error of his career. He dropped the end of the line he had just finished coiling—and dropped it outside of the coil, and not safely down inside of it.

I do not blame him. Neither did Father Joe, who afterwards told me that in that



*The wild line picked up Wily as though he were some little girl's rag doll and whipped him in an arc into the awful gorge*

tense moment, he did not notice the blunder himself. Neither did Mr. Ramsgate Southing blame him. Mr. Ramsgate Southing didn't know what it was all about. He didn't know anything more about coiling a line than the justly famous fillyloo bird of legend and song. But Mr. Ramsgate Southing was due, in the next few moments, to find out something about it.

For there suddenly came to his ears a venomous hiss. And suddenly, like a serpent more deadly than any cobra in Burma, that line reared up out of its coil, and started to strike.

Just as in whaling days the lines leaped squirming out of the tubs in the whale-boat's bow when the quarry felt the harpoon, so Koskinen's line leaped. But the whaling lines were coiled in tubs, confined. Their leavings were upward. Yet log books show more than once how these lines sometimes flung out sideways, and snaring a man, snatched him overboard to death a thousand fathoms below with the sounding whale.

So the end of a bridge-man's line must always be dropped down inside of the coil when the coiling's done. A loose end, left unworkmanly outside the coil, may get kicked overboard, hundreds of feet aloft. Then, from its own weight, that dangling rope end may start to drag. If ever it starts, there's only one finish. The more rope pulls over, the faster it falls, with gravity taking the place of the sounding whale. The faster it falls, the faster the coil will unwind, until in a moment the vicious loops will be leaping and searching about, and the air will be full of death on every side.

There was no escape. Behind those three men was the void. Before them leaped Wily Koskinen's line, unconfined by whaling tubs, free like a terrible lariat to fling its searching coils to every side before it whisked them, hissing, over the little platform, over steel, and into the chasm below. With the menace of that other ghastly rope (Continued on page 36)



# *In Ocean Flying, As in Everything Else,* *It's the* HUMAN ELEMENT

*By Clarence D. Chamberlin*

**I**T IS not quite four years since the monoplane Columbia carried us from Garden City, Long Island, to Eisleben, Germany, non-stop. Last fall the old Columbia again spanned the North Atlantic, carrying Captain J. Errol Boyd and Lieutenant Harry P. Connor from Newfoundland to the Scilly Isles, off the southern coast of England. Probably because this is the only airplane to have twice accomplished the passage of the Atlantic, a friend recently asked me whether there had been any real progress in aviation toward regular transoceanic travel since the pioneering flights of 1927.

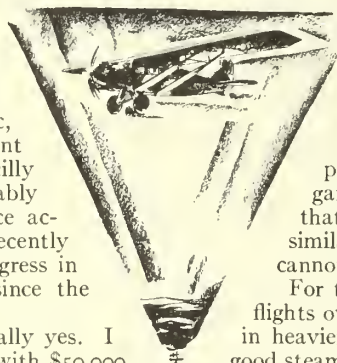
My answer was yes, decidedly and emphatically yes. I told my questioner that if he could supply me with \$50,000 to build the plane and equip it with instruments now available, I would fly from New York to France, non-stop, carrying a payload of from five hundred to one thousand pounds, and that I would arrive at my destination in less than twenty-four hours from the time I took off. Furthermore, I assured him that I would disregard the weather in starting. I would leave on an agreed day, at an agreed hour, he to select the date at random in advance, and with radio direction-finding equipment I would guarantee to land at my destination regardless of weather conditions there.

Lest my offer be considered the too optimistic declaration of an air enthusiast, I hasten to set forth the facts on which it is based. First, let me say that there has been but little progress in airplane design since 1927. So far as air-foil section is concerned, I would use a type of wing that was available before 1927. The advances all lie elsewhere. The Wright Whirlwind motor which powered the Columbia on our German flight was the best power plant at that time. It was very reliable, but it weighed some 540 pounds, and developed two hundred horse-power, an average weight of slightly more than two and one half pounds per horse-power. Today, however, anyone can buy a Type D supercharged Pratt Whitney Wasp motor weighing only seven hundred pounds and delivering 650 horse-power, an average of little more than one pound per horse-power, or a Wright Cyclone of still more power. Moreover, the new motor is much more dependable than the old, and for the most part may be considered absolutely reliable. As I write, a motor of nearly two thousand horse-power weighing twelve hundred pounds is being perfected.

Another great development of the last four years has been the advance in stream-lining—what we call “cleaning up” the ship. For instance, the motor cowling designed by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the “pants” for the landing wheels, the retractable landing gear, the refinements, in short, of many kinds to reduce resistance to the wind have increased flying speed of airplanes from twenty to fifty percent with no appreciable increase in weight.

The third achievement, particularly as it affects transoceanic flying, is the development of radio direction control and other instruments to make possible flying and landing when blinded by weather.

For a long flight, the cruising speed of the Columbia was ninety-five miles an hour, although with the help at times of a tail wind we averaged over one hundred miles an hour. Today, with the major advances outlined above, it would be possible to



span the North Atlantic at an average speed of at least one hundred and fifty miles an hour—perhaps even two hundred. To reduce the flying time from New York to Europe between one-third and one-half, to have at the same time increased confidence in the reliability of your power plant and to be able to land at your destination regardless of how thick the weather may be, surely that is progress. Should the next four years see similar advances, regular transoceanic travel by air cannot be far away.

For the purposes of this article, I am considering only flights over the North Atlantic route and only those made in heavier-than-air machines, for in a strong head wind a good steamer is just as fast as a dirigible. Last year saw two heavier-than-air crossings beset by constant head winds successfully accomplished in the difficult westward passage from Europe, and both planes arrived at their destinations in excellent condition.

The pioneers of the westward flight profited, as did we who blazed the eastward trail, by the mistakes of predecessors. Flights that failed often taught as much as those which succeeded. Approximately fifty persons who crossed the Atlantic in either direction are still alive today. Some twenty-five have perished in the attempt. Curiously enough, the percentage of those who gave their lives to advance transoceanic flying parallels the increase in speed for the time represented.

It certainly is aggravating to hear the word “luck” so often used in connection with successful transoceanic flights. Admittedly, the element of chance enters into any large flying project, but it enters to the same degree in motoring. For that matter, it was luck whether or not our antediluvian ancestor was surprised by a crouching beast when he left the security of his cave to hunt pot roast for Sunday dinner.

The well-known human element is, to my mind, the deciding factor in the success or failure of any major flying enterprise. First, are you a promoter? The ability to finance your undertaking is of primary importance—you should be able to buy or build the best equipment on the market. It was quite obvious that the failure of several flights was due to insufficient financing. Frankly, had I personally been able to raise sufficient capital, our flight could have been made as early as 1921. So few of us who fly possess the Midas touch. The ability to finance is, then, a first consideration in measuring the ability of the aspiring ocean flyer.

Conceding that ample capital is available, the competence of the pilot then receives its true test. What plane, what motor, what instruments and accessories will he select? The flyer who takes the salesman's word for such things is foredoomed to failure. He, personally, must *know*. He must possess that technical knowledge that will permit him to pass judgment by experience, and by practical tests. When selection has been made on that basis, then the work begins. Not only must each detail receive a final check, but also he must know the function of every part of his plane and engine. Any possible source of failure should thus be anticipated.

About two hundred miles out on our trans-Atlantic flight, we encountered what might, without forethought, have easily spelled disaster. The vibration of the motor (Continued on page 40)





"GIVE me \$50,000 to build a plane and properly equip it and I will fly it from New York to France, non-stop, carrying a pay load of from five hundred to a thousand pounds, and will arrive at my destination in less than twenty-four hours. I will disregard the weather in starting and will leave on an agreed day, at an agreed hour, with the date selected at random in advance."



*Clarence Chamberlin as a student aviator in the Army Balloon Service in the war, before he turned to airplanes. With him is his sister, Ethyl, now Mrs. Max Moffat*



# ~ ADVICE ~ CAN YOU TAKE IT or LET IT ALONE?

*Decorations by Harry Townsend*

**H**OW do you stand on advice? Some people go around asking for other people's opinions and then act contrary to those opinions. And some people take stock tips from furnace tenders and manicurists. Most of us can look back on two or a dozen times when, on someone's sayso, we have done the thing we ought not to have done or failed to do the thing we ought to have done. So the Monthly asked four business men of wide reputation how much importance they place in advice. There's good advice for everybody in their answers.

By B. F. Affleck, *President  
Universal Atlas Cement Co.*

**I**T IS pretty hard to say just when I take advice and when I don't. Sometimes, I daresay, I refuse advice which would be extremely valuable if I accepted and acted upon it. And I know—in fact, I can prove!—that I have accepted and acted on a good deal of advice which has brought me gold bricks of many descriptions. So much, alas, depends on how I am feeling that day, and on whether I like the way that the giver of advice parts his hair. In other words, a good salesman can sometimes give me poor advice and make me like it, where a poor salesman fails to convince me of the merits of the far better advice that he is urging. Which is, of course, a confession of my own weakness.

Most of the time, however, I try to follow a definite technique in listening to advice and making up my mind whether or not to act on it. This technique happens to fit my own habits of mind and emotion. Perhaps it would be all wrong for many other people.

Now it happens that I like novelties, instead of viewing them with suspicion the moment they heave into sight. So when someone comes to me with a piece of advice about, let us say, a new idea or a new product for our company to make, or anything of this general sort, my natural tendency is at first to get just as enthusiastic as he is. In fact, I suppose that this natural tendency of mine is responsible for shaping my whole business life. For when the Illinois Steel Company, for which I was salesman at the St. Louis branch thirty-five years ago, sent out a notice that they were making a little cement and would be glad to have their salesmen take orders, I pitched in and began selling some. Folks told me this was a wild-eyed venture, they advised me to keep on selling steel and not to split my efforts to include this new cement. But cement in those days was a novelty, so I bore down on it.



*Go West,  
Young Man—*

And it followed quite naturally that pretty soon I was sales manager for the cement division of the company, went with this division when it became a separate corporation, and eventually was given more and more responsibility in it.

My natural inclination, you see, is to accept advice which savors of novelty and turn down advice of ultra-conservative type. Many of the moves that have turned out best for me have followed advice that I received enthusiastically. So now, when someone comes to me with advice, I make an effort—if effort is needed—to keep myself receptive to it. I try to be just as enthusiastic in my first reception as if it were an idea of which I was the proud parent.

But as soon as I have thought up all these that I can, I ask myself, "Why not?" There are always some reasons against any advice. I bring up every objection I can think of. I try to prove that the idea is against all the laws of nature or of economics. If I can't, I am likely to say, "Let's try it out."

Maybe the tryout proves it won't work. But enough of these pieces of advice do work out so that the advantage is, in my experience, all on the side of taking advice—if not whole, then at least enough of it to give it a trial if it sounds reasonable. If a man does not immediately dive off the end of the pier, but first tries the water with his toe, he is not so likely to get a cold shock. And he will get a refreshing swim.

By Alfred Kauffman, *President  
Link-Belt Company*

**M**ORE time seems to be wasted needlessly listening to advice from people unequipped to give it than in most forms of human activity.

Not that advice is to be decried; woe to the man who considers himself so wise that he needs none. We all get about the average man's allotment of advice offered in good faith and listened to in the same way. And I go out of my way frequently to ask advice from someone who has experience or specialized knowledge or common sense that deserves my respect because it surpasses my own.

But take this example. An executive at an out-of-town plant has been in charge of one line of products, among his many responsibilities. Of late he has been advising that we drop the line. Certainly it is not profitable right now. But it happens that my experience in our business tells me that this particular line of goods can be expanded in sales and can contribute a good profit to the firm. Someone could take over that line for six months or



a year and make it a star performer. So this advice is not being taken. We are not going to drop this line.

On the other hand, there recently arose a problem of management inside the company. It was tremendously serious in its possible effects on our executives, and I talked it over with most of them in advance. They were almost unanimously against the idea—which was rather to be expected. Their own experience did not go back quite so far as mine, and some of the facts in our company history have not had the chance to impress themselves on these younger associates as strongly as on those of us who have lived through them.

When all of them had been heard I was still almost sure that they were judging on inadequate information. But it would not have been good judgment to go against them single-handed under the circumstances. The chairman of our company, Charles Piez, started as a draftsman many years ago and has had only the one employer except for government work during the war. His advice agreed with my judgment, and because of his longer experience he was even more vehement on the subject. So his advice prevailed and today all of our executives say they are glad that it did. There are, in any important set of circumstances, advisers on opposite sides of the question. So the advisee is bound to reject one side.

When contract bridge began to take the place of auction, four of us went to a teacher for lessons. We got along fine for a while, but presently we had to give it up. So much advice was coming from the teacher that it was confusing, and the teacher, despite repeated requests, apparently could not come to the request that the advice be confined to the major points of the game. There was only one thing left to do—give up the class and learn the rest of the game by the more leisurely and more expensive method of getting it from friends in actual play.

But that teacher typifies one of the basic faults of the whole system of advice under which we all move. For if the advice had been a little less profusely extended, we should still be getting the benefit of the otherwise excellent instruction—and the teacher would still be getting our weekly tuition fees. As it is, we all lose.

By Otto H. Falk, *President*  
*Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company*

THE answers to two questions which I ask myself guide me in taking advice or rejecting it. First, is the person honest in giving advice? Second, does he know what he is talking about?

It is always necessary to be sure that the person offering advice is doing so from an unselfish and disinterested standpoint. Even if he is not, his advice may still be worth taking. It depends on whether he is moved primarily by selfish motives rather than by the purpose of giving me sound advice.

Obviously, it is important that the adviser be qualified to give this advice. His unselfishness is valueless unless he is in position to understand the whole situation sufficiently to make his recommendation worth while and more than a mere opinion.



*Ye shall not  
surely die -*

At one time I was advised by a medical friend, in whom I had confidence, that it would be good for me to have an outdoor hobby. He thought I might well take up golf or some similar form of outdoor recreation, but these did not appeal to me. However, I soon found myself thinking about acquiring a country place. This led to such a place. On it I have a herd of Toggenburg goats, which give me great pleasure and satisfaction. At the same time, this hobby has encouraged me to get out of doors a great deal and thus has been of real benefit to me.

My whole business life has been tremendously influenced by advice of friends at one turning point nineteen years ago. In 1912 I was happily situated with the Falk Company of Milwaukee. Then Allis-Chalmers Company went into receivership; I was not connected with the company, and I was offered the position of receiver. My own inclination was to decline with thanks. I was not looking for a change and had every reason to suppose I should stay with our own business for life.

But here is where advice took a hand. My friends urged me to become receiver of Allis-Chalmers. I appreciated that their advice came from sincere, disinterested motives. Moreover, these men were able to take a broad and intelligent view of the situation. So, against my own inclination, I took their advice. When my receivership was concluded I was elected president of the company and have remained in this position. The experience turned out to be very pleasant and satisfactory in many ways.

Unfortunately, I have not always taken advice of the same sound sort. During the early years of my connection with Allis-Chalmers, one of our directors was also a prominent director of a rather young business known as General Motors Corporation. General Motors stock was then selling around thirty-one dol-

lars a share, and he advised me to buy a lot of it at the market price. He admitted that he did not know what the stock's future would be, but he had an intelligent comprehension of the company's existing situation and prospects.

I acted on his advice—with one important exception. I placed an order for a very large block of the stock, offering several dollars below the price at which it was then selling. The stock never went as low as my bid, with the result that I did not purchase any. Had I accepted his advice, and bought that block of stock at the market price, my profits by now would have amounted to several millions of dollars.

By Edward A. Filene, *President*  
*Wm. Filene's Sons Company*

YES—if the giver of the advice is an expert on the subject in question and if his experience and general success in life make me have confidence in his straight thinking.

No—if there is nothing about the giver of advice that makes me have confidence in his ability to give good advice.

Probably, on the whole, there is more (Continued on page 61)



# EXIT *the* SLUM

*Like the Old Gray Mare, New York's East Side Ain't What She Used to Be*

By William F. Deegan

*Tenement House Commissioner,  
City of New York*

**I**T HAD been getting under my skin every time I saw a movie or read a book in which the lower East Side of New York was used as a handy symbol for the slum and all that is unhealthy and bad in American city life. A legend has more lives than a cat, and particularly a legend based on some sixty or seventy years of notorious fact, such as the legend of the East Side. But I did not realize this until lately, and, as I say, resented seeing the Bowery represented as a string of underworld dance halls and dives, which it hasn't been for thirty years, and the East Side in general as a babel of tongues and teeming tenements, which it hasn't been for ten or twelve years. It was time, I thought, that Hollywood and the rest of the country knew this.

I now appreciate that I was projecting my disapproval at too long range. A week ago a friend and fellow-Legionnaire, living right here in New York, was driving about with me when I had to make an official call on the East Side. I asked him to come

along. He said he would be glad to as he had not been in the East Side since the war.

We were driving up Cherry Street, busy talking, when my friend broke off with a question:

"Didn't you say you were going to the East Side?"

"Certainly. Isn't Cherry Street East Side enough for you?"

"This Cherry Street?"

"It is. You didn't take it for Park Avenue?"

My friend took another look around. "No," he replied. "And I didn't take it for Cherry Street. Where are the people? Where are the push-carts and the kids?"

Obviously they were gone. And it was not Cherry Street alone that had come within the scope of this transformation. The intersecting thoroughfares—Rutgers, Jefferson, Clinton, Scammel and all the others—were the same. My friend had carried these streets in memory as swarming so thickly with

1913

*Teeming with traffic and humanity to the ultimate square foot, Orchard Street, a typical East Side artery, looked in the year before the World War began much as it had looked for half a century previous*





# 1931

*Some of the push-carts remain, but in general Orchard Street today takes its pattern from the great open spaces further west. And it's not all due to the fact that there are two hundred thousand fewer people thereabouts*



people that one could hardly drive through them, speaking every dialect under the sun and boiling in and out of smelly tenements that gave an impression of strangely symmetrical ant-hills. That was the East Side as recently as ten years ago. To one who has not visited the East Side in that time the change that has come over this historic couple of square miles is striking. My friend said it gave him the feeling of prowling about the interior of a deserted theater.

He exaggerated a little, I think. The East Side is not deserted, but streets once as thronged and clamorous as any in the world have become as quiet as the Bronx or outlying Brooklyn. And the people who remain speak English. Between 1920 and 1930 the East Side lost something like forty percent of its population, or, I believe, around 200,000. The great human hive that introduced the word slum into the American vocabulary is a thing of the past.

The curtailment of immigration, the labors of social workers, of law-makers and their administrative assistants have brought an acceptance of normal American standards of living to the congested regions of our cities which has forever abolished the old-time slum. The great improvement that has been made since the war will be permanent. I am assured of that when I see ground that was gained during years of prosperity held in these times of economic stringency which have resulted in a distressing—and and futile—migration to the cities.

In these days when most of us demand a dollar's worth for a dollar spent we find housing accommodations which once sheltered nearly 200,000 people vacant on the East Side because those who once inhabited them prefer to pay more to live elsewhere. From point of accessibility the East Side is a desirable residence district. Rentals there are the cheapest in New York. Tenements that were filled from cellar to garret for seventy years may be had for from five to six dollars per room per month. Some may be had for nothing, in fact. There are hundreds of abandoned houses, some of them utterly unclaimed. The owners, unable or unwilling to meet the interest on their mortgages, have simply

walked off. The holders of mortgages often hesitate to foreclose. They could not get their money back by a forced sale at this time, and would have a white elephant on their hands besides. More than one property owner has walked into my office and laid his deed on my desk rather than fireproof a wall, renew the plumbing or do something else to keep in line with the laws I am required to enforce. Fifteen years ago these very houses were probably packed to the roofs, with beds occupied in shifts, night and day.

**T**HIS situation creates problems of its own, not the least of which is the increased fire hazard. Last year I made a survey of the district to see what could be done to meet this, and among other things ordered the removal of pigeons from tenement roofs. Nothing I have done as Tenement House Commissioner of New York City has created such a commotion. Indignant letters came from all parts of the United States. Every virtue of the pigeon was extolled, including his value to the army and the fact that in the Argonne pigeons helped to save the Lost Battalion, which, as you may recall, was a home-town outfit. With the storm at its height I was haled, on a moment's notice, before the National Association of Pigeon Fanciers, which happened to be meeting in New York.

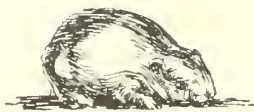
I sketched for them the condition of affairs on the East Side. Owing to a boom in the squab market the pigeon population had not decreased any. The raising of the birds had become a fad, especially among the Italian boys. They built elaborate coops of every kind of inflammable material imaginable and often locked fire doors leading to the roofs to protect their flocks from rival fanciers. The sanitary problem was a serious one, aside from the risk of fire. Fortunately I was able to convince the Association of the wisdom of my action, but I am afraid that many good people about the country still regard me as a hard-hearted martinet who has forgotten his own boyhood.

The exodus from the East Side seems to be at an end. Indeed, people are returning—but not to the crowded, airless tenements of yore. They are going to the new (Continued on page 44)



# BEDSIDE STORIES

By John Palmer Cumming



**T**IGER SMITH has been my roommate for weeks. He awakens me with a rich Irish and western brogue.

"Shur-r-re, boy-ee, an' will ye look at them mountains! I'm fer tellin' ye that the green grass is growin' under them snows, an' it's a-ticklin' of me feet 'til it rises up to me knees in me sleep."

There are Angora chaps and silver-spurred, high-heeled cowboy boots in Tiger's locker. Also, there are eleven hospital A. W. O. L.'s to Tiger's credit in eleven years. Eleven good-natured, happy-go-lucky absences that are Tiger's annual answer to the lure of spring. Always he hits for the Colorado mountains; and always the long arm of the Veterans Bureau has brought him back for examinations and enforced hospitalization; or, rather, as Tiger says, not exactly enforced, but "No tickee—no laundry; no come back—no checkee." So Tiger, with a tiger's streak and strength, always comes back, always goes again.

Not so many days ago, they stuck a needle in Tiger's spine and injected the resultant serum into a laboratory guinea pig. If that guinea pig dies, Tiger has tuberculosis of the spine. After that—well—

"An' ows me little guinea pig this mornin'?" he asks the doctor. "An' is he eatin' well, an' is he pert and saucy as a guinea pig should ought to be?"

"Sure!" says Doctor O'Brian. "An' he's the fattest, spryest, perkiest leetle peeg in the pen!"

So, Tiger feels the itch of the green grass growing up between his toes, wanders out to his bath with a towel across his arm, meets a nurse in the hall, and it's "Well, well, an' good mornin' to ye, Missus Glidden, an' did ye see me this mornin'? Shure, an' ye must of been a seein' of me, Missus Glidden, I was packin' of me things an' cuttin' 'cross the green grass to me mountains!"

And so he goes. "Oh, boy-ee," he says to me, "an' will ye be givin' me a shake of ye little mit through the window when I'm a leavin' of ye?"

A week has passed. Today the Negro orderlies are moving Tiger's locker and his personal things to a new bunk upstairs on the roof with the spinal cases. And it is Tiger himself who follows in his bathrobe with his ditty bag over his shoulder. And as he goes he is sticking his head into every door along the ward.

"Shure," he shouts at the bed-fast faces there, "an' what'd I tell ye? I'm a leavin' fer me mountains with the green grass growin' under me feet an' a-ticklin' of me knees. Don't you worry, boy-ee. Some day you'll be going, too!"

And, now, he has told them all good-bye, but he is back in our old room again for a razor he forgot.

"Well, good-bye, boy-ee," he says again, "an' be a good-un, will ye? An' will ye I'm ye-self to sleep wit yer mouth shet? Ye snore like the divvil hisself."

Then, I remember the laboratory. "Say, Tige, how's the guinea pig?"

"Shure, boy-ee, and didn't ye know? D'ye mean to say I

**A Veterans Bureau  
Hospital Provides  
the Setting for These  
Tense Little Dramas,  
Through All of Which  
Runs the Golden Thread  
of High Courage**

*Illustrations  
by  
Hubert Mathieu*

missed the telling of it to ye? Why, the leetle booger's been dead two days. But we're a-givin' him a han'some buryin', boy-ee, what I mean, a *han'some* buryin'!"

**H**EDDY ADAMS is a bull-headed, high-strung, hard-boiled roughneck. He has been wandering in and out of hospitals and speakeasies ever since the war.

There were such things as Methodist Sunday school classes and Epworth League meetings in Heddy's pre-war record of good behavior. But the taste of red "vin blam" and service in a hard-boiled longshoremen's outfit at Le Havre gave him an insatiable thirst for life that was wild, raw, free and rough.

They say that ships, unloading at Le Havre, had a peculiar habit of dropping such things as railroad locomotives, revolving derricks, I-beams and 12 x 12 timbers on Heddy's head. Stitches here and there had patched him up, but when they let him out of service at Camp Merritt, he was the wildest, liquor-drinking, fist-fighting he-man on the lot.

Once, in his highly-colored, variegated rambles, he made a dive for a freight train in the railroad yards of Denver, Colorado. He landed just behind the tender, but his foot slipped and he fell to the road-bed between the rails. The engine gathered speed and rushed its forty cars above him.

They picked him up with another scratch across the back of his skull and a wow of a nick in his side. Instead of sending him to the Denver City Hospital, his army discharge indicated his rights to treatment at the army hospital at Fitzsimons. The ambulance made the nine-mile trip and brought him in as limp as a rag and still unconscious. The doctors said they could have taken him completely apart and put him together again without an anesthetic.

Heddy's day was done. Everybody knew it and waited in that half-expectant feverish state that precedes the final news. Doctors told the nurses that it was a question of minutes. A special orderly, a big, green buck private was stationed at the door of Heddy's room to report the least sign of Heddy's passing.

Heddy lay back in his bunk, a bundle of bandages, his mouth open, his eyes half-glazed with the stare of death. There was a queer, husky rattle in his throat. The orderly stirred. He was new on the job.

"Hey, buck," he whispered to a passing fellow worker, "ain't that what you call the death rattle?"

The orderly listened for a moment and whispered. "Sh, that's it! I'll get the nurse."

Heddy Adams and his bandages stirred. His eyes opened upon the two soldiers at the door. His jaws snapped shut.

"For cripes sake," he snapped, "if I can't do my dyin' in peace, damned if I'll do it at all."

He didn't. That was three years ago and now Heddy is back at Fitzsimons, over on "Upper East," the surgical ward. They are to take his tonsils out tomorrow and he is as white as a sheet and shaking like a leaf.





This time, he says, he's afraid he won't pull through.

LIGGETT'S right leg was gone for good. They had to carry him around. The leg was still there, but it was as heavy as a ton of brick and just about as useless as a suit of underwear would be to Joe Givins. But Joe's story is one we are saving up for some Sunday afternoon.

It seems that a Base Hospital missed one little shaggy, sharp-edged piece of shrapnel in Liggett's hip. Through all these years, that souvenir de la guerre had been eating its way deeper and deeper into Liggett's thigh and then without warning it had struck and killed a nerve.

So Bessie was sitting in a chair with Thelma, their bright eyed little girl, and Bob was rolling himself about the room and talking to the second-hand furniture man. They were selling out. The Veterans Bureau was sending an ambulance for Bob Liggett that very afternoon. It's an old story in a Veterans Hospital, this shifting of patients and personnel, and everybody gets used to it after a while. Doctors and nurses come and go, patients are transferred to another hospital in another part of the United States, most of them never again to swim within our ken; but occasionally one like Tige Smith getting back to the same old hospital or meeting up with a buddy at some far-off medical institution that comes under Washington's jurisdiction.

So Liggett was going away and the man who gives you cash for what you have was going over the possessions.

"And what did you pay for this?" Sometimes the man pointed at a table, or a rug, at a table-lamp, or a set of blue-enameled dishes. Always, the man jotted an item in his note book and named a price. Bob Liggett nodded his head at every figure. Everything went. The chintz curtains, the bedroom set, the books, Bessie's vanity table and manicure set, Bob's rifle and his hunting clothes. And there was Thelma's breakfast set, a baby's table and a chair. Thelma was very brave about it all. Possibly she had come to realize that mother was doing the best she could with a very difficult situation, and that poor daddy was bearing pain for a long, long time of the sort that she had experienced that time she bumped up against the stove. The psychologists can tell us a good deal about the behavior of children, but who can measure the pro-

*"Calm blue eyes and light hair of thin-spun gold, as lovely as a picture. I watched her coming over to the hospital every morning"*



found thoughts back of a childish tear, and who knows what forbearance has been brought into play before the actual breaking down of childish resistance and those tears rolling down the cheek.

But Thelma wasn't crying. Mother was afraid, though, that at any moment the childish emotions would give way in a torrent of grief. She remembered in particular that time when the doll which Thelma had broken was taken away from her to be mended. That had been a trying experience for them all. So when the man picked up the breakfast set and put it near the door with the other articles that were to be taken away, mother was ready with:

"You won't need it, dear, at grandma's. She has a lot of things that you can play with."

But Thelma, if her heart was breaking, said never a word. She just looked on in quiet, childish wonder.

"And what did you pay for that?" Once more a price, an offer, a nod of the head in acceptance.

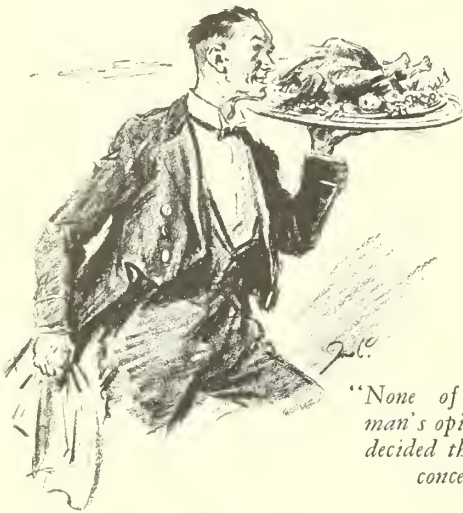
The last item was listed. The

(Continued on page 46)



# Why You Couldn't

By Oscar of  
Cartoons by



*"None of the average man's opinions are more decided than those that concern food"*

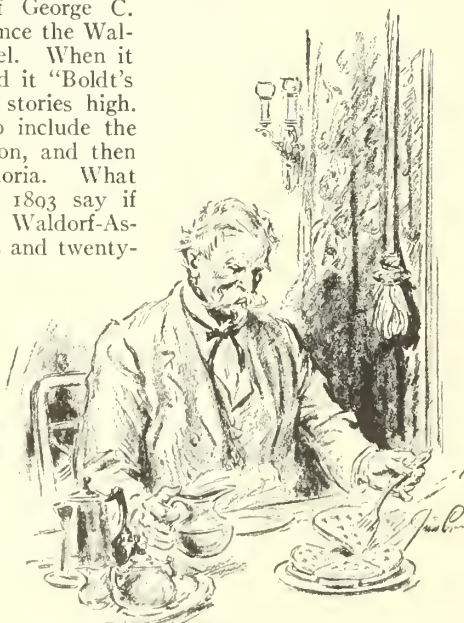
**I**N ONE respect the appreciative guest of a hotel is like a good baseball fan. He has his opinions, and he has them because he is so interested.

And none of his opinions are more decided than those that concern food. What would he not do if he had the management of the place! In most cases he would serve only the best of really good, plain, home cooking. He prefers that kind himself, and he has observed that most others also prefer it. Yet it is doubtful if he would be any more successful in the management of a restaurant than in the management of his favorite baseball team.

If he failed it would not be because of the wrongness of his theory. The palate's keenest delights are in dishes to which it is accustomed. They are like old friends. Sauces bearing the names of the great culinary masters may add a new interest, but a good mushroom sauce does not atone for a tough steak. And a hungry man who shuts his eyes and points at something on a menu printed in French does not like to be told that the orchestra is playing it.

There were skeptics who could not appreciate the vision of George C. Boldt, under whose guidance the Waldorf became a great hotel. When it was first built they called it "Boldt's folly." It was thirteen stories high. Later it was enlarged to include the John Jacob Astor mansion, and then became the Waldorf-Astoria. What would those skeptics of 1803 say if they could see the new Waldorf-Astoria of forty-seven floors and twenty-two hundred rooms?

Yet it was not its thirteen floors, towering as they may have seemed in that day, which gave the Waldorf its first start toward world fame. Rather it was Mr. Boldt's great ability as a hotel man. The hotel was preëminent because of its size and elaborateness of appointment. But even more exceptional was Mr. Boldt's conception of the obligation of a hotel to its guests. He laid down and put into

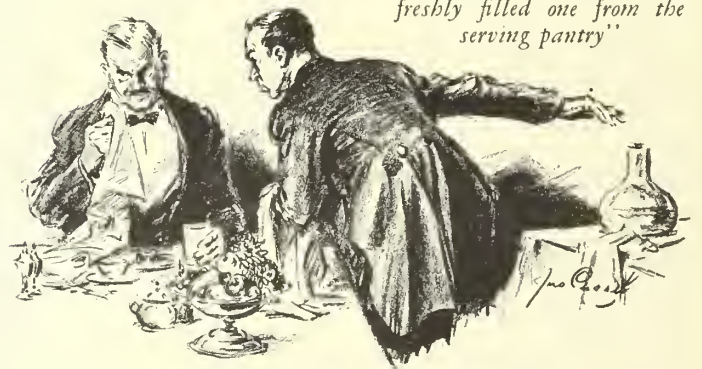


*"A Southerner thinks of a real Sunday breakfast in terms of waffles—waffles and fried chicken"*

practice the rule that the guest is always right. If his critics could have appreciated the whole meaning of that policy they would have been even more skeptical of the success of his venture.

In those days that policy meant catering to the tastes, eccentricities and notions of five hundred hotel guests. And nowhere were the implications of absolutely pleasing each guest more colorfully brought to a focus than in providing good cheer in food and drink. Prohibition chopped off half of the problem, yet made the remaining half no easier, nor as easy. The Waldorf has boasted such chefs as Eugene Thomann,

*"There is a rigid rule against bringing a water bottle from another table rather than a freshly filled one from the serving pantry"*



Xavier Kriesmeier and René Anjard. And it can lay claim to its share of justly famed specialties—chicken à la King, lobster Newburg, croquette Gadski, Waldorf salad. But the real foundation of the fame of the Waldorf's cuisine was in none of these specialties so much as in the discovering of individual tastes, and then in exactly suiting them.

Celebrities—are easy to please. It is the inexperienced who are sometimes hard to please. When King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians were guests of the Waldorf they ordered from the regular bill of fare. On the many occasions that Madame Schumann-Heink has been a guest at the Waldorf she has always preferred the plainer dishes—one of her favorites is *schweinknöcheln und sauerkraut*. When Chief Justice Taft dined at the Waldorf he always wanted and got a baked apple for dessert.

Well I recall one of the first distinguished visitors from abroad whom the Waldorf had the honor of entertaining, the Chinese viceroy, Li Hung Chang. He came in the August following the hotel's opening. Among the pieces included in his luggage were many strong metal-bound chests and stout hampers. They contained dried sharks' fins, birds' nests, his favorite teas and many other food delicacies and staples which long experience had taught him how to appreciate. In his retinue were three cooks, who were assigned to a corner in the Waldorf kitchen.

How simple the hotel business would be if every guest were a Li Hung Chang! Not only did he bring his own food and cooks, but even his favorite chair, upholstered in imperial red. Never was there such a guest as Li Hung Chang. Never, perhaps, will there ever be such a one as he again.

But he was unusual not alone because he brought all these things, but also because he knew so well what he wanted. With most guests, the first thing that must be done is to discover their wants. Then the problem is to



# Run a Restaurant

## the Waldorf

John Cassel

supply those wants—service, food, or whatever it may be—and, what is often most difficult of all, to supply them at the time they are wanted.

Does such a formula seem easy to carry out? I can assure you that it has not always been easy to carry it out at the Waldorf. I cannot see how, under any conditions, it could be very easy to carry out as it should be carried out. With only a few guests the difficulties might not be so great as with many. But with such a plan of hospitality in effect the few would soon become the many. Attending to everyone's wants at the Waldorf made sixteen hours seem all too short for most of the days of the maitre d'hôtel.

*"Coffee means one thing to an American. It means something entirely different to a Frenchman"*



As it pertains to food, such a plan boils down to almost the same problem as supplying the best in home cooking. But there are added complications, of course, in the fact that nearly every guest comes from a different home. Five thousand meals were served daily at the old Waldorf. Chief Justice Taft wanted his baked apple. He did not have to ask for it. It is in such details as this that the waiter helps the chef. By close observation he can quickly learn the preferences of the regular patron, and experience teaches him how to gauge the preferences of new comers.

Coffee means one thing to an American. It means something entirely different to a Frenchman. A Southerner thinks of a real Sunday breakfast in terms of waffles—waffles and chicken, perhaps. He means fried chicken. The Northerner, on the other hand, is more likely to associate waffles with afternoon tea or light lunch. If chicken is to be included he rather assumes that it is to be creamed. Griddle cakes and sausage come closer to the Northerner's favorite Sunday morning breakfast. If he comes from Chicago he calls them wheat cakes, if from the far West flapjacks.

Seldom do any two individuals have just the same ideas about any given dish. Yet the highest standard of entertaining requires that every guest be made to feel that he is the only guest. What a problem that creates for the host in providing food! Consider what a difficult matter it is for even the most experienced of waiters, under the direction of the most discerning of head waiters, to appreciate with exactitude the cut of roast sirloin of beef that will satisfy the guest's innermost desires. The guest's instructions, all too often, are of the briefest—"rare," "medium

*"The palate's keenest delights are in dishes to which it is accustomed"*



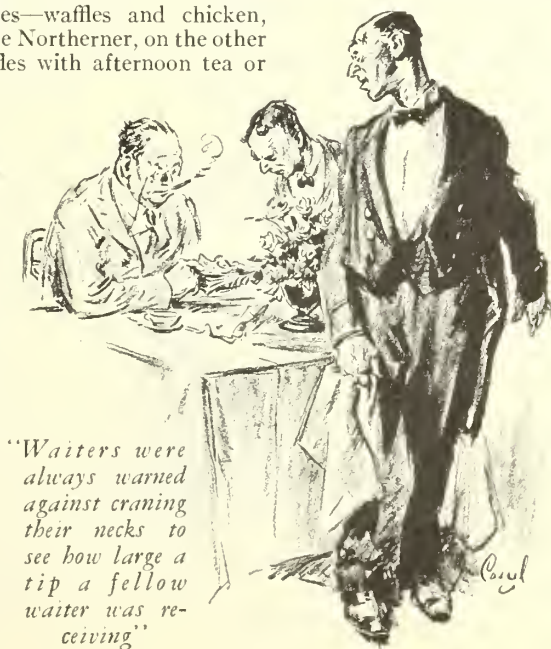
rare," "medium well done." The guest is thinking perhaps of the helping he had at a famous old tavern in London. It was just such a thickness. It was in its natural juice. Or there was thickened gravy. Or, for that matter, he may have a picture in his mind of the slice he likes best when his wife serves it at home. The waiter, of course, is not a mind reader. What is he to do? His problem is not easy. Unfortunately a great many Americans when they sit down to eat are in a hurry. They are tense. The waiter must judge whether an adroit question or two may be in order. Quite often the guest does not wish to be bothered. If such is the case about all the waiter can do is to use his best judgment. It is not often that the guest who wants to get his ordering quickly over with finds fault with the food that he receives. Just as surely, however, it is only luck if what he gets pleases him as much as it might.

It is the waiter's business to learn the preferences of such guests by observation. It was because the waiters at the Waldorf made it their business to learn by observation in this way that casual guests so often became regular patrons. Thus it was that many patrons were in reality provided with the food that they liked best in spite of themselves. The whole staff conspired, as it were, to bring this about. Often, had the guest but known it, a random remark in the elevator, relayed by a bell boy to the maitre d'hôtel, and so to the head waiter, supplied the clue.

This was considered the acme of good service at the Waldorf:

discovering the guest's wants. Promptness of service is of course always important. Often the guest who is in a hurry forgets that the special dish which he orders is one that necessarily requires some time in preparation. Usually the experienced waiter is able to tell from the guest's manner if he appreciates the necessity of the delay. It is as bad taste for the waiter to remind unnecessarily as it is careless for him to fail to do so under other conditions.

Much of the guest's pleasure depends upon the grace with which he is served, the manner of the waiter, the manners of the other waiters who are present. The waiters at the Waldorf were especially warned against craning their necks to observe how large the tip might be that a fellow waiter was receiving. There was a rigid rule against bringing a water bottle from another table rather than a freshly filled one from the (Continued on page 36)



*"Waiters were always warned against craning their necks to see how large a tip a fellow waiter was receiving"*



# When MR. BAKER MADE WAR



*The transport America before she put on her war paint. She was the palatial German liner Amerika when the British forced her internment in this country with other vessels. German crews tried to disable these ships when America entered the war, but, quickly repaired, many of them were used as transports*

*By Frederick Palmer*

**S**OLDIERS who look back to their part as compressed atoms in crowded transports and French horsecars, and all others who drilled and worked at home as the banded, riven pawns of the nation's imperious haste in 1918, have good reason to respect the ability of Marshal Eric von Ludendorff, master tactician of the German army under the counsel of Marshal Paul von Hindenburg.

America's had been the spectator's suspense at the end of August, 1914. Then the German right was swinging toward Paris, the center driving toward the Marne, and the left sweeping down from the Vosges. But America's was to be the suspense of participants in the war at the end of October, 1917. Then the pins, which long had had a way of stepping back and forth for distances hardly visible on the map, were again in rapid movement, leaving broad spaces of Allied territory between yesterday's front and today's. Our troops first entered the trenches in France just as Italy was suffering the greatest disaster inflicted upon any combatant in the war in so brief a time.

At Caporetto on October 24th Ludendorff had recovered the element of surprise with a thunderbolt out of a blue sky when the dispatches from Europe that came to Secretary Baker's desk were promising fair weather for the Allies.

On October 8th, sixteen days before Caporetto, Colonel Slocum, our military attaché in London, said in a long cablegram:

"In my opinion, Haig's recent advance, if he could gain Passchendaele and the heights north of it as well as the ridge [which was already in his possession], would hold the last

remaining high ground on an advance toward the east and Brussels over the Belgian plain. His left flank will then be protected from the Germans attacking from the plain below.

... From Haig's position today on the heights, the city of Bruges thirty miles away is visible." To straighten their lines the Germans might have to withdraw from the great city of Lille, and be obliged "to give up the submarine bases at Zeebrugge and perhaps Ostend . . . The results so far are bound to be very depressing to the morale of the German troops and to public opinion, which German authorities have for some time found it necessary to stimulate by increasing suggestions of the prospect of an early peace."

... Any withdrawal which could "not be either concealed or explained away might have a seriously disastrous effect in Germany, especially in view of the hardships of the approaching winter. The effect on the Allies, and especially on the British, is proportionately encouraging, and the buoyancy of public



*Edward N. Hurley, head of the United States Shipping Board, in charge of "the bridge to France"*





*The disaster of Caporetto, which late in 1917 very nearly put Italy out of the war, made the little village of Rapallo near Genoa for the moment one of the most important places in the world, as Allied statesmen and military commanders gathered to seek measures to build up Italian morale. Five British and five French divisions had been sent to the Italian front from the western front to help hold the Austrians in check. A general view of Rapallo is shown*

feeling throughout this country [Britain] is already marked."

Eleven days before Caporetto, Pershing had reported by cable on October 15th, "Persistent reports of an offensive by Germany and Austria against Italy. Reports not credited." That is, the Allied intelligence services did not credit them. All the summer Germany had been on the defensive on the Western front, a general defensive which, as part of the German system, included, of course, local counter-attacks.

Two days before Caporetto, there was more good news from both the British and French fronts. The British part in this concerted action was further pressure in Flanders. And Pétain, after spending the summer in reviving the French army, resumed the offensive. He had pinched the Laffaux salient with slight losses for the French and heavy losses for the enemy; and then in his line of advance from Craonne to Laffaux had taken a mortally contested position which had achieved fame in common with Ypres and Verdun among the names on the battle map. The Chemin des Dames, that ridge soaked with the blood of French and German dead, was once more in French hands.

Major General Sir Edmund Allenby was advancing on Jerusalem in his campaign in the Holy Land, which had the appeal of a crusade against the infidel. Turkey's plan to recover fabled Bagdad from the British had failed. She seemed about to collapse. Venizelos was back in power in Greece, which was now seen as an asset to the Allies, while she rejoiced in an American loan. Rumania, if we kept up our remittances, promised great things for next year's campaign, while Bulgaria was reported to be weary of her alliance with the Central Powers.

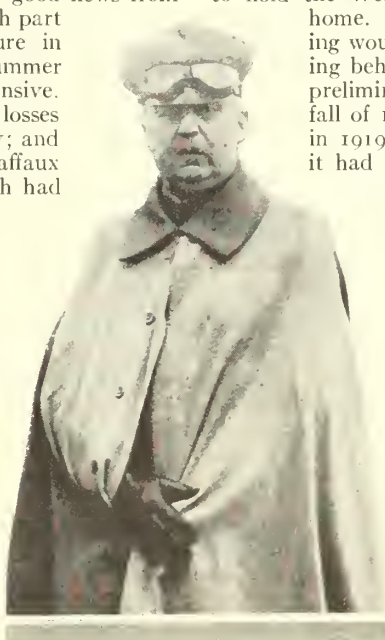
Altogether, on the 23d of October, the day before the Caporetto attack, America had every reason to feel secure in the prog-

ress of her own war program. The British, who had enormous shipping resources and who were only across the Channel from the front, had not brought the new army to bear in a major offensive until the Somme in the summer of 1916, two years after the war began, and had not brought its full power to bear until the third year of the war. A nation three thousand miles from the front, with slight shipping resources to face submarine losses, must depend on the Allies through 1917 and early 1918 to hold the Western front while we formed our divisions at home.

In the summer of 1918 the ships we were building would transport them and their supplies for training behind the wall of the trenches in preparation for preliminary action of importance in the summer and fall of 1918, and to be ready to strike with such force in 1919 that the decision could not be in doubt. So it had been Kitchener's plan in 1914, in his training program and orders for munitions, to strike the decisive blow in 1917. But then he could not foresee the collapse of Russia as coincident with the Passchendaele offensive. For, I repeat, all these things must be repeatedly set down if America's part, its merits and its defects, are to rise clearly out of the fog of war.

"The load was off my chest," as Ludendorff said about Russia. What turn the chaos of that vast reservoir of manpower would take had added its weight to his anxiety as the result of the pressure of the British with "their extraordinary will" against German will. The aggressive Prussian spirit of Hindenburg, the champion of offensive warfare, grieved over the German sacrifices on the Western front. He was loath to stall on the Western front in order to strike on the Italian.

"If we won a wholesale success we should not succeed in forcing Italy out of alliance with our enemies," he said in his "Out of



*General Eric von Ludendorff, who conceived and put into operation the Caporetto attack*



My Life." Therefore, the final decision could not be won by this adventure. But he yielded to the high governing factor in grand strategy, political necessity. America had not yet declared war on Austria-Hungary. President Wilson was courting her for a separate peace. Austrian morale needed stiffening. Cadorna's summer drive had brought the Italians in front of the last line of defence before Trieste.

"Woe betide," said Hindenburg, "if that city fall . . . Trieste, therefore, must be saved."

Another reason for yielding was his faith in Ludendorff, his Chief of Staff, that other half of the team-mind which had planned and carried through the victories over the Russian hosts. Ludendorff would put the German divisions on the Western front to mortal trial, gird their efforts and skillfully guide them in holding back the British and French from any decisive gains, as he prepared for his blow elsewhere. The Allied view that the Germans were too weak to persist in an advance on Petrograd only served the concealment of his plan.

Meanwhile, the German divisions on the Eastern front were far from idle. The master, who had devised the supple drive on the long loose Russian front in overwhelming clumsy masses, would devise a system to overwhelm the skilful Allied armies on the Western front. East and west the German staff had shown the way in new tactics to the Allied staffs to meet changing conditions. The victors of Tannenberg and Warsaw would demonstrate in a far greater innovation than minor tactical detail that they had not lost their cunning.

Attacks on the continuous heavily held Western front from Switzerland to the Channel must be frontal. All the great Allied offensives there and the German offensive at Verdun had failed to break through to elbow room for open warfare. Each had been in principle, if not quite so in fact at Verdun, caught on either flank in the salient of the wedge of its advance.

When two companies of infantry face each other the natural

#### RECOMMENDATIONS:

Pershing.  
Bliss to confer  
with.

Bliss to see  
Pershing and  
make arrangements  
change in which  
will from Paris  
to War Dept.

Ke of ased  
Pershing  
Bliss to see  
Pershing

Bliss to  
confer with  
Pershing

Bliss to see  
Pershing &  
Baker

Bliss to  
arrange  
conference  
Pershing &  
Baker

Bliss to  
see Pershing  
and officers  
generally

Bliss to  
confer with  
Pershing  
and officers  
generally

Bliss to  
see Pershing  
and officers  
generally

1. That our military program for the first half of 1918 be the despatch to France of 24 divisions, the last to arrive not later than the month of June; these to be accompanied or preceded by the proportionate number of service of the rear troops.

2. That the artillery troops precede the other troops of the corps, to receive instruction with such artillery as may be available in France.

3. That every effort be made to secure the additional tonnage indicated in paragraph 1 of my despatch No. 10 from Paris to the War Department.

4. That the Government of the United States concur in the resolution adopted by the Inter-Allied Conference in Paris by which an Inter-Allied organization is created to handle the

question of shipping "with a view to liberating the greatest amount of tonnage possible for the transportation of American troops", as quoted in paragraph 7 of my despatch No. 10 from Paris to the War Department.

That the very best man obtainable in the United States should represent us on that commission.

5. That an exact inventory be taken of the capacity of all vessels now in use by the War Department and that before sailing a certificate be required that she is loaded to full capacity.

6. That every effort be made to speed up completion of facilities at ports of debarkation in France. This, together with using fullest capacity of vessels, will, in the opinion of shipping men who have inspected these ports, increase in effect our present tonnage as now operating by from thirty to fifty per cent.

7. That the LEVIATHAN (the former VATERLAND) be used as a station ship at Brest, if we continue to use that port for our deep draft transport fleet. All troops from the other vessels can be berthed on her pending evacuation from that port. This will greatly hasten the turn around of the rest of the fleet. It will avoid the danger of a terrible disaster resulting from the torpedoing of a vessel carrying 10,000 men.

8. That a careful study be made of the relative advantages of Southampton as the port of debarkation of the deep-draft transport fleet. This fleet cannot carry cargo to Brest. To Southampton it could carry steel billets to meet our obligations to England for steel used by her in filling our orders. Our other transports can do the same for France.

9. That a more satisfactory and efficient plan for port administration in France be devised. It would seem that General Atterbury, assisted by a high-grade terminal expert at each port, could have entire control of discharge of transports, troop and cargoes, until men and supplies are delivered at their destination.

10. That the resolution of the Ministries of Munitions, as quoted in paragraph 2 of my despatch No. 10, in respect to our supply of artillery and ammunition for all of our troops arriving in France during 1918, be at once accepted with reference to every item with which we can be supplied more quickly in this way than by following our own program. Everything should be subordinated to the quickest possible equipment of our troops with its artillery.

11. That, if tonnage requirements make it necessary, approval be given to the plan worked out by a Board of Officers under General Pershing for a reduction in the strength of a division from 27,000 men to about 22,500; the elimination of the cavalry; the reduction of the reserve supply from 90 days to 45 days, and increasing the number of troops sent via England to 30,000 per month.

Secretary Baker's notations on the recommendations of General Tasker H. Bliss, Assistant Chief of Staff, sent from France early in December, 1917, after a conference with Allied commanders. Bliss sought twenty-four American divisions in France and detailed the naval arrangements necessary to get them there

by light artillery as well as machine guns and mortars. Division should follow division in quick succession to make progress continuous.

Far away in the fields of Poland Ludendorff had put his veterans at school in long hours of faithful German industry as they were making a new army out of the old, while America

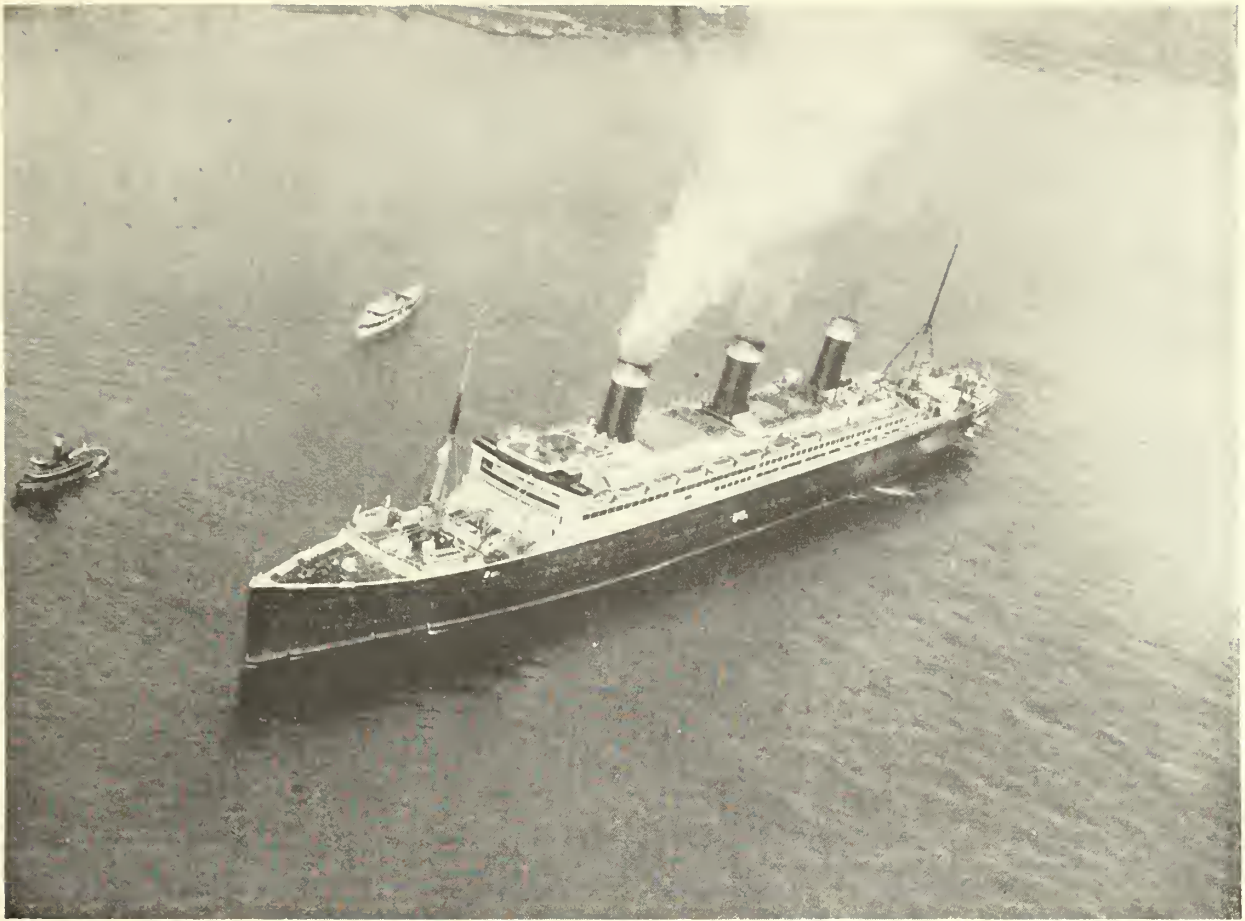
instinct of either seeks to get the other on the flank. Lest there be any deflection in thought from that principle, which had held through the ages, the German staff studies made Hannibal's victory at Cannæ, two thousand years ago, a model for staff instruction.

First, Ludendorff would recover the element of surprise which superficial opinion was accepting as having been lost under conditions of modern warfare, with its wireless, scouting planes, and elaborate spy systems. Counter espionage against planes would be mastery of the air at the right time and place.

On the Western front the enemy had been forewarned of the location of each offensive by the prolonged heavy bombardments to batter in trenches and cut barbed wire before the attack began. But these had cleared the way only for a certain distance. The advance passed beyond the range of its own protecting shell-fire and was arrested by the enemy's banked up shell, mortar, and machine gun fire before a full rupture of the necessary breadth of the defense line was achieved.

Ludendorff planned that gas should play a further part in warfare as a means of recovering surprise. There would be a diffusion of gas shells over a wide area of the enemy's rear; more care should be taken in the camouflage of troop concentrations which should be more elastic and made more quickly at the given point by improved transport organization. Only a brief artillery bombardment would precede the advance behind the rolling barrage of shell-fire. The units of the advance should be taught suppleness and disciplined and fortified in spirit for adaptable initiative. They should be accompanied





*The Leviathan, which became our greatest transport, steaming down New York bay on one of her post-war Atlantic trips as flagship of the United States Lines. Originally the German liner Vaterland, the Leviathan took over thousands of American soldiers to France*



*David Lloyd George, Britain's war time prime minister. He was attending the Rapallo conference when the American mission, headed by Colonel House, reached London*

was making a new army out of the raw under the tutelage of French and British instructors in battle tactics which Ludendorff would demonstrate to be antiquated.

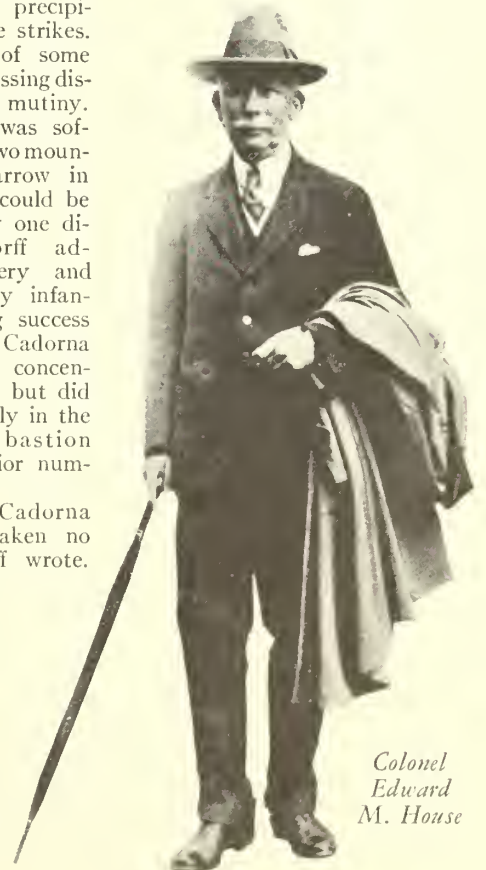
The Riga advance was a first trial horse for the new system. No Allied officers were present with the Russians at the time to observe it or even to learn of its existence. Every month the new system was kept secret in the obscurity of the Eastern front was a month gained over the Allies, who, in turn, would have to learn it from intensive drill. The next trial, that of the Italian front, was to be a progressive experience to prepare the way for another long period of winter training to meet in detail conditions on the Western front in the spring of 1918.

Ludendorff had the genius for taking infinite pains in the whole material and psychological range of preparations. German agents were conducting the same campaign to foment unrest behind the Italian lines that they had conducted behind the Russian. Communist

was tottering toward the fall that disaster precipitated. There were strikes. The indifference of some regiments in suppressing disorder amounted to mutiny.

So the enemy was softened while along two mountain roads so narrow in places that there could be movement in only one direction Ludendorff advanced his artillery and trains, followed by infantry, with amazing success in concealment. Cadorna knew there was a concentration under way but did not take it seriously in the security of his bastion manned by superior numbers.

"Tactically, Cadorna seems to have taken no steps," Ludendorff wrote. "There were five German divisions with six Austrian. For the first time Italians were to meet German shock battalions. A brief artillery preparation and the infantry began the ascent of the irregular heights which



*Colonel Edward M. House*

propaganda fed on discontent under a weak Italian cabinet which



rose to crests of five thousand feet. Once the Caporetto position was won, and Cividale and Udine occupied, the way was open to the Friulian plain. At the same time an Austrian army group was closing in from the Carso on the retreating Italians. "It was a race to victory," as Ludendorff put it.

Some Italian units which had been infected with red propaganda made practically no resistance. Others were readily demoralized and sought the release of surrender in masses; others were caught in a merciless trap by the enemy's maneuvers; and others fought bravely, gripping and hobbling parts of the avalanche. Within a week Cadorna's army lost two hundred thousand prisoners and eighteen hundred guns. And this the Central Powers had done in the fourth year of the war. It was incredible that it could happen, but it did happen.

Where in early September, 1914, the world was asking if Paris could be saved, it was asking in early November, 1917, if Venice could be saved. The Italians, who had bargained with the Allies and thought that their entry into the war in 1915 would bring immediate victory, might wonder what would have been their position if they had been faithful to their alliance with Germany and Austria.

Hitherto, co-operation



General Diaz, who had distinguished himself in the retreat after Caporetto, succeeded Cadorna as head of the Italian army

between the Allies had been as simple in action as it had been various in suggestion. Fortright co-operation required defeat. When one was hard hit the other hastened to her aid. The most notable of such crises had arrived, a staggering crisis. Five French divisions and five British divisions were immediately rushed to Italian support. They reached the Piave in time. America's part was in our Red Cross, which was promptly on the scene, generous with its ample funds, tireless in its aid to stricken soldiers and refugees. And while the British spared five divisions, they put more British will into their pressure in Flanders, finally winning the village of Passchendaele, with the honor of the decisive attack to the Canadians. Then they dared a bold offensive at Cambrai, which was met by an equally bold counter-attack by German divisions which Ludendorff might wish that he had on the Piave to improve the opportunity which beckoned to him.

The House mission arrived in London to find that many of its eminent hosts were absent. There had been a flight of British and French statesmen as well as generals and army divisions to Italy. Lloyd George, Premier of England, Painlevé, the latest Premier of France, Foch, General Sir William Robertson, and the new Premier of Italy, Orlando, met at Rapallo, a village sixteen miles from Genoa. All the other Allies' prestige and all the power they stood for was bound up with the cause of Italy, who must realize that her life was at stake. General Diaz, who had distinguished himself in the retreat, was given the command of the Italian armies in the place of Cadorna as a further incentive to rally their resistance. The Rapallo conference shaped a definite duty for the somewhat vague purpose of the coming inter-Allied conference in Paris in which the Italian disaster had cast America for a part whose importance was reflected by the new emergency.

Austrian morale had risen correspondingly as the Italian had fallen. Italy could not be counted upon for a further offensive in the near future. The thing was to strengthen her defensive will sufficiently to permit the withdrawal of some of the British and French reinforcements. With the Austrian army holding the Italian army on the Piave, Ludendorff could summon the German divisions from Italy as well as the Russian front for the trial of his new system in a magnificent concentration on the Western front.

THE war-statesman, laboring for co-ordination within his nation, had to deal with his own parliament and the cross-currents of home opinions and interests; but when he met Allied statesmen in council he was dealing with the racial emotions and interests of other nations which his colleagues reflected. They could agree among themselves as to a common plan only so far as their peoples would follow them. The military commanders served under the statesmen and they, in turn, represented the clashes of professional army opinion among the Allies.

Just as Washington was working its way out of the committee stage, which, under a democracy and a watchful Congress, must necessarily initiate war preparations, the Allies, after three years of war, had advanced their co-ordination to the committee stage. That is, instead of occasional conferences, they were to have a permanent organization or staff for working out a unified policy.

A meeting of the members of the Council of National Defense or the War Industries Board in Washington, or of the War Cabinet in England, might be called on short notice by telephone. But the gathering of the inter-Allied conference in Paris was subject to international formalities in relation to the susceptibilities of sixteen nations. They must be amenable to the program worked out by the leaders unless the plan for the new permanent Supreme War Council should be balked. It was not until November 29th, four weeks after the nature of the Italian disaster was understood, that the conference met. Present were the representatives of the nations who up to that time had declared war against Germany or the Central Powers, namely: Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy, Japan, Serbia, Belgium, Rumania, Greece, Portugal, Montenegro, Brazil, Cuba, Russia, Siam, and

China. These were to set a common mind and will against the Hindenburg-Ludendorff team mind and will. General Ferdinand Foch was present; but unity of command was far away. Unity of policy under several commanders was the only practicable goal as the result of the latest disaster. We had to wait on another disaster to bring unity of command.

On December 3d two important cablegrams were received in



Medicine for the Kaiser. A cartoon of 1917 in the New York Tribune. So far as the Kaiser was concerned, America's "war preparations" at the time consisted mainly of sending the Allies munitions and money





*As the Allies faced a crisis after Caporetto, American draft increments continued to arrive at the camps to be trained for service in this country and abroad. Most of them had no conception of what military training was like*

the War Department, one from Pershing which has often been published, and one from Bliss which has been given less prominence. Their tenor was the same. Their significance will appear more clearly in the light of a letter which André Tardieu, High Commissioner of France, had written in Washington on July 30, 1917, to Baker. The letter was an answer to pessimistic rumors and allusions in the press about the state of the French army, which had been inactive for four months.

"Our actual effectives in the zone of the armies alone," M. Tardieu wrote, "represent the maximum attained during the war. The number is not quite three million, a million more than at the beginning of the war."

He offered figures to show that the average losses for a four months period during 1915-16 had been under two per cent. Even in the battles of Charleroi and the Marne in 1914, he said, the losses of mobilized effectives had been only 5.41 per cent. France was economically in a very strong position. Of the six billions of francs she had received from abroad during the war, she had loaned four to other Allies.

Tardieu dwelt on her enormous output of arms and ammunition. She had re-equipped the Belgian, Greek and Siberian armies with artillery. He dwelt on the fact that she held five hundred and seventy-four kilometers of front compared to one hundred and thirty-eight held by the British. (To this the British would reply that three-fourths of the line held by the French was a tranquil stalemate while all that held by the British was active and critical.) He said that there were forty-two German divisions against the British and eighty-one against the French. (To this the British would reply that the figures were inexact and shock divisions were against the British while in front of the French were largely old reservists or first line troops which were in rest after exhaustion by the British summer offensive.)

Tardieu's letter came after the summer's inactivity of the French, when Pétain had allowed as many as two hundred thousand French soldiers on leave at the same time, as a part of his policy of recovering French morale after the spring disaster under Nivelle. The letter spoke French pride and resentment of any criticism that the French army was fought out or that French spirit was faltering. It carried the usual intimation that one Ally was bearing more than its share of the burden. By this time Baker was habited to the human attitude which prevailed in inter-Allied relations at the expense of harmony and with which the members of the House mission and

Pershing had to deal; but which was all so trying to the War Department as the center of all complaints. Tardieu concluded by saying that France was today, as she had been for three years, "supporting the principal effort of our redoubtable enemy," and that she was "a country which maintains at the maximum of power, without hesitation or feebleness, its effort, resources, and will." And then, "It remains only to give the final kick to the enemy, and in that you (America) will go to aid us."

In the period since the letter was written, while the French power had been recuperating and ammunition supplies accumulating, the French had undertaken a single offensive. It had brilliantly taken the Laffaux salient and Chemin des Dames, with slight losses, just before the Italian disaster.

Now for the dispatches from Pershing and Bliss, who at the first session of the inter-Allied conference had talked over the situation with Foch, Chief of the French Staff, General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the British Staff, and other commanders. Pershing said:

"With the apparent total collapse of Russia and the recent success of the Central Powers in Italy German morale is undoubtedly much improved and the probability of a serious offensive against the Western front is greatly increased. In fact, information indicates German concentration in the Vosges, opposite Nancy, and also near the French border . . . The Allies are very weak and we must come to their relief this year. The year after may be too late. It is very doubtful if they can hold on until 1919 unless we give them a lot of support this year."

Pershing had reason for alarm aside from the general situation. The Vosges mountains were opposite his own American sector, where, in the grim, sunless winter climate of Lorraine he had, as yet, only one division with any trench experience. But the French information that the German blow would come in this region was mistaken. Bliss, in turn, said:

"The military situation for 1918 is undoubtedly critical and grave. The Chiefs of Staffs of the armies of the Western front and the representatives of the commanders in the field at the conference here urge that the United States must be prepared to make a great effort as early in the year as possible."

Lloyd George on December 2d wrote in a note to Lord Reading, to be shown to Colonel House: "We shall be hard pressed to hold our own and keep Italy standing during 1918. Our man power is pretty well exhausted. We can only call up men of 45-50 and boys of 17. France is done." She wasn't! (Continued on page 50)



*Dr. Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College, whom President Wilson chose to ration America's coal*



# CAMP

By  
Samuel  
Scoville, Jr.

**I**T ALL began when we were very young. Three of us, none over twelve, camped out for the first time on a wooded hill in the northwestern corner of Connecticut. During those enchanted weeks we learned to depend upon our own strength and skill for life itself. We made dishes out of birch-bark and beds from pine-boughs and lived on what we caught and shot. Once, I remember, we had to eat a crow and another time a woodchuck. It was a little green heron, however, which brought us back to civilization. Even romance and youth combined could not stomach fried heron.

In spite of what were real hardships to those three little boys they learned to know the sheer delight and beauty that life in the open holds for those who dare to live it. The early morning swim, when the whole world was fresh and clean and beautiful, the exploring of hidden marshes and lonely mountaintops, the campfires under the cold stars and the dreamless sleep beneath scented pines were some of the daily happinesses which came to them that summer.

They had adventures, too, which are always the spice of life in the open. None of them were very desperate ones yet they bulked large to those boys. There was the giant snapping turtle with the hissing, hooked head and shearing jaws that had come out of the lake to lay her eggs. She weighed thirty-two pounds and provided them with meat for many days.

Then there was the night when they heard the rare and terrible scream of a red fox on the hill near their tent, one of the most blood-curdling sounds in all nature. Instantly deciding that it was the screech of a panther, the boys heaped the fire high and kept guard all night with their weapons ready, to wit, three jackknives—one broken—and a muzzle-loading shot-gun containing a charge of bird-shot and two marbles. Many years later in the depths of a Southern swamp I was to hear the scream of a real panther but it did not thrill me nearly so much as did that apocryphal one among the Connecticut hills.

What good times those boys had and how far away it all seems now. One of them learned then—and never forgot the knowledge—that sky-air is the real elixir of life. Many years afterwards he bought that hill and built a house there named "Treetop," where his first tent used to stand overlooking a little glacier lake and now he brings boys and a girl of his own back there every summer to the old camp site.

Another year and I camped on a knoll in the Berkshires beneath a vast white pine, with a lake on one side and a cold, bubbling spring on the other. That summer I learned how to paddle a canoe and how to catch black bass and also how to cook them when caught, by wrapping them in white-oak leaves and burying them in a bed of hickory coals. After an hour I would take them out, done to a turn. The skin and scales would all come off, the entrails would come out and the fish baked in its own juice was delicious.

That summer we came upon a cave which ran for a mile beneath the lake and explored it all one summer day with a huge ball of twine fastened about the foot of the hindmost boy as a



clue. There were stalactites and stalagmites in it and an underground lake—which we discovered by falling into it—and altogether we had a most enjoyable time. I remember that once I stuck fast in a tiny, underground passage and only escaped by leaving my shirt behind. Probably it is there yet.

Then came a year when I first crossed the continent and camped in the Northwest. We started from a little town on Puget Sound and by using a tramp steamer, a pair of broncos and a home-made launch belonging to a couple of prospectors, found ourselves at last on the shore of a tiny lake in the foot-hills of the Olympic Mountains, which was full of fish, salmon trout, rainbow trout and togue.

On our trip through the mountains we had a Siwash Indian for a guide. Rainy was his name and he was a good cook and a wonderful liar. We had five meals a day and how I wish now that I could taste again old Rainy's broiled trout and elk-steaks and hear him tell fearsome stories around the camp-fire about screamers, who wailed in the woods before a great tree fell and Indian devils, beasts of incredible strength and malignancy.

Rainy had a hunting knife with numerous notches on the handle, each one of which stood—so he told us—for a bear or a mountain lion killed by him single-handed with said knife.

One day as we were following a trail, clambering every now and then over the trunks of fallen trees some six or eight feet thick, Rainy carelessly landed on the back of a black bear who happened to be digging for grubs beside the tree-trunk. We stood still expecting to see him add another notch to his knife.

There was a crash through the brush like a runaway locomotive—that was the bear. There was the rush of a racer traveling at a world-record rate down the trail—that was Rainy. We finally overtook him a mile or so away and convinced him with some difficulty that the bear was gone.

---

**L**OOKING back over life, I can see campfires gleaming here and there throughout the years in many a lonely and lovely

---



# FIRES



*Illustration by  
Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge*

He explained that he had no fear for his own safety but was simply trying to lead the bear away from us so that we might not be injured in the mêlée, and expressed great disappointment at the bear's cowardly behavior.

That summer I learned how to cast a fly and how to walk and walk and keep on walking when it seemed as though I would die on my feet from sheer exhaustion. I had salmon fishing such as I shall never see again and caught sea-bass by night in Puget Sound when the water was afire with phosphorescence and the fish seemed fashioned from luminous gold. The thought of it brings satisfaction even today.

One night as Rainy was rowing me back across an arm of the Sound a head popped out of the water close beside me. It had black hair and eyes and white teeth. I yelled and nearly fell out of the boat at the sight while the old Indian laughed so that he,

---

corner of this country. Each one stands for a measure of that joy which can always be found in the open and never in the shut."

---

too, nearly went overboard. At the time I almost wished that he had. He said that the merman was only a hair-seal but I had my doubts. Why did it grin at me before it went down?

Then came a year when two of us paddled and carried a canoe through a chain of Northern rivers and unnamed waters until we found ourselves at last on the shore of a lonely lake where a pair of loons laughed at dawn and moose fed at dusk on the knotted roots of yellow water lilies. There we pitched our tent on a high, dry bank close to the water with a towering ledge of rock fencing us off from the shore.

Every morning we would walk out on the bole of a dead pine which stretched far out in the lake and dive into sixty feet of clear, jasper-green water with a tingle in its depths like cold fire. How good breakfast used to taste after one of those early appetizers!

In that camp we spent two happy weeks filled full of little adventures. The very first morning in camp, in the ghostly light which comes just before dawn, I awoke to see a big, blackish animal in the tent apparently about to bite off one of my sleeping friend's feet, which he had thrust out from under the blankets. Under the impression that the visitor was a small bear or a wolverine, I jumped up to get my gun. Instantly the strange beast doubled in size and out through the opening of the tent, grunting indignantly, with quills erect, waddled the largest porcupine which I have ever seen.

As my companion commended himself very highly as a cook, all the raw labor devolved upon me—and some of it was very raw indeed. I made the beds, cut the wood, washed the dishes and fetched the water. Then every night it was my duty to build a big campfire down on the beach. We would sit in the soft sand with our backs against the overturned canoe and watch the fire roar up ten feet high through the windless, frosty air.

Some of the meals which my friend served on the shore of that lake are among the pleasantest memories of all of my many camps. One evening I went to the spring for water, (*Continued on page 38*)





*The crossroads of the world—the Place de l'Opéra, Paris, with the Opera itself in the right background and the Café de la Paix in the center*

# ICI ON PARLE AMÉRICAINE

**H**ARD BOILED SMITH'S olive drab gendarmes are gone from the boulevards, and those same boulevards, dark in the nights of war, are once more ablaze with light and gaiety. The American metropolis of Paris is again a part of France, and tourists throng its streets.

There are still reminders of other days, however. There is, for example, Paris Post of The American Legion. Alvan F. Sanborn, a member of the post and for many years Paris correspondent of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, says the post does more than preserve the memories of America's fighting men in France; its peacetime activities make it a sort of second American Embassy. Mr. Sanborn, who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion September 1, 1914, and fought for several years in the trenches, sends some facts to prove that Paris Post has won prestige among French citizens and American residents alike.

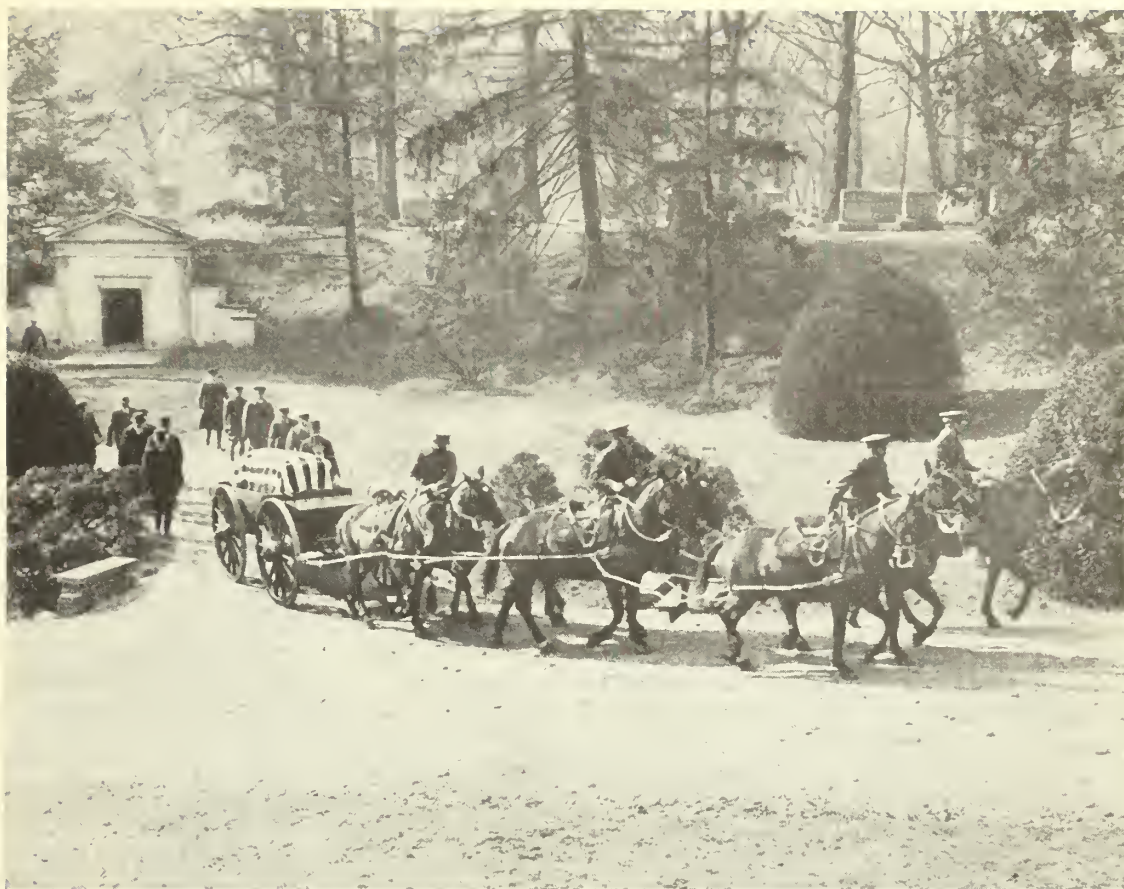


*Children of Paris Post members have a merry costume party at the end of each school term. The post maintains a school, a once-a-week affair at which the English language and American history and traditions are taught*

The world-wide depression has brought to Paris Post an unusual number of marooned or jobless American veterans. The post finds employment for them or helps them obtain aid from home. Some it must provide with transportation back to the States, with the assistance of the American Aid Society. When an expatriated veteran falls ill or meets with an accident, the post finds a place for him in a hospital. If he dies, the post will try to locate his relatives in the United States. Many times the outfit has had entire charge of funerals and burials and the settling up of the affairs of men who have died.

One of the most serious problems of the post has been helping children whose American-born fathers have disappeared since the war. In many cases fathers have been disabled men unable to adapt themselves to the difficult after-the-war environment of France. The welfare committees of the post and its Auxiliary unit do everything possible





*The caisson carrying the flag-draped casket of Major General Clarence R. Edwards, wartime commander of the 26th Division and former Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the Legion, to the grave in Arlington National Cemetery. Legionnaires from Massachusetts and all over New England took a prominent part in the ceremonies*

to make it unnecessary for the wives and mothers and innocent children to appeal to French charitable agencies. By working to repair wrongs done, the Legionnaires and Auxiliaries instill in the children pride in their American birthright.

In France Thursday afternoon instead of Saturday afternoon is the regular school holiday. Thursday afternoon, therefore, is the time in each week when the sons and daughters of American service men gather at Paris Post's clubhouse to attend the post's free school, in which they are taught the English language and American history and become familiar with American ideas and traditions. Later the post hopes it can conduct the school five days a week. The project is looked upon favorably by the French.

AT THE end of each school term the boys and girls attend a costume party, a merry occasion upon which the regular pupils act as hosts for all the children of veterans who can be scared up. There are clowns from the Cirque d'Hiver, ice cream and cake galore, a fish pond, in which each child catches his own present with a real hook and line, and prizes for the most fetching costumes. Another big occasion for the children is the annual family picnic—fifty francs a throw for all the grown-ups but free to all the boys and girls. There everybody gets chewing gum and peanuts, watermelons, corn-on-the-cob. Horse-shoe pitching and baseball are favorite games. The Christmas party is also typically American, with Santa Claus in person, the singing of carols and presents for everybody.

On Memorial Day Paris Post places flowers and flags upon the 30,000 graves of men in the six American cemeteries of France and in isolated burial places. The post's color guard takes part in the principal Memorial Day ceremonies, just as it does in almost all international events in which the American colony is represented. In its Memorial Day observance the post represents the posts of the Legion at home who subscribed to the Overseas Graves Decoration Fund, amounting to \$162,000.

The whole Legion knows, of course, that Paris Post has a new home, the Pershing Memorial Building, financed largely by contributions from American citizens.

The memorial building is at 40 Rue Pierre Charron, near the Arc de Triomphe and the American Embassy. It was formerly

the home of a French nobleman. In the rear of this building is being erected a six-story modern office building. Rodman Wanamaker made the first gift for the memorial building, the sum of \$5,000, at the Legion's Philadelphia National Convention. Last year the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks contributed to the enterprise \$30,000 in memory of Elks who served in the World War. The Y. M. C. A., the Masonic Order and the American Red Cross have each given \$25,000 for rooms to perpetuate the memory of their war work, and similar contributions have been made by the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

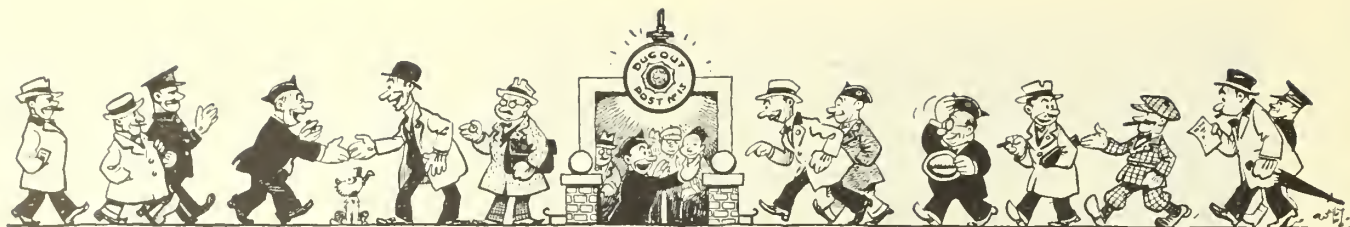
The Pershing Memorial Building will have a library devoted to rare military documents. It will be known as Herrick Hall, in memory of the late Myron T. Herrick, who as Ambassador to France did much to assist in the enterprise.



### By-Products

SOME such ditty as "There little still, don't you cry, You'll be an ashtray by and by," has been sung by disabled service men at the California Hut, the workshop maintained by the California Department of the Auxiliary in Los Angeles, since





state prohibition officials began turning over to the workshop copper stills captured in raids.

Out of confiscated stills and other apparatus seized by prohibition agents the disabled men are fabricating trays and other articles of general household and decorative manufacture that are not likely to be used in illegal ways. It's a modern adaptation of the Biblical beating of swords into ploughshares.

California got its idea from the Walter Reed Hospital in the national capital, where disabled men have long been employed in making copper knickknacks from the liquor-making apparatus seized in the District of Columbia.

### Last Honors

WITH solemnity and deepest emotion The American Legion of all New England rendered in mid-February to Major General Clarence R. Edwards tributes of honor and affection as the body of the war-time commander of the Twenty-Sixth Division lay in state in Boston, was borne through the streets in one of the most impressive processions Boston has ever seen and was laid at rest in Arlington National Cemetery at Washington, D. C.

Legionnaires among the 25,000 persons who filed in double line by the bier in the Hall of Flags in the Massachusetts State House wept without reserve. The flags of the Massachusetts Department, which General Edwards had served as Commander and as devoted leader in the ranks, were massed in the funeral procession and moved as a solid bank of color, while uniformed delegations of Yankee Division Post, Boston Police Post and Bessie Edwards Post marched to the railway station and rendered special tributes.

Eight Legionnaires in Legion uniform acted as body bearers and were accompanied to Washington by a large number of other Legion mourners, headed by James P. Rose, Vice-Commander of the Department of Massachusetts, Dennis P. Haverty, Department Adjutant, and Carroll J. Swan, President of the Yankee Division Association and President of The American Legion Convention Corporation.

The Legionnaires' final tributes were rendered as the body of General Edwards was placed at rest in Arlington Cemetery beside his wife, and his daughter, Bessie Edwards, who died in France in war service.

Under the will of General Edwards, the largest bequest, \$25,000, was to the Bessie Rochester Edwards Memorial Foundation to insure the future of the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange in Boston. The foundation bears the name of the General's wife who died in 1920.

The Massachusetts Department is considering a plan to make

General Edwards's estate, Dunroving, at Westwood, Massachusetts, a home for convalescent disabled men.

### Million Jobs

PAST National Commander Howard P. Savage of Chicago has expressed to National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil the hope that The American Legion will directly help one million persons to obtain employment before the national convention in Detroit. Mr. Savage is chairman of the Legion's National Employment Commission and Jerome F. Duggan of St. Louis is vice chairman. With the approval of the National Executive Committee, Mr. Savage's committee will distribute throughout the country certificates of honor, to be awarded to employers increasing number of workers ten percent. A "patriot card" will be issued to each Legionnaire who finds a job for an unemployed man or woman. The certificates and cards, to be awarded on recommendations of posts, will be signed by National

Commander O'Neil and department commanders. The national commission has distributed to all posts reproductions of the certificate and card, with suggestions for organized efforts to obtain co-operation of employers and Legionnaires in the campaign.

### Help When Needed

THE benefits from the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Loan Act were swift and evident everywhere, and the law has imposed no strain upon government finances, John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee, said in a bulletin issued at the end of the first week in which applications for loans under the new law were received.

"Within these seven days 70,000 veterans have applied to the Veterans Bureau in Washington," wrote Mr. Taylor. "No estimate has been made of the number of loans in the regional offices. The urgency of the situation is shown by the fact that in one day the central office received 10,000 applications by air mail alone. More than ninety-nine percent of the applications show that the veterans had previously borrowed. Many veterans walked hundreds of miles to Washington to obtain their loans, and for these, penniless, without food, in most cases without overcoats, the loans have come as a blessing. Lines of needy veterans extending blocks from the doors of the regional offices in cities in practically every State became commonplace during the week. They demonstrated conclusively the need for immediate assistance of thousands of World War veterans.

"The week has exposed the fanciful predictions of the Treasury Department that the enactment of the bill would have an un-



Members of Earl Foust Post of Fostoria, Illinois, had a chopping and sawing bee and distributed the wood to the needy families of their town. Other organizations joined with the Legionnaires in cutting and distributing the wood







*When the State Capitol of North Dakota at Bismarck went up in flames during the winter the State Legislature began meeting in the War Memorial Building constructed under the sponsorship of Lloyd Spetz Post of the Legion at a cost of \$211,500*

favorable effect upon government finances. The Treasury Department put forth a combined offering of \$1,400,000,000 in 3½ percent bonds and 1½ percent and 2 percent certificates. A total of \$1,403,000,000 was allotted on the three issues. The bids totaled \$3,734,000,000. In other words, the Treasury offering was over-subscribed 2½ times. Only a portion of these funds will be required for the adjusted service certificate loans."

### *For Duration*

**REUBEN E. GUNDERSON** of Leo C. Peterson Post of Red Wing, Minnesota, suspects he should be the founder of some sort of new organization. His claim to distinction—and he thinks that perhaps some other Legionnaires can share it with

This organization specializes in the development of new inventions and in mechanical, chemical and industrial research.

In a letter to National Adjutant James F. Barton Mr. Lindell wrote: "Did you ever stop to think how it would feel to cut off your right hand? Not pleasant to think about and perhaps not so easy to bear. It can't be any worse, though, than what I am doing now in announcing my resignation as Department Adjutant. I shall not say goodbye to those I hope will continue to be my friends and I shall always look forward to a Legion or Auxiliary gathering as an opportunity to meet again with the finest and most unselfish lot of men and women in the world."

### *When the State Capitol Burned*

**FOR** years and years the citizens of Bismarck, North Dakota, as they admired the architectural lines of the North Dakota State Capitol had realized that the building was a shining mark for a fire. Built in the State's earliest days when iron and steel and concrete were not drawn upon to make public buildings fireproof, the Capitol was a standing challenge to Providence. At last the day everybody feared arrived—on December 28, 1930, the old Capitol caught fire and was destroyed.

On that day, the citizens of Bismarck blessed the foresight of Lloyd Spetz Post of The American Legion, for the light of the blazing Capitol shone upon a temporary home for the state legislature. There was nearing completion the community memorial building which Lloyd Spetz Post had sponsored, a great convention hall that had cost \$211,500, constructed jointly by city and county.

The Bismarck post encountered opposition when it first proposed the erection of the community building, citing as one argument for it the possibility that the Capitol might be destroyed. Bismarck has 11,550 persons. A two-thirds vote was necessary to authorize a city bond issue of \$125,000. The post campaigned vigorously, almost all voters turned out and 74.4 percent voted yes. When the building was being finished it was found that money hadn't been provided for a balcony. Legionnaires subscribed \$1,000 and the Auxiliary gave \$1,500.

### *A Name in a Fog*

**WHEN** members of Frank R. Kirk Post a year or more ago painted air markers on large flat roofs in the towns of Crafton and Ingram, suburbs of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, they considered their task a prosaic one (Continued on page 61)



him—is that he was married at 11 o'clock on the morning of November 11th in 1919 at Minneapolis, during the Legion's first national convention.

"Guess I ought to rank as the kingfish of any order of Armistice Day brides and bridegrooms," comments Mr. Gunderson.

### *Lindell of Minnesota*

In the national activities of The American Legion in the past six years whenever the name of the Department of Minnesota has been mentioned it has brought to mind the name of Edwin L. Lindell. The two seemed inseparable. For six years Mr. Lindell has been Adjutant of the Department of Minnesota.

The energy and ability which won for Mr. Lindell such wide recognition in The American Legion has brought to him opportunity in the world of business and science. At the end of February he resigned to become associated with the Rand Laboratories, Inc., in Minneapolis, headed by Rufus R. Rand, Jr., like Mr. Lindell himself a Past Commander of the Minnesota Department.



# THEN *and* NOW



*The name Ehrenbreitstein conjures up visions of the mighty Rhine fortress opposite Coblenz. Here is the lighter side of it—a German beer-garden on a terrace at the upper end of the town*

**W**E ALWAYS did claim that army cooks had it soft and a picture on this page gives some visual evidence. Two of the three soldaten in the picture of the German beer garden held that office with Ambulance Company No. 329. On the other hand, we hasten to give credit to cooks of our infantry outfit who cooked doughnuts for us up in the village of Beney when the Germans daily threw iron bouquets into that town.

Legionnaire R. Chamberlin of Washington, D. C., who furnished the picture, was a sergeant in Ambulance Company No. 329 and after reporting that he took the snap himself, adds that the beer garden was located on a terrace opposite Coblenz and overlooking the Rhine, at the upper end of the town of Ehrenbreitstein. The well-known fortress was at the lower end of the town, opposite the point where the Rhine and Moselle flow together.

Ambulance Company No. 329, he reports, went overseas from Camp Sherman, Ohio, as a part of the 83d Division but later was attached to the Third Army Corps. Regular ambulance work was performed in many towns, including Nogent, Toul and Le Mans, and in the Occupied Area covered the area from Neuwied to Ehrenbreitstein—their billets being in some old German barracks in the latter town.

Chamberlin says that he has forgotten the name of the charming young *fräulein*, but the rest of the usual left-to-right consists of Cook Ray Iredale, Cook Ross Lester and Corporal Nick Christu—all of his company. Again we say, pretty soft!

possibly a German veteran—who was the owner. Says Schoenberg:

"Back in the early days of October, 1918, when Headquarters Company, 319th Field Artillery, 82d Division, had just taken up its position at Baulny, France, I was engaged in clearing an entrance to one of those underground passages which the ousted enemy had evacuated. While moving *débris*, I was attracted by the clink of my shovel against metal. Upon examination, I found a mud-covered coin which proved to be real money—no less than a U. S. trade dollar bearing the date 1877. It was in perfect condition.

"As we were the first to take position in this newly-acquired territory, it may be assumed that a German had dropped the coin and that at some time or other he had been in the States. I slipped the coin into my belt as a souvenir of Baulny.

"Several months later I was sitting with Dr. Troyansky of the medical detachment of the 319th, telling him about my find at Baulny and as I told him the story, I got out the coin and threw it on the marble-topped table. Imagine my surprise when I saw the coin open up on one side. I wondered if it were the result of the Burgundy wine we were imbibing at the time. But, sure enough, the coin proved to be a locket, containing a picture of some woman. Not only that, but the picture was covered by a thin glass set in a frame—all fitting snugly between the thickness of one trade dollar.

"The entire coin is an example of the highest workmanship. The cover hinges out from the body perfectly and when closed hides its purpose as a photograph holder even after the closest inspection."

Schoenberg's suggestion that this coin might have belonged to a German soldier may be considered but it must be remembered that the 319th Field Artillery did not take its station at Baulny until October 7th, although the town was captured by infantry of the 35th Division on September 27th. These facts are added merely in the hope that they may assist in finding the owner of the coin and learning the remainder of its history previous to 1918.

**J**UST when we think that Taps has been blown for the last animal mascot of a World War outfit, another is called to our attention for introduction to the gang. Robert R. Manley of Waukesha, Wisconsin, is the latest Legionnaire to add a member to our Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War. In the picture with the dog, reproduced on the next page, we see Robert R. Manley, Jr. Dad Manley offers these credentials:

**E**VER hear of an American trade dollar. It was a silver piece very much like the cartwheel we have known, and was used in China. Many years ago the Government called them in. But Abe Schoenberg of Bridgeport, Connecticut, found one in France, and maybe the telling of the story here will result in its being returned to the man—





"I herewith submit a picture of 'Trixie'—formerly called 'Toodles' or 'Dutch'—who should be listed among the still-living mascots of the A.E.F. She was purchased by Captain Earl L. Mullineaux in the spring of 1919 at Coblenz, Germany, and became mascot of Motor Truck Company 465, Train 417.

"The dog was very busy with his duties and as I was sergeant in charge of the Motor Reception Park, I had the time to take care of her and she was with me a great deal. I became very attached to the dog and tried to buy her from Captain Mullineaux on board the transport on the way home but he refused my offer. But at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, he gave her to me.

"She is still living and has proved her right to the citizenship of dogdom in this good old U. S. A. through a wonderful record of service and unselfish devotion—including the saving of the life of my herdsman on a farm in Illinois. An infuriated bull had attacked this man and the dog came to his rescue. I wonder if, sometimes, like me she longs for the old gang and friends of the A. of O., including Lieutenants Fletcher, Davies, Kay, Felton, Sully Bledsoe and the rest.

"The snapshots were taken by Harry Greenly, former Chief R. T. O. in Italy and Germany and now a member of the Railroad Classification Board of New York."

HOW many veterans realize that included in the tables of casualties in the World War is found this statement: Died of accident, 4,503. Just what kind of accidents were these—besides the train wrecks, automobile collisions and similar occurrences of which we heard? Legionnaire Vesta E. Carton of Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital at Hines, Illinois—as we're glad to hear from some of our nurse members—tells of one unusual accident, in which fortunately there were no fatalities:

"In the late spring of 1919 another nurse and myself, meeting three others from our post, started on a three-day trip conducted by the Y. M. C. A., from Brussels to northern Belgium.

"Arriving in Bruges, I shall never forget the chimes. Then a trip to Zeebrugge and the roof of the submarine station used by the Germans. Eager to hear all the guide told, my chum stayed in the lead. I was half-way down when the wooden bridge swayed and fell. The small group I was with was fortunate in falling only about ten feet, being caught by a support.

"One of the nurses fell into the oily water about thirty feet below, just before an Australian soldier decided to land in the same place. We took her to a Sisters' hospital and left the second, who said she was all right, with her. The third we were told had a sprained ankle and with the aid of soldiers along the way,



"Trixie" sits at attention for Robert R. Manley, Jr., whose daddy brought the pup with him from Germany in 1919



These occupiers of the Rhineland are not policing the billet yard but, F. W. Slaughter of Brussels (Belgium) Post reports, are celebrating payday in Nentershausen, Germany, in 1919. Happy days, eh wot, Gang?

sels Post when the chapel was dedicated in the Flanders Field American Cemetery at Waereghem, Belgium, in the presence of General Pershing, Ambassador Gibson and the Gold Star Mothers, when the latter were on their pilgrimage."

WHEN ex-Lieutenant Herman Ulmer of Jacksonville, Florida, submitted his entry in the Big Moments contest conducted by the Monthly last year, he little knew that he would not alone win a prize but would also discover the soldier about whom his story was built. This prize-winning entry appeared under the title, "The Message Went Through," in the June, 1930, Monthly—and told of a battalion runner (Continued on page 47)

arrived back at Camp Hospital No. 85 about three days later, only to find after an X-ray at Base Hospital No. 101, St. Nazaire, that she had both legs fractured. Later the others returned—one with an injured back, the other with a dislocated hip. All returned to the States in plaster casts.

"I have often wondered if these fellow-nurses recovered from their injuries. Telling this story may help some of those injured."

FROM one of our foreign Legionnaires—no, not a member of the Foreign Legion but of Brussels (Belgium) Post of the Legion—comes the familiar scene pictured on this page. F. W. Slaughter, veteran of the 26th Infantry, First Division, is the man and we're proud to welcome him into our Then and Now Gang.

After the picture arrived, we wrote last fall to Slaughter at his address in Brussels which has at least a tinge of home in it—Rue Washington—and were surprised to get a reply from Tampa, Florida. He told us that he was spending the winter in the States but would return to Brussels in the spring as his wife

was a war bride and had been born in Brussels.

Regarding the crap game snapshot, he reports that the men were of Headquarters Company, 26th Infantry, stationed in Nentershausen, Germany, and the picture was taken on the May or June, 1919, payday. He identifies one of the men in the group as Joe Hines of Schenectady, New York, who married a girl from Ligny-en-Barrois. The one with the almost bald pate served as cook in the officers' mess. Perhaps more of these men may be identified by Then and Now-ers.

"Last spring," adds Slaughter, "I was with Brus-





# TEAMWORK

By  
JOHN R.  
TUNIS

**Y**OU probably know Jim Saunders. There's one in every office. Had about four jobs in the last six years, and admits he made good in every one. Doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, never watches the clock, and one way or another brings in considerable business. Yet, despite all this, everyone lets him go.

Jim has everything except the ability to work with the boys. He is always and everlastingly thinking about Jim—about his record and his sales sheet. He is forever trying to tell the rest how to do their jobs. Sometimes he is right, but always he is tactless. He antagonizes everyone with whom he works.

Jim knows nothing of teamwork.

Teamwork. One man, by hitting a single that brings home the winning run in a World's Series, grabs the cheers of the frenzied thousands; but eight men back up the pitcher in a close battle, shut off runs and win the game. Some well-advertised halfback runs through a broken field for a touchdown; but eleven players together stand on the two-yard line and hold the goal inviolate when inches spell all the difference. A famous sprinter breaks the 100-meter record and the wires buzz with his name from continent to continent, while twenty unknown runners, jumpers and hurdlers pick up a hundred points and the United States wins the Olympic Games.

One of the most amazing exhibitions of teamwork in the whole history of sport was given by the Pittsburgh Pirates in the last game of the World's Series of 1925. Washington had taken three of the first four games that fall, the Pirates had won the next two, and the series hinged on the encounter at Forbes Field. In the box for Pittsburgh was Aldridge; for Washington, the great Walter Johnson. The Senators knocked Aldridge out of the box in the first inning, scoring four runs. The Pirates came back in the third to slam three runs across. Washington retaliated in the next inning by knocking Morrison, the Pittsburgh relief pitcher, from the box, driving two more runs over. At the end of the sixth they led six to four.

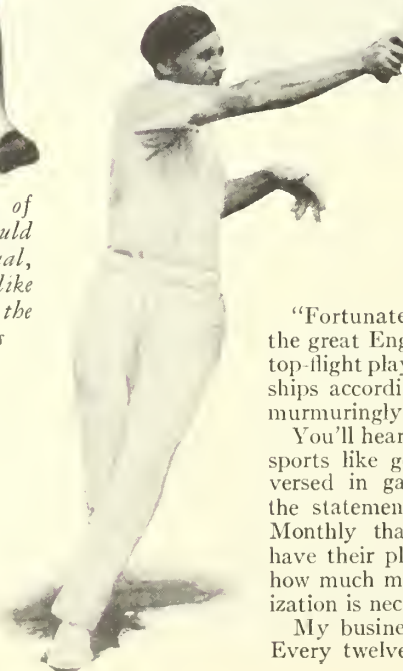
Pittsburgh tied the score in the seventh. One



*Jesse Sweetser, American winner of the British amateur championship in 1926, thanks to his fellow American competitors as well as his own prowess. Below, Jean Borotra of France, whose marvelous co-operation with René Lacoste secured France the Davis Cup in 1927*



*The world's greatest distance runner, Paavo Nurmi of Finland. He could beat any individual, but not a team like America's in the Olympic Games*



*Even  
in One-Man  
Games It  
Can Mean  
Everything*

pitcher after another was thrown into the breach. The batting order was shaken up; fresh men were sent in to run for regular players. The Senators went ahead once more in the eighth, yet that scrapping bunch of Pittsburgh ballplayers came back in the murky and gloom of the late October afternoon to sweep through the Washington defense for three runs and victory. Victory in the Series. Battered, beaten, behind, this team kept their heads up—played as a team, not as nine individuals. And they won. As showing what teamwork really means, it is interesting to note that every man but the pitchers made at least one hit and one putout.

"The most remarkable instance of teamwork in baseball history," said John B. Foster, a national authority on the game, in his discussion of this greatest match of the greatest of all World's Series.

Teamwork won the Davis Cup, the biggest international trophy of sport, for France in 1927. Teamwork has kept the cup abroad ever since—the teamwork of four men:

Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra and Brugnon. When two singles specialists are necessary, Cochet and Lacoste are ready. Brugnon is a doubles star. Last year Lacoste fell ill and Borotra was thrown into action against the United States to win the deciding point in the challenge round in Paris.

"Fortunate the country," says A. Wallis Myers, the great English tennis authority, "which has four top-flight players who can interchange their partnerships according to the task at hand, and do so un-murmuringly, conscious only of the team's interest."

You'll hear it said that teamwork isn't possible in sports like golf and tennis. Even a man as well versed in games as Coach Knute Rockne made the statement last year in *The American Legion Monthly* that "golf and other individual sports have their place in the training of youngsters, but how much more important are games where organization is necessary."

My business is to follow sports the world over. Every twelve months I travel about ten thousand



miles covering the big international golf and tennis matches, track meets, inter-collegiate football games, hockey contests. One of the most magnificent exhibitions of teamwork I have ever seen was in a Davis Cup tennis match between France and Australia at Forest Hills, Long Island, in 1925.

Lacoste and Borotra were playing Patterson and Hawkes. Two sets to one for France, when in the opening of the fourth set a close-range volley from the racquet of the burly Patterson hit Borotra square on the temple. The Basque dropped like a log, unconscious. For a minute the possibility of a default loomed, but the spirit of France surged in Borotra's breast and he staggered to his feet and resumed play.

The fourth set went quickly to Australia. Two sets all. Lacoste up to that point had been uncertain, inaccurate; now he became the genius of the four, throwing himself into the fray, taking balls off Borotra's racquet, jumping in front of his partner, intercepting volleys at the net, until by his efforts alone France needed but a single game, at last but one point for the match. They could not get it. Then Lacoste slumped. He was through, exhausted. The Australians concentrated on him and evened the score at five games all.

But as Lacoste faltered, Borotra came to life and picked up the attack. Blinded momentarily by the blow from the Australian's racquet, he was some time recovering his poise. By this time his team's lead had vanished. At his side was a wearied partner. Borotra jumped into the battle, and began a series of acrobatics which brought the crowd to its feet—no shot too difficult for him to handle, nothing that he did not try for—wherever the fight was thickest there blazed the blue beret of Borotra. By his dazzling and furious attack he brought home victory to his side. This, by the way, was the day he won his famous nickname of the Bounding Basque. The match ended in a French triumph, the crowd in their emotional response forgetting that he had merely saved, not won the fight. When one Frenchman fell off in his effectiveness, his partner assumed the burden. Not individuals, not shots, not courage, not skill, but teamwork won this victory.

Teamwork won the British amateur golf title for an American some years ago. Of all the sporting invaders I have ever seen, this bunch sent over for the Walker Cup matches against England and for the British championships in 1926 was the finest. There were Bobby Jones and George Von Elm and Jess Sweetser, and Watts Gunn, the joker of the party, and Francis Ouimet, the song leader, and Robert Gardner, a one-time track captain at Yale. They took their golf not as a serious business but as a fortnight's holiday.

On the way north from London to Gullane in Scotland, where the amateur championships were being held, Sweetser got an attack of sinus trouble, and two days before the opening round he put himself further out of competition by spraining a (Continued on page 49)



*"Earth never did breed  
Such a jovial weed."*

—HOLIDAY

*—with a "birdie" in each  
mellow bowlful!*

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's  
Method... an 1870  
Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn  
Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End  
No Soggy Heel

Whether your pipe is eaked and venerable, or brand-new, here's a tobacco, Mr. Smoker, that will put it in top form and keep it there.

Pack your pipe with shaggy Granger flakes. Load it on the "installment plan"; pack it tight; light it all around.

Then draw deep: Sweeter, mellow flavor—a cooler, drier, cleaner pipe—that's the answer!

LICGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE





## Leonard Nason says:

"I met a fellow in a broken down dugout one evening when Jerry was very busy and we weren't. We had an argument about when the war would end, if ever, and he insisted we'd still be at it up to Christmas 1918. He bet me a hat he was right. I had his name but I lost it; so if he sees this, he can pay his debt with one of the smart, new Knox Hats for spring. I think they're great."

**KNOX  
HATS**

**\$7**  
and up

There's a KNOX Dealer in your city

## Why You Couldn't Run a Restaurant

(Continued from page 19)

serving pantry, always strictly enforced.

But all this is viewing things from the standpoint of the host. Eating is an art that requires collaboration to attain its greatest success. The host can do much with no help or very little help from the guest. But he can do so much more with the guest's help.

There have always been vogues in eating. The dishes that used to be most popular were those that tasted the best. And I think that some dishes were once esteemed, more so than they are today, because they were of great rarity and very expensive.

Many eating customs, however, have not changed greatly. At luncheon time American business men have always been in rather of a hurry. I am not sure that they are in much more of a hurry now than they ever were. Women have more sense in this respect. They are not in as much of a hurry as their husbands. Now, more so than ever before, they linger over their cigarettes and coffee.

More than ever formal dinners are held in hotels. Nowadays so many people of means live in apartments which do not afford room for elaborate affairs. Even formal hotel dinners are less elaborate; the entertainment that is pro-

vided, on the other hand, is more elaborate. The dancing often lasts to hours that would have shocked another generation.

In talking of food I have digressed to discuss the things that go with food. That is but natural. For eating is a form of entertainment, and as such it appeals not only to the palate, but to all of the senses, and to the mind as well. It is because so much more than the excellence of the food provided enters into the art of eating that it has been so greatly harmed by prohibition. The greatest success in eating demands an atmosphere of congeniality and good-will.

But we still have to eat, and it is still possible to make of eating an art. Without good wine it is more difficult, but still possible. For the host the responsibility is greater than ever; it should be greater also for the guest. For, more than ever, it necessitates perfection in the minor things that together are all important. Now it is necessary that the tolerance of error (as engineers call it) between the desires of the guest and the hospitality provided by the host should be reduced to the negligible minimum that is allowable in the fitting of the parts of the finest automobiles.

## Rope's End

(Continued from page 9)

upon him, Wily Koskinen had dropped the rope he was coiling, so that its end fell, hanging over the little highballers stage.

Nobody blamed him. But Koskinen blamed himself. And because of his blunder, there, in a whirl of death, stood Father Joe Priest, his friend, who had stuck by him through all this terrible mess. So he would square this blunder, Vilho Koskinen, square it if he could. You can count on a Finn to square an account of any kind, if he can. He weighed a hundred and ninety pounds, this man. He did with his hundred-ninety the most terribly valorous thing I have ever known. He threw it into that coil.

His heavy body—it, maybe, would stop the deadly leapings of that line. His steel-tough arms—they, maybe, could lock themselves about the un-wound part of the coil. Maybe? You can't tell me. He hadn't a chance in a hundred thousand and he knew it. Well, a chance in a million then. He'd take that. A good gamble, one in a million, if played as the only chance to square accounts.

That wild line picked up Wily Koskinen as though he were some little girl's rag doll, and whipped the hundred and ninety pounds of him in an arc out into the awful gash of Hsipaw.

It happened in seconds. Stunned by

the terrible thing Koskinen had done, Father Joe lay for a moment flat on the little platform, beside the Englishman, whom he had flung down with him. For a moment they felt the hideous coils search over their bodies, hunting a hold. Then came a jar, and the venomous hissing ceased.

Father Joe crawled across the little platform, clammy sweat upon him. Father Joe looked down. And then, suddenly, he was on his feet shouting orders. He was no longer afraid. The under end of the line that Koskinen had been coiling, was fast to a cross-brace. The line hung there. It had not fallen into the gorge. And neither had Wily Koskinen.

There was something about the Hsipaw that got men. We lost seven in it. It wasn't the height. That doesn't affect good bridgemen. It was something else. But whatever it was, it didn't get Koskinen. The law—that got Koskinen. Swaying there, limp in the wind that draws up through the Hsipaw, halfway between earth and steel, on the most stupendous gibbet that ever was built, hanged by the neck, swung the man who had killed Hop Denver.

They hauled Wily up.

As neatly as expert hands could ever have done it, two perfect half-hitches had looped themselves over his head, and hauled up under his chin.

They stretched Wily out.



The Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner screwed his monocle into his eye, but due to a pair of castanet knees it wouldn't stay screwed; so, without its aid, he looked down at Koskinen.

"Dead," he said.

But I've tried to tell you about Koskinen's hands. The strongest I've ever seen. Years of rivet guns, dolly bars, wrenches and mauls; years of going aloft, over land, over rivers, over the sea; years of swinging the tar-boat sweeps in the seething rapids of Finland; years of jobs for male men; years of hanging to steel and to wood with a grip that meant life or death. What a pair of man's hands! What a lot of fine jobs they'd done for the world—including the job on Hop Denver, who peddled cocaine.

Why couldn't they do just one more fine job for the world? Why couldn't Koskinen's powerful hands, hanging onto a rope with a grip that meant life or death, save his neck when his long drop jerked to an end? Call a coroner, eh? Coroner, hell! First give him the works. Artificial breathing. A good hot shot in the tonsils. If only his neck is whole!

"Fate!" intoned Mr. Ramsgate Southing, Extra Assistant Deputy Commissioner of the District of the Northern Shan States of Upper Burma, British Empire. "Dead!"

He looked at Wily Koskinen as keenly as might be without the aid of his solitaire cheater, which still, because his knees kept clicking, would not stay.

"Fate!" he repeated. "Hanged after all, by jove. Too bad. Much too bad. Distressing in fact. I doubted that there were men with valor like that. But justice. It must be served. And has been, I say. Absolutely. Hanged, after all, by the neck until"—here Wily Koskinen rolled his head and coughed Scotch out of his windpipe—"until," Mr. Southing went on, without the least change of expression—"until he is dead, dead, dead! And thus I shall make my official report," Mr. Southing concluded, "to our police. The law is fulfilled. The case irrevocably closed. I bid you good day, sir!"

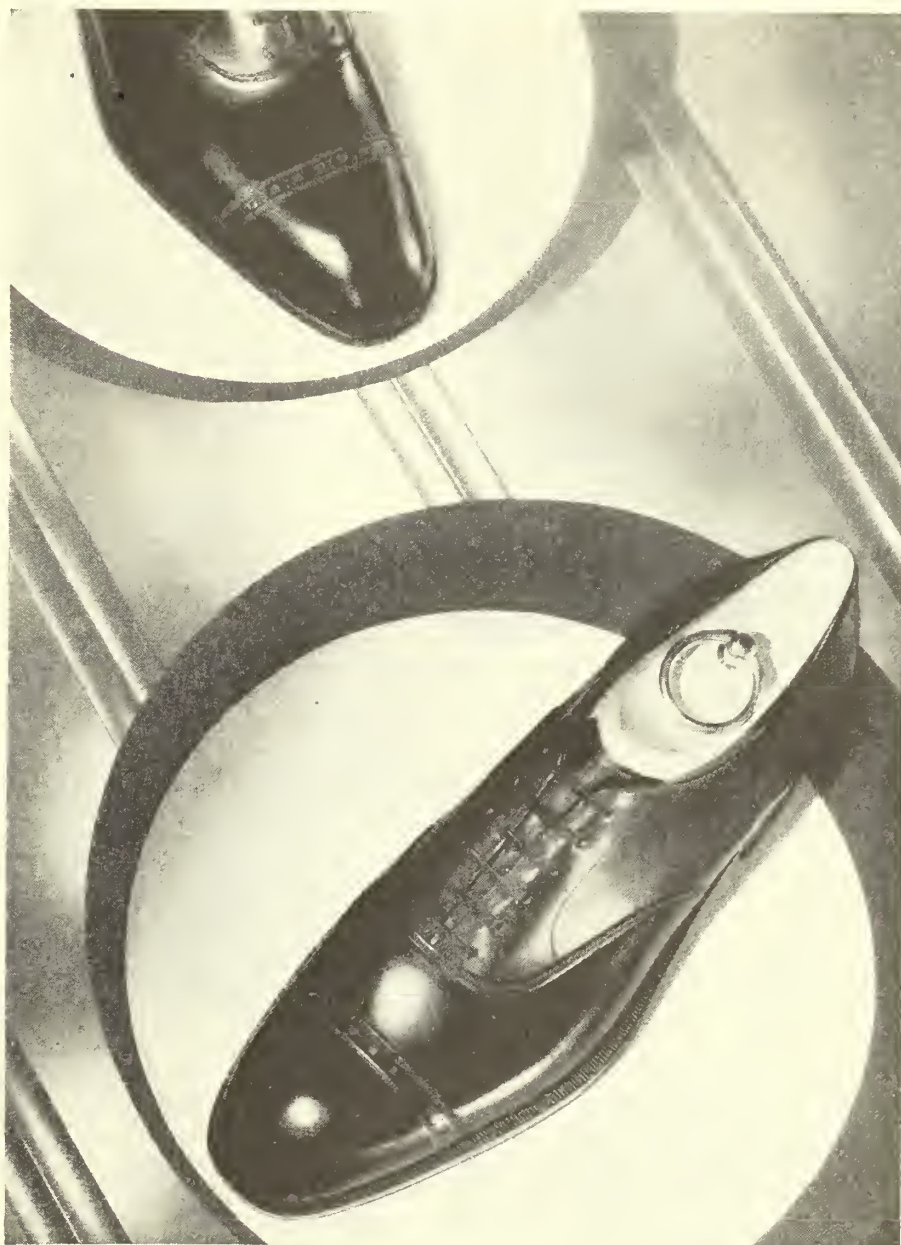
"I bid you good day in turn, sir," said Father Joe from his place, where he knelt by Koskinen. "But I recommend, sir, that ere you depart, you down a small wallop of this. Very effective for raising the dead, or silencing rattling knee joints. Atta boy! And kindly return the container when you have concluded. Also when next you drop a chatty line to the king, kindly mention the fact to him that Mr. J. Priest, U. S. A., doffs his skimmer to representatives of his empire out in the Northern Shan States of Upper Burma."

"I will mention it to His Majesty," said that old sport, as grave as a pair of fried owls; and back of his monocle, which at last stayed in, he closed his eye.

I would not go so far as to say that this was a wink. But I will say this. That if it is possible for the more or less human face to achieve as expressive a thing as a wink without the least hint of expression, Mr. Ramsgate Southing's marvelous pan is the one to achieve it.

# The Allonby

A BOSTONIAN SELECTED STYLE FOR SPRING



With the growing acceptance of custom simplicity in the styling of gentlemen's shoes Allonby has received a warm welcome . . . for it introduces new ideas in fine footwear. Allonby's free-walking tread is well balanced by its English bootmaker toe. Receding toe lines lend character to the tailored looks of this Selected Bostonian. Bostonians are modestly priced at \$7 to \$10.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY, WHITMAN, MASS.

# Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN



# When you go to EUROPE

## ...Sail on a UNITED STATES LINER



Not alone because it signifies loyalty to the flag or an avowal on your part that you will do your share to build up a powerful American Merchant Marine but because of the *transportation value* you receive and the marvelous comforts you enjoy.

LEVIATHAN, largest and most famous ship in the world, offers . . . a cuisine that numbers every world delicacy . . . brilliant Club Leviathan and Ben Bernie orchestra, entertainment, suppers without cover charge or check . . . ship-to-shore telephone . . . first-run "Talkies" . . . gymnasium, electric baths, masseurs, Pompeian Swimming Pool . . . tennis, golf, ping pong . . . splendor in salons and spaciousness in rooms . . . at astonishingly low fares.

The famous Cabin liners—GEORGE WASHINGTON, AMERICA, REPUBLIC, PRESIDENT HARDING and PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg give you the sweep of transatlantic travel luxury and comfort at extremely low cost. Every fare is a contribution to American prosperity—because it remains here to buy ship fuel and supplies.

**Tourist Third Cabin "Grade A" Leviathan Round Trip \$216—\$231 or on Five Famous Cabin Liners \$185—\$209 round trip.**

Weekly Sailings AMERICAN MERCHANT LINES—New York to London—\$100.

## UNITED STATES LINES

*Paul W. Chapman, President*

For complete information see your local agent or our offices: New York, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Seattle, Pittsburgh, Washington, Little Rock, New Orleans.

## Campfires

(Continued from page 27)

carrying a hatchet with which to split up some driftwood for kindling. On the way there I saw a fat partridge hopping fantastically on the beach ahead of me. Throwing the hatchet like a tomahawk, by some miracle I managed\*to knock over the bird and returned to camp, only to find that my friend had shot with a revolver another one which he had found perched in a pine tree. When I reproached him for his unsportsmanlike behavior in shooting a bird sitting, he remarked that at least he had never sunk so low as to kill ruffed grouse with a hatchet.

That morning he had picked a couple of quarts of high-bush blueberries and I had caught half a dozen six-inch trout in a tiny brook in the woods and we had a Lucullian feast of broiled trout, roast partridge, with hot biscuits and blueberries for dessert.

Ah, me, what good times we had on the shore of that little lake before the years blew us apart forever! Even the mishaps we suffered are pleasant now to remember.

The call of the wilderness may come at any time of the year. Once in mid-winter I received a telegram from an old friend of mine in Maine which read, "Come and camp with me if you are man enough."

Four days later found three of us on the bank of a rushing stream which joined two lakes, Big Tunk and Little Tunk. The air was like iced, spiced wine and around our camp were the blue-shadowed snow, the eternal stillness of great mountains on guard, and rows and regiments of dark, scented pines spiring high into the burning blue of the winter sky.

At night we would pile up driftwood logs salvaged from the shores of the lakes and pine stumps full of resin, the embalmed life-blood of the dead trees, until a solid column of flame roared up towards the violet-black sky and the sparks shot away through the dark like myriads of golden butterflies.

In the late afternoon we would cut holes here and there in the lakes through three feet of ice and with half-frozen fingers bait set-lines and fasten them to supple beech-twigs, which a dash of water would freeze solid in the settings.

Early the next morning I would be up with the sun, chop out the holes which had frozen solid during the night, and haul out from one or more of them a silvery, landlocked salmon. Hurrying back to the camp, I would dress the great fish and broil them over the coals left from the campfire of the night before. I would give a great deal to taste their wild, sweet flavor again.

It was at that camp that I first learned to swim in winter waters, a practice which I have kept up ever since, finding it a fine tonic. The stream which ran between the lakes was so swift that it had not frozen over and one zero day we dared each other to dive off a snow-

bank into the depths of a deep pool of the little river. One by one we took the plunge, swam across the stream and back, afterwards drying ourselves in the nipping air without suffering any ill-effects, either from the swim or the exposure.

Some of my most interesting campfires have been scientific ones. In fact, what little knowledge of natural history I possess has been mostly obtained by tagging along after celebrated field-naturalists on various of their expeditions. Once I braved the black-flies and mosquitoes of New Brunswick in June with a trio of celebrated ornithologists on a trip after the eggs of divers rare birds. A journey of a thousand miles landed me at a little camp on the Canadian coast and I fell asleep in the starlight to the wild notes of water-fowl passing over in the dark on their way to the Bay of Fundy.

Followed a week of unalloyed happiness during which I made the acquaintance of a number of birds which were new to me, such as the Arctic three-toed woodpecker, the olive-sided fly-catcher, the Philadelphia vireo, the Lincoln finch and the Tennessee warbler. I heard the strange wing-song of the Wilson snipe, the fairy melody of the winter wren and the rare notes of the Cape May warbler. Every day I was routed out of my bed by those three scientists, given a ration of bread and cheese and directed to hunt for birds' nests until dark—but I enjoyed it all and had the luck which sometimes comes to a novice.

On the last night of my stay in that camp I wandered along the river in the moonlight, while my companions were engaged in writing up their notes and compiling a list of every bird seen or heard in that part of Canada during their stay. It suddenly occurred to me that it would be interesting to call up an owl and I gave the eerie little wail of a screech owl, one of the few bird-notes which I can imitate. It was not answered, although I repeated it several times, but from where I stood I could see, through the window of the camp, my learned friends straighten up. The next moment they stood in the doorway and peered excitedly into the darkness. When I came back half an hour later they told me that they had located the first American screech-owl ever reported in that part of Canada. I never told them the real story of that bird-note for it is not safe to trifle with the finer feelings of an ornithologist, but when I read their account of the expedition, as published in a scientific journal, I really felt that I ought to have been given some credit, not only for the yellow-palm warblers' nests, which they reported, but also for the last bird appearing on their list—the American screech-owl.

My most recent campfire has blazed for me in the middle of the Okefinokee Swamp, that vast marsh which stretches



for six hundred square miles between Georgia and Florida. Last year Bud, my guide, and I camped with Uncle Billy, who lives alone on Seminole Island, in the depths of the Swamp, and one morning we started long before dawn on a hunt for Lost Island, which few white men have ever seen. Twice before I had searched for it but without success. As the sun rose and warmed the chill brown waters of the great marsh we began to see on all sides signs of the wild life which haunts its depths. Snowy egrets perched among the cypresses and there were anhingas and white ibis, while now and then the dark forms of alligators slid off mud-banks in front of us, while everywhere on logs and bushes were the sinister shapes of huge water snakes.

Once, as Bud was pushing the boat through a fringe of bushes, I heard a thud behind me as if a piece of heavy fire-hose had fallen into the boat, followed by a fierce thick hiss. Glancing over my shoulder I saw the head of a monstrous serpent rising from the bottom of the boat not two feet from my back. As I stared helplessly at it, the grim mouth slowly opened, showing the white lining which marks the dreaded cottonmouth moccasin. The snake had been basking in the upper branches of a bush and, startled by our approach, had tried to slip into the water only to land in the boat.

I had nothing in my hands and if I moved the snake would probably strike. Accordingly I sat still, very still, watching the great moccasin over my shoulder. It was so close to me that I could plainly see the curious pit between the eye and the nostril, which is found also in the rattlesnake and the copperhead and which gives their fatal family the name of pit vipers.

At the other end of the boat Bud also kept perfectly motionless, fearing to use his pole on the snake lest it should bury its fangs in my back.

For what seemed to me a long hour, although it was in reality only a minute or so, I sat still until at last the menacing mouth with its white satin lining closed, the heart-shaped head thrust itself over the gunwale of the boat and the monstrous body flowed after it and with scarcely a ripple disappeared in the water.

After that snake episode we traveled for hours through a labyrinth of channels and came at last to a chain of dark pools linked by stretches of blue water, like a necklace of black opals and sapphires. This waterway widened into Lost Lake, a tiny curved stretch of water, indescribably beautiful as it stretched away before us bordered with the bleached silver of cypress trunks.

Bud paddled along the lake's edge until he came to a great clump of gall berry bushes with bitter black berries and evergreen leaves. Pushing aside the overhanging boughs he showed me a hidden channel zigzagging through a tangle of trees and just the width of our boat. For nearly a mile we followed this little canal until it came to an end, and then stepped out of the boat to wade the rest of the way to (Continued on page 40)

# SHOCK TESTS

## Show the Greater Stopping Power of the New Super-X Long Range .22

The new WESTERN Super-X long-range .22's have the power and range to stop small game at distances unheard of before. 50% more Power—26% higher Speed—and greater Accuracy! Everything you've wanted in a small-bore cartridge and have never had until now.

The Shock Tests show the big difference in bullet effect between Super-X cartridges and the .22's you've been shooting. They show why Super-X .22's anchor game in its tracks... Super-X .22's are designed to do that! The terrific speed with which they hit, and the special composition lead used in the bullets, make them flatten out and expend their force *within* the object struck.

It is not *penetration* but **STOPPING POWER** that makes a .22 cartridge effective on game. The tests show how the ordinary .22 penetrates without expanding, often going through an animal without stopping it.

The greater Power and Speed of Super-X .22's are made possible, without dangerous increase in pressure, by an entirely new powder principle—WESTERN's exclusive new Double Action Powder. It gives flatter, straighter, big-league shooting—more powerful .22's that can be used with safety in any standard rifle.

The shells are gleaming Nickel Plate. The greaseless Lubaloy-coated bullets glisten like gold! The report of these cartridges is a sharper, louder CRACK—and the bullets Z-zzzz-ing through the air as though shot from a high-power rifle. Loaded with non-corrosive priming, Super-X long-range .22's keep your rifle bore like new, free from rust.

Made in .22 Short, .22 Long, .22 Long Rifle and .22 W. R. F. sizes—with solid or hollow-point bullets. Write for free leaflet, telling all about this new ammunition that is bringing small-bore shooting into its own!

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY

568 Hunter Ave., East Alton, Ill.

Branch Offices: Jersey City, N. J.; San Francisco, Cal.

### Make the Super-X Shock Tests

with the cartridges you've been using. They will prove, once and for all, the greater Stopping Power of WESTERN Super-X .22's!

The photograph below shows the greater destructive effect of Super-X .22 L. R. bullets compared with harder lead bullets. The three holes on the left show the much greater splintering effect of the Super-X bullets as they emerged after passing through three one-inch pine boards.



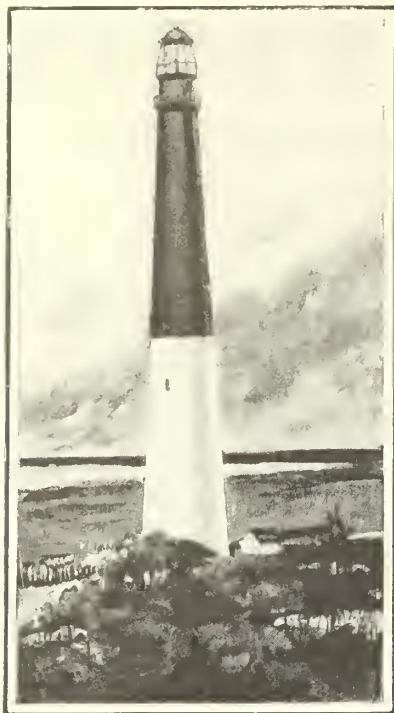
Actual photograph, showing effect of Super-X long-range .22 L. R. bullet fired into a block of yellow pine compared with the effect of a harder lead bullet of similar size and velocity. Note how the Super-X bullet expanded as compared with the somewhat deeper penetration but less destructive effect of the harder bullet.

Smaller photo shows the bullets after removal from the block. The special composition of the Super-X bullet made it flatten out, expending all of its energy without excessive penetration.

**DOUBLE  
ACTION  
POWDER**







Barnegat Light—Barnegat, N. J., Established more than ninety years ago. Famous in maritime history.

Faithful is the character of the light that guards the pathways of the deep. Mellow and friendly is the character of the blend that sparkles through the flavor of

# Old Briar TOBACCO

IN your first pipeful of OLD BRIAR you will find an introduction to a new sense of contentment. This rare blend of choice tobaccos will awaken the most jaded smoke taste to a keen enjoyment of ingratiating mildness and rich flavor—flavor with an underlying tang that continually satisfies without ever satiating the appetite.

Ask your dealer about OLD BRIAR Tobacco.



15<sup>c</sup>  
size

UNITED STATES  
TOBACCO COMPANY  
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

## Campfires

(Continued from page 39)

Lost Island, following a line of blazes which Bud had made the year before.

Once a bear-path crossed our way and in another place we came to an otter-slide, and finally, after hours of climbing and wading, reached the island and I dropped exhausted on a bit of the first dry ground that I had seen since leaving our camp early that morning.

Later on, following a dim trail through the long grass and reeds and keeping a careful lookout for diamondback rattlesnakes, we came to the ruins of a little shack which Bud had built there during the winter which he had spent on the island. It was set beneath one of the largest live-oak trees in all the South, larger even than those monsters which are found in the environs of Charleston, a towering, gigantic tree, perhaps a thousand years old, which looked as if it would stand as long as the earth endured.

On a dead stub of this great tree was a magnificent woodpecker nearly as large as a crow, with black and white wings and a scarlet, crested head. As I watched it hew out slabs of wood with its sharp horn-colored bill, I recognized it as the pileated woodpecker, the largest of all of our woodpeckers except the almost extinct ivory-bill.

Bud assured me that there were many other rare birds and beasts to be found on the island but as we had no provisions nor blankets and the nights in the Swamp were bitter cold, I resolved to make our way out before dark and come back, now that I had learned the way, some other time with complete equipment.

The return trip will always stand out

in my memory as the worst journey that I have ever taken. We waded and cut our way through thickets laced with barbed bamboo vine. At times we stepped into deep holes and often lost our trail and had to go back, and all the time we were racing with the dark, for if we were not out by nightfall we would have to stay knee-deep in the icy water of that black swamp until morning.

Finally, just before the last light faded, we reached our boat and the open channel. Like a slow stain the dark spread over the marsh and the shadows of the great cypresses were linked against the dull silver of the water. Then a pale-gold moon blossomed in the dim violet sky and slowly rose above the edge of the marsh, followed by a flaming star. All night long our boat slipped through the shadows as Bud followed the clues of twisting waterways for hours and hours on end. Finally, when it seemed as if I would perish from sheer cold, the great trees on Seminole Island loomed up before us and through the window of the cabin we caught the sudden gleam of firelight.

Half an hour later I was sitting before a roaring fire of pitch-pine while Uncle Billy set before me a brace of roast mallards, a pan of fried sweet potatoes, a pot of steaming coffee and a stack of flapjacks covered with honey and butter and cinnamon. I may forget my name or my age—I wish that I could—but never will I forget that dinner and the twenty-four hours of deep, dreamless sleep which came after.

Some day Bud and I are going back to Lost Island, some day, some day.

## It's the Human Element

(Continued from page 10)

broke the hair spring on the indicator of our earth-inductor compass. Although the compass still functioned, we had no way of reading it. It was most disconcerting, for we had placed great confidence in that compass, as its value had been demonstrated on many remarkable flights. Of course, we might possibly have turned back, but, fortunately, we had anticipated a possible failure, and so had provided ourselves with an ordinary magnetic compass. With that instrument we kept on. It functioned well enough, although we did not reach Berlin non-stop. The intermediate landing, however, was not the fault of the compass but of the weather, which shifted after we left Roosevelt Field.

When we took off, a storm area over England was moving toward Norway, but by the time we reached Europe it had shifted directly across our path. For ten hours, therefore, we were compelled to fly above the clouds. When finally we came down through the fog, we were

near Dortmund, almost exactly on our course to Berlin. I don't know whether to call that shift in the weather bad luck. We had studied weather maps intently, but to prognosticate a weather change four thousand miles away, forty-eight hours in advance, was just a little too much to ask of my friend Dr. Kimball of the United States Meteorological Service. Later we did get a good break, however, because on the comparatively short hop from Eisleben to Berlin a cam-follower on the engine cracked and stuck in its guide, holding one intake valve open and cutting out three cylinders. If that mechanical failure had taken place in mid-ocean, this article would probably have been written by somebody else. Moreover, the same thing happened to Lindbergh's motor after the plane was unloaded from the cruiser *Memphis* on his return to America. As a result, he flew in a borrowed plane to New York from Washington for his great reception. Had the failure happened over the At-



lantic that would have been luck—hard luck—beyond the control of an exceptionally capable pilot.

To note further the part that luck or good management has played in failures as well as successes in air travel, let us analyze the best publicized trans-Atlantic attempts. You may then judge for yourself what is the deciding factor.

In 1919, the Atlantic was spanned first by the American naval seaplane NC-4, then by Alcock and Brown. Since the first thought of the naval aviation authorities was safety, provision was made for a series of intermediate landings, with destroyers stationed at comparatively short intervals, both as a guide to the pilots and as a means of prompt rescue in the event of mishap. That flight proved that trans-Atlantic flying was possible. With the planes, motors and equipment then available, it was a first-class demonstration. But time-saving is the chief asset air travel has to sell, and the Azores route is a long detour, wasting valuable hours in intermediate landings. Even today I cannot see the advantage of the southern route via Bermuda and the Azores. In taking the southern route, one must fly many miles and hours off the shortest course, not to speak of the time one loses in landing to refuel. Thus, in commercial service, the caution necessary for bad weather would make flying incapable of competition with steamships. What is true of the Bermuda-Azores route applies with greater force to the (projected) extreme northern route, with intermediate stations at Greenland and Iceland, for the weather in those sub-Arctic regions is naturally bad. The Army round-the-world flyers who used this route, operating in the best season of the year, were too long in their crossings to impress the public with its practicability, nor have more recent trans-Atlantic crossings with similar intermediate stops aroused public desire for trans-Atlantic flying. To be commercially successful, trans-Atlantic flights must be non-stop. The only concession which might possibly be granted would be an intermediate stop for fuel at Newfoundland, and there the weather is poor at most seasons. Lest I be thought inconsistent in emphasizing the weather handicap, after mentioning the contributions of radio to navigation, I hasten to distinguish between bad weather on the ground and bad weather in the skies. Snow and ice on a landing field, low temperatures and severe storms at an airport, make landings and take-offs extremely hazardous. But in the air a plane flies out of bad weather—either over or around it.

Perhaps the most amazing transoceanic flight of all was the first non-stop crossing by the Anglo-American team, John Alcock and A. W. Brown, in June, 1919. Their machine was an obsolete Vickers-Vimy bomber with a cruising speed of only eighty miles an hour. Their instruments would now be considered the crudest. Yet they apparently capitalized a spring gale, realizing that this meteorological phenomenon was a necessity to their flight. Amazingly, their average speed from Newfoundland to Ireland,

where they landed in a peat bog, was one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. No trans-Atlantic flyer has equaled that record for speed.

Harry Hawker's attempt with MacKenzie Grieve, made a few days earlier, was distinctly a flirtation with the Goddess of Luck, inspired by the \$50,000 prize offered. I believe Hawker was a competent pilot, that he had groomed the machine carefully, but figuring miles to be traveled against his fuel supply and incomplete meteorological information, his attempt was made against tremendous odds. Yet the goddess was not wholly unkind. Hawker's ship, and that of George Haldeman and Ruth Elder are the only ones whose occupants were able to "walk home" when their Europe-bound land-planes came down in mid-ocean.

The rescue of the Italian pilot, Locatelli, who was accompanying the round-the-world flyers in 1924, emphasizes one thing: If you don't use a land plane with its superior speed and range, use a flying boat, which can ride out the battering of heavy seas. Captain Courtney's experience and that of Major de Pinedo are further examples of the safety-factor in boat flying. Pontoons, on the other hand, are of little advantage in the event of mishap. If, for whatever reason, you are forced down, the chances are the ocean will be so rough that pontoons cannot keep you afloat long enough for you to be rescued. The recent disaster to the seaplane of W. S. Maclaren and Beryl Hart supports this statement. Moreover, the loss of speed resulting from the air-resistance and weight of the pontoons is not compensated by the merely temporary advantage of a better landing on water.

The reason for the failure of Rene Fonck in 1926 can only be conjectured. Overloading and insufficient testing were probably the cause, although a story was current at the time that spectators crowding the runway caused the pilot temporarily to cut his throttle, with consequent loss of speed for his take-off. In that event, disaster would have been due to an uncontrollable human element rather than to ill luck.

The tragic ending of the plane American Legion was due primarily to haste. At the time Noel Davis and S. H. Wooster were conducting their load-tests, other planes were poised to take off for Paris. Davis and Wooster were naturally anxious to be first. As a result, I believe, they did not scale their loads gradually, but increased their cargo abruptly and without ascertaining whether it was secured in place. When they crashed, due to a too heavy load, the loose ballast slid forward, pinning them beneath. Thus the stimulus of large cash prizes has its serious drawbacks as well as its advantages. Not only is thorough testing too often sacrificed to impatience in starting, but often the type of flyers attracted may not be wholly competent for the task involved. We know that both of those circumstances were factors in the loss of life attending the Hawaiian race. It is my belief also that one or the other was re- (Continued on page 42)

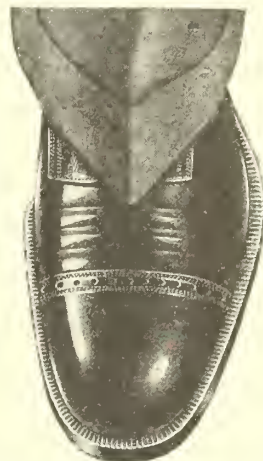
# LEGIONNAIRE

GUARANTEED  
Value

THE LEGION'S  
OWN SHOE

"The Legionnaire"  
...black calf English  
brogue...solid leather  
construction. Steel shank and  
special inner-sole gently but firmly  
support the arch  
and prevent fatigue.

\$7



**B**UILT by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. especially for members of the American Legion. An unusual value in style, materials and of quality that represents the maximum in skilled shoemaking.

"The Legionnaire" was designed and constructed with the advice and approval of high ranking Legion officials. It is endorsed by all who see or wear it.

For general wear...uniform or "civies". You will want a pair for Memorial Day.

A remarkable value for \$7. Look for the name "Legionnaire" and the guaranteed value stamped on the sole.

## W. L. DOUGLAS



If not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory.

**W. L. DOUGLAS  
SHOE CO.**

Brockton, Mass.

THE  
LEGIONNAIRE

\$ 7

AMERICA'S  
BEST  
KNOWN  
SHOES

SOLD THROUGH  
OUR OWN STORES  
IN PRINCIPAL CITIES  
AND  
**W. L. DOUGLAS  
DEALERS EVERYWHERE**



*Our manager routed  
his list of prospects*



... and HE  
covered the city  
in one day less

BROWN was given a new list of prospects. An appointment in another city cut down his available time. He called for help. Our manager arranged his list so that he was able to leave that night. We lost a guest? Yes, temporarily... but we found another extra way to serve the experienced business man, who always makes his headquarters at United Hotels.



*This free credit coin  
also saves your time*

Its instant identification stops "check-cashing delays" in 24 important cities. No one can use this coin except the original owner. Add five minutes to your business days on the road... with a United Hotel Credit Coin.

**UNITED HOTELS**

WORTH CLIPPING

.....  
Business Promotion Department  
United Hotels Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
Send me complete data and application  
blank for your Credit Coin.

Name.....  
Address.....  
.....

## *It's the Human Element*

(Continued from page 41)

sponsible for the disappearance of Jerry Tully and James Medcalf, who took off from Newfoundland in September, 1937, in an effort to win the prize of \$25,000 offered by Sir John Carling, the Canadian brewer, for the first Canada-England non-stop hop.

Theoretically, the flight of Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Barni Balchen, Bert Acosta and G. O. Noville in the summer of 1937 was the best planned and most efficient flight of any of the early trans-Atlantic crossings. Two expert pilots, an expert navigator and an expert radio man formed the crew. Their plane, which was powered with three engines, was thoroughly tested, yet it did not reach its announced destination. I shall always believe that if the hour of take-off had been set so that the fuel supply would have become exhausted in daylight hours instead of at two o'clock in the morning, a safe landing would have been made in France—possibly not Paris, but at least they could have landed within a short hop of the French capital.

Now in the case of Lindbergh, it is true he did not arrive in Paris until after dark, but he was over French soil in daylight and had perfect weather at the finish. Had the weather thickened dangerously as he neared the capital, I believe he would have made the great sacrifice of "sitting down" before his destination, rather than risk being caught in bad weather. The Lindbergh flight was, of course, a model of thorough personal and technical preparation, plus complete preliminary testing.

The ill-fated Nungesser-Coli attempt, and the tragedy which terminated the efforts of Mrs. Frances W. Grayson, Brice Goldsborough, Oskar Omdal and Fred Koehler both resulted, I believe, from the same cause—lack of instrument flying experience. Pilots with whom I talked in Paris doubt if Nungesser and Coli reached further than Ireland, so bad was the weather and fog. Again, when the American quartet took off, low clouds over the Atlantic erased the horizon, setting up a blind flying condition similar to fog. In that case, flying could be negotiated by instruments only. The pilots of both expeditions had a wealth of air experience except that phase which they most needed—blind flying. When skies are sightless the human mind is not dependable, for instinct, which is too often in error, tries to dominate the flight. Instruments, on the contrary, have no prejudices. Curiously enough, the best pilots are likely to be the most dangerous. They may feel, with many hundred hours of experience behind them, that their minds are more reliable than the instruments. But the third dimension foels them. Before they know it the ship is in a spin and all is over. Instrument flying is the severest school of self-discipline. Never mind what your instinct tells you—trust the dials alone. Practice it hour after hour. Thus, in clear

weather when celestial navigation is possible (a valuable science which, however, I have not acquired), I shall do the next best thing—depend on my compasses and other indicators.

Yet flying is not the only requisite—good judgment must be used. For instance, Hill, who piloted Old Glory with Bertaud, was unquestionably the best bad-weather flyer in the United States. As a veteran mail pilot, he flew regularly in the most severe weather over the worst terrain in the country, the Alleghenies. Bertaud was possibly not far behind him in this respect. But the Old Glory was overloaded, for Rome, non-stop, was its destination. This meant not only a take-off at full throttle (a factor which I did not have to encounter with the Columbia, despite my heavy load), but it was reported that Old Glory was still flying at full throttle when she left Newfoundland. Evidently during all the hours that had elapsed since leaving Old Orchard Beach, the motor still had not burned up enough fuel to lighten the load so that it could be eased to cruising speed. That hard usage may have caused the engine to fail in mid-ocean. But I think it more likely that ice forming on the wings forced the ship down. When ice forms on your wings there are only two things to do—either go up where it is too cold for ice-forming conditions, or, if flying high, come down into warmer air to melt it off. It is quite possible that ice started collecting on Old Glory's wings at low altitude and that the heavily-laden ship could not climb up to shed it. Weighed down, it probably crashed into the sea. Still a third possibility was that the passenger, who was of no practical value to its operation, added the last straw of weight to the heavy plane. Yet his presence may have had a good moral effect. I know that Levine was a fine tonic for me on our flight. Once we left Garden City there was never any question in his mind whether or not we would get through to Germany. His absolute confidence of success was excellent for my morale.

Brock and Schlee were the only other successful trans-Atlantic flyers of 1937, in addition to those already mentioned. Their remarkable flight from this country to Japan has never, in my opinion, received the recognition that is its due. Up to the time of their flight, the long waits for good weather impressed the public with the belief that such flights depended on ideal weather conditions. Brock and Schlee, with comparatively inexpensive equipment, not only hopped from Newfoundland to London with dispatch, but at once resumed their flight to Japan, completing daily schedules regardless of what the weather gods dispensed. It was a magnificent flight in every particular.

Among the other failures of 1937, I think the Haldeman-Elder attempt might be termed tough luck. The gradual loss



of their oil pressure for some unexplained reason finally put them down—fortunately near a ship. The distance flown before they landed, however, demonstrated first-class navigation. Even the fact that they landed on a rough sea without turning over, permitting them to transfer to a ship, was further proof of exceptional piloting ability.

McIntosh, Wreford and Fitzmaurice, starting out from the British Isles and then turning back to land in September, 1927, showed excellent judgment. Headwinds encountered at the start foreordained this flight to failure.

The tragedy which claimed the lives of Colonel Michin, Captain Hamilton and Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim on a similar attempt proved that the Irishmen had made the right decision. I met Michin in England. He was a first-rate pilot, competent in every way. But the headwinds were just too great a handicap to be overcome with the equipment he had. Therefore the first non-stop crossing from east to west was technically that of the Junkers monoplane with Baron von Huenefeld, Koehl and Fitzmaurice. That they landed where they did demonstrated the need of celestial navigation or radio direction equipment in future flights.

The Courtney attempt of the same year was a well-planned, conservative flight. Whether the broken fuel-line which forced him down on fire in mid-ocean could have been anticipated is a question. It is easy to point out the reason for the Captain Hinchcliffe-Elsie Mackay failure that same summer. They were determined to start secretly, and obviously, because of that determination, they were not able to obtain necessary weather reports. Consequently, they took off in the worst weather of the season. Captain Hinchcliffe's unquestionable competence as a pilot and navigator were of no avail against stormy headwinds in a plane with little range to spare.

In the following year, 1928, the tragic failures of H. C. McDonald and U. F. Diteman, Jr., corresponded to the Hawker failure. Only by a special dispensation from Providence could these relatively small machines have succeeded. They deliberately took off against tremendous odds. When they were forced down no fishing craft such as Hawker found was near. Such attempts must be placed in the category of circus stunts. Even had they succeeded, their flights would have contributed nothing of value to the science of aviation.

The successful flight of Wilmer Stulz, Lou Gordon and Amelia Earhart that same year and the subsequent hops over the southern route of Assolant, Loti and LaFevre (with a stowaway aboard), followed by Williams and Yancy, were all good demonstrations of well-planned and well-executed expeditions. Although Williams and Yancy announced Rome non-stop as their destination, both knew that their fuel supply was inadequate to carry them the entire distance. Nevertheless, the flight was marked by celestial navigation of high order.

As a matter of fact, it was celestial navigation that (Continued on page 44)

*YOU are  
in this book!*

**Gen. John J.  
Pershing's**



## MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR

*(The only complete, finally revised story)*

You doubtless have long felt, with General Pershing, that "the American people know practically nothing of what really happened Over There."

Here is the whole *inside story* of America in the War—of history *you* helped to make—told by the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. Two volumes, lavishly illustrated, and with maps, \$10.00 per set.

*Ready April 27. Order it today at your bookseller's or, if more convenient, from the publishers,*

**FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 443 4th Ave., New York**

# FOOT ACHES GO—

*in 10 minutes  
or costs  
nothing*

**1** Troughle starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

**2** A super-elastic hand assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

*Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.*

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Amazing bands, known as Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Pains stop, muscles grow strong. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are immediate and lasting. They are highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. The secret is in their tension and stretch. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases.

Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly

## JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

### Free 10-day trial

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below. Write for free booklet.

**—MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS—**

Jung Arch Brace Co., 315 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send one pair of braces marked below:  
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES		FOR MILD CASES	
—with cushion lift		—without cushion lift	
<input type="checkbox"/> BANNER (medium) \$2	<input type="checkbox"/> WONDER (medium) \$1	<input type="checkbox"/> VICTOR (long) \$2.50	<input type="checkbox"/> MIRACLE (long) \$1.50
<input type="checkbox"/> Money enclosed		<input type="checkbox"/> Send C. O. D. plus postage.	
Shoe Size.....		Shoe Width.....	
Send Free Booklet			
Name.....			
Address.....			
City.....		State.....	

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.



# Is your tongue insured against fire?



IF YOU insist upon overworking that strong old briar with anything but Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, you take a chance on a hot smoke. But how unnecessary, when Sir Walter's favorite pipe mixture is ready and able to comfort, calm and tame the hardest-boiled pipe.

Sir Walter Raleigh is as popular with wives, maiden aunts, and girl friends as it is with the male citizens of the republic. It's a blend of choice, full-bodied, well-aged Kentucky Burley tobaccos, and it's much *milder*.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 174



Send for this  
**FREE**  
BOOKLET

It's 15¢ — AND IT'S Milder

## It's the Human Element

(Continued from page 43)

saved Boyd and Connor on the last crossing of the Columbia. Soon after their take-off, the wind shifted suddenly and forcefully, sweeping them far south of their projected course. In other words, without advance warning of the change, had they not checked on the heavenly bodies to determine their position, they well might have lost their way, and when finally trouble developed with their gasoline feed line, they doubtless would have been far from land.

The death of one of the two Polish flyers in the Idzikowski-Kubala expedition was due to the fact that no suitable landing field was available in the Azores. They were well past these islands when finally they realized that their fuel supply would not permit them to reach American shores. With excellent judgment, therefore, they gave up the attempt, but in trying to land on rough terrain, they crashed.

Three other lives were lost in 1920—the Swiss flyers Kaeser, Luescher and Tschopp. They attempted the long southern crossing non-stop. I doubt if their plane was able to carry three men from Europe to the United States on that route against head-winds.

We have learned much, however, from the three successful westward crossings of last year. The Kingsford-Smith, Van Dyk, Sau, Stannage expedition was an outstanding example of a well-planned flight, despite the fact that their plane, the historic Southern Cross, was not the most modern of its type. They comprised a most competent crew of first-class pilots who were experts in both celestial navigation and radio direction finding. Thus, with reserve motors, the set-up

proved a perfect combination. Had they been equipped with a modern plane New York instead of Newfoundland would doubtless have been their first stop.

No less well done was the German flight of Von Gronau, Zimmer, Hack and Albrecht, but, as was explained above, intermediate landings in transoceanic flying are not desirable.

The striking and highly commendable feature of the Costes-Bellonte flight was the personal restraint of the pilots. Knowing what they would have to encounter in the way of weather in order to make Paris to New York non-stop, they intelligently and quietly carried on the work of preparation and then sat down to wait for the particular brand of weather which they needed. They refused to be hurried. What newspapers or other flyers said about or to them as they waited was disregarded. Then one day the weather map was propitious, and, forearmed, they took off and landed here. That was not luck. That success was due to competent piloting in first-class equipment, combined with intelligent planning. And of such character must all successful transoceanic flights be.

As was stated earlier, it is now, we firmly believe, possible to span the Atlantic by airplane with a pay-load, and on regular schedule, although I am not so sure of regular flights from east to west. The extra fuel required due to the head-winds certain to be encountered would seriously reduce the pay-load.

If the four years progress outlined above may be considered a yard-stick in measuring the future, transoceanic flying in both directions is not far away. Europe's getting closer all the time.

## Exit the Slum

(Continued from page 15)

buildings that are making their appearance, buildings as modern and cheerful as any moderate-priced apartments in New York or elsewhere. One I have in mind is equipped with mechanical refrigerators—fancy that in contrast with the old East Side. A large co-operative apartment opened last December, and, now filled, rents for \$12.50 a room plus a payment of \$500 a room to establish the tenant-owner's equity. This is a very low rental for that class of accommodation in New York. Nothing can make a permanent waste of a section so convenient to the downtown business district where 400,000 people, mostly office workers, are employed. Thus the eventual reclamation of this celebrated portion of the sidewalks of New York.

Our tenement question is not a thing of the past, however. The ten years that have witnessed the final decline of the old East Side have seen the growth of another national institution in our midst—Harlem. The drift of the Negro to

northern cities began about 1915. The great movement has been since the war, and as a result only Chicago has witnessed a change in its racial map greater than New York's.

There are 300,000 Negroes in Harlem between Madison and Eighth Avenues and 110th and 155th Streets. This is congestion, but not the congestion of the East Side of another day. The annual death rate among colored people in New York is twenty-five in a thousand and among whites fourteen. This is indicative of ignorance and undesirable sanitary conditions, but not the conditions that prevailed in the old-time slums. Nor does this rate compare unfavorably with other cities, North or South.

Judged by modern standards, the tenements of Harlem are antiquated, but we do not find rooms without windows, as in East Side buildings that have been standing since the Civil War. We have our difficulties. An air-shaft seems a



natural repository for garbage and a fire escape for anything not needed at the moment in the crowded rooms, but these have always been the problems of the tenement house inspector. The American Negro is, on the whole, tractable and amenable to authority. But I cannot say the same for West Indians. Five thousand of them in Harlem cause more trouble than ten times their number of colored people from our Southern States.

The sorest spot in Harlem is not caused by colored people at all. A little island of Spanish-speaking immigrants, mostly Porto Ricans and Filipinos, has formed itself in Harlem, and without constant vigilance would reproduce the traditional slum in its worst aspects. Overcrowding is frightful. Our inspectors have found forty people, of all ages and sexes, living in six rooms. Interior doors have been removed because the space required for a door to swing cannot be wasted. Beds are used in three shifts and people have been found sleeping in bath tubs. It is difficult to ascertain the legally responsible tenant of such a warren. The person who makes the deal with the landlord may never be seen again. Or if we find him he says he was merely acting for someone else who is never available. One man pays the rent this month, another next month, after levying contribution upon others.

Aside from this Spanish-speaking section the Harlem problem is on the way to solution. In the first place the northern migration of the Negro has been halted, for the time being at least. Thousands of Southern darkies have returned disillusioned by their experiences in the North. The fancy wages have been exaggerated. Living costs are enormous as compared with the rural South. And they have to work harder than many of them are accustomed to working.

The colored man's Northern venture has been of great value to his race, however, and to the country. The industrialization of the hitherto agricultural South moves apace. It is placing the Negro in a different and higher category as a worker. The slums that have disfigured so many of our manufacturing centers in the North should be kept out of the picture in the South. Great losses will result to employers of labor if they are not kept out. In Harlem, the South Side of Chicago, and other Northern cities Negro leaders have shown real ability in dealing with problems looking to the elimination of the slum. In Harlem John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has erected an enormous co-operative apartment building, overlooking spacious lawns and gardens—a place anyone should be glad to live in. He was actuated, no doubt, by humanitarian motives, but this is not a philanthropy. It is an investment yielding five and one-half percent.

The success of the experiment has attracted the notice of other cities, especially in the South. Not long ago an official delegation from Richmond, Virginia, made a study of it. Enterprises of this kind are more than the hope of Harlem. They have a profound bearing on a sweeping industrial change upon which depends a large measure of the prosperity of the coming generation.

# "I Had a Waistline Like His. I Got Rid of It This Easy Way"



"My waistline quickly went from 42 down to 34 inches," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N. Y. "Just wore a Director Belt and got results. Never felt better in my life."



**Reduce this waistline**



to this



THE Director puts the loose, fallen abdominal muscles back where they belong, and you immediately take on a slender, athletic appearance. Then, its gentle vibratory action on the abdomen brings results similar to regular massage, scattering the fat and giving strength and firmness to the waistline while the replacement of the muscles relieves the strain on the digestive organs. This means better assimilation of food and improved elimination. In thousands of cases the improvement has not only been immediate but has become permanent.

**Slip the DIRECTOR On—That's All**

Now you can quickly, easily and surely rid yourself of a bulging waistline. Thousands of men who sent for the Director on our trial offer have proved its value for reducing the waistline; and letters from physicians recommend it as a natural, commonsense way to obtain the desired results.

The Director is fitted to your measure all in one piece. There are no buckles, laces nor straps to bother you. It is light and compact, lies flat, is worn with perfect ease and comfort, and cannot be seen.

**Sent on Trial**

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

**LONDON & WARNER**  
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Dept. E-114

## Do Your Golf Clubs "Fit" You?



If they are not of the right length and weight for your height and build, your game is bound to be off. You can quickly improve your game with a set of Ste. Claire Matched and Balanced Golf Clubs, made to your measure—clubs of the proper length, weight and balance to fit you exactly. Sets of 3 to 13 clubs, all balanced and matched with each other. Steel or hickory shafts. Stainless steel or chromium plated heads. The equal of any golf clubs made. Custom-made clubs direct to you at money-saving prices. Unconditionally guaranteed. Write today for details of TRIAL OFFER and name of your local dealer. No obligation.

Ste. Claire Golf Products Co.  
510 N. Riverside, St. Clair, Mich.

**Send for TRIAL OFFER**

## Fix up your Garden for Spring Make your own Garden Seat Garden Trellis

Stanley Plan No. 21p costs only 10 cents and gives simple instructions on how to make an attractive Garden Seat.

Stanley Plan No. 22p costs only 10 cents and shows you how to make Garden Trellises.

**10¢ each** Send for one or both today. There are 25 different Stanley Plans showing how to make 25 useful articles.

THE STANLEY RULE & LEVEL PLANT, New Britain, Conn.  
**STANLEY TOOLS**

## PATENTS

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent," and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 247-H Security Savings and Commercial Bank Building, (directly across street from Patent Office) Washington, D. C.

## WANT A STEADY JOB?



**STEADY WORK — NO LAYOFFS — PAID VACATIONS**

Your Honorable Discharge Entitles You to Special Preference  
Common Education Sufficient

## Build a Profitable Business of Your Own

Insure a permanent income. You can succeed in collection profession. We show you exactly how by proven methods. Business referred to you. Capital is useful, but unnecessary. No competition for those scientifically trained. Many net over \$100.00 weekly. May start in spare time. Ask for catalog and details.

**American Collection Service**  
(Established 1907)  
1042 Howard St. Detroit, Mich.

## Ex-Service Men Get Preference

Railway Postal Clerks Mail Carriers  
Postoffice Clerks Immigrant Inspectors  
Customs Inspectors

**\$141 to \$275 MONTH**

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It  
**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. C193**  
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," with list of positions obtainable, and full particulars telling how to get them. Tell me all about preference to Ex-Service Men.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Bedside Stories

(Continued from page 17)

trucks came. Everything moved away. At last, the ambulance, the stretcher, the painful ordeal of getting Bob comfortably adjusted.

"Come, dear," Mrs. Liggett said to Thelma, "Kiss daddy good-bye."

Thelma drew away. "No, no. Thelma never kiss daddy any, any more."

"But darling, daddy is leaving for the hospital and he won't be back for a long, long time. Come, be a nice girl and kiss daddy."

"No," Thelma pulled herself still farther away. "I never kiss daddy again. He is a bad, bad boy. He tell the man a story."

"Why, daddy didn't tell the man a story!"

"Yes, he did, too. My breakfast set. Santy Claus brought me it, and daddy say he buy it for five dollars."

her share of sunshine. Then, there's the kids. I've got 'em scattered around in Alabama homes under the Legion Welfare Committee. That's 'cause I'm destitute, see? But if I was up an' making thirty-seven bucks a week, I wouldn't be, see? I'd have to send the wife that hundred, the kids couldn't stay in the welfare homes any longer, and where'd I be on twelve a week tryin' to run a barber shop and give a baby her bottle all at the same time. Couldn't do it, could I? Don't believe there's a feller livin' 'at could."

He paused for breath and I waited. "Well, I got it all figured out. The Legion keeps the children; I send the wife a hundred bucks, and there's that extra five dollars left for me. Five's all I need, see?"

It is Dudley's sixth year in the hospital. He has been in and out a time or two trying to earn that thirty-seven bucks a week, but old man circumstance has him licked, and year after year, he has come back to recuperate. When they told him that his wife had to go to Denver last fall, he never whimpered. He sold the furniture, cleaned up his affairs, got his wife off to Denver, turned the children over to the Legion Welfare Committee and slipped back to Uncle Sam's paternal care. Two or three at the time, they have removed all of the ribs in Dud's left side so that they could collapse his left lung forever.

He may think he is only "temporary total" as he calls it, but he will never be able to earn thirty-seven dollars a week again. Just a friendly slap on the back might send him into eternity. He will never ride a crowded street car or a bus; never mingle in a baseball crowd in safety, or go bolting through a Woolworth store on Christmas eve. The War marked him down and out—and in.

As for that five dollars, somehow, you can't blame him, even if the law is the law. So when Dudley thinks of those three little girls and that little homeless, childless mother in a Denver san, of the hundred a month he's sending her every month, and of the eventual rating of P&T that is sure to come, naturally he shudders.

"For when the doctors mark me up as bad as I am," he says, "what-the-hell am I gonna do for my five dollars?"

SHE was only another child-wife, but she was beautiful. Beauty is so different from mere prettiness. Beauty comes with heartaches, happiness and sorrows; prettiness is for virgin youth and laughter. She was no bigger than a minute, and she had calm, blue eyes and light hair of thin-spun gold, and she was as lovely as a picture.

For a year she lived alone in one of those spare rooms that the Red Cross keeps reserved for relatives of those who are critically ill. For a year, I watched her coming over to the hospital every morning. She would appear just a little

DUDLEY flopped across the foot of my bunk and began to wail his woes. They have run him through a series of operations that have a terrifyingly dumb-striking mortality rate, but Dud is still here. He knows his hospitals.

When Secretary of War Good died at Walter Reed Hospital, it almost broke Dud's heart. He didn't know the Secretary, but he did know Colonel Kelleher, the operating surgeon, and to Dudley, Colonel Kelleher is the greatest living demi-god this side of hell or Hoboken; and to Colonel Kelleher, Dudley is one of his "empyema pets"—the ribless boys, wholly or partly, who worship the Colonel from Pasadena to Palermo.

Dudley hasn't a rib in his left side. "Fact is," Dud often says, "all I am. I owe to Colonel Kelleher and my compensation."

Let that word "compensation" drop from Dudley's lips and even Colonel Kelleher fades by comparison.

"You see," he'll say, "they want to rate me 'permanent and total,' but a guy that's 'P&T' only gets a hundred a month. No matter how many wives he's got, or how much milk he feeds the babies, they get nothing. There's no allowance for the family if you're 'P&T.' Now, I've got a wife and three little girls. As long as I don't let 'em rate me 'P&T,' I get a check for \$105.00. That's eighty for me, ten for the wife and five apiece for the kids. So I'm staying 'temporary total' as long as I can. It gives me five bucks more."

It all sounds like a column of figures from the World Almanac to me, but Dudley has the floor and I let him rave. Sometimes he gets somewhere.

"See?" it's a favorite word of his, "I ain't so sick. I could get up and out of here any time. But if I do that my compensation stops. It means I gotta go back to barberin'. All I can make where I live is thirty-seven bucks a week. Not so good. Now, my wife, she's got TB. I've got her out in Denver in a 'san,' and it costs her the hundred just for



Summer Days Are Comfortable... Here

SUMMER days in Chicago are comfortable...at THE DRAKE. Pleasant...spacious...airy rooms and an ideal location...overlooking Lake Michigan...Beach, bridge paths...Lincoln Park...and other attractions immediately accessible. Rates begin at \$5 per day. Permanent Suites at Special Discounts.

THE DRAKE HOTEL, CHICAGO Under Blackstone Management

"AN ADDRESS OF DISTINCTION"

LAW Free Book

Write today for FREE 64-page book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN", which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, lawyers, and U. S. Supreme Court justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with the course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, which is delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL.B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-Back Agreement.

Write for free book today

BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 307 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 135 Chicago



UNIFORMS

Legionnaires—State Regulation Drum Corps—Colorful, Attractive Write for Samples and Prices Today!

The Fechheimer Bros. Co.

Uniforms for 43 Years Cincinnati, Ohio

THE RIBS HAVE STRENGTH TO SPARE



AND not only the ribs, but the keel, stern, and canvas-covering! Old Towns aren't just slapped together. Their sterns are braced and cross-braced to stand the motor's weight. Ribs and keel are reinforced and rigid. No vibration or shaking. The covering is seamless. It can't open up. You don't have the trouble and expense of caulking!

Free catalog shows prices and models. Also canoes; dinghies; rowboats; big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood, outboard family-boats; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 255 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"



bit before breakfast, to sit at his side the whole day through, to help the nurses, to hold his hand and to listen with vain, vague hopes to his muttered delirium. Every night I have seen her go back to her lonely room in the old Colonial home that is the Red Cross building. If you wanted to know if she was still down the hall at his side, you could look at the light on the Red Cross porch. They always kept it burning for her. Ten o'clock, midnight, two o'clock, then her mite of a figure would fling a long, eerie shadow before, around and behind her, and seemingly as swift as the shadow itself she would dart across the dim-lit space, alone, always alone.

For a twelve-month, Gene Gordon had been lying between life and death, just down the hall from me in "Double M." They were married for only a week when he collapsed. What he had hoped to be an arrested case of a war-found ailment, had come back upon him with a sweeping, deadly rush. She had followed him here, refusing the companionship of her family in the city so that she might be at his side until the end.

Sometimes mad with drugs that eased his pain, he cursed her; sometimes, calm and reliving the glorious days of his brief honeymoon, he would cry out to her like a baby, reach out his arms, stroke her thin, pale hands and press her lips to his and weep a strong man's tears. Doctors, nurses, patients, maids and servants passed their door. The hospital world moved on in its own peculiar orbit.

Everyone knew her faithfulness; everyone knew that visitors never came to see her or to see her "Gene;" only the chaplains, the priest, the nurses and the doctor; they came.

A few weeks ago, they took him away. He was just another one of the "ten-a-day" veterans who are draped in a flag and carried out of Veteran Bureau hospitals every day. I wondered how she looked in black.

I think it was the Monday after. I was sunning on the porch, my bed and books moved out to enjoy with me the winterish warmth. The nurse announced visitors. Visitors for me? I turned to look into the faces of three charming city matrons. They had come, they ex-

plained, to see some of the boys. I said that that was nice, so nice of them. They were from Bulgarten Street church, they said. "Is that so," I asked. My conversation was as faltering as their own. Evidently I was their first victim. Where were the other boys? Could they see them? Yes, surely! Right through that door and down the hall. Any door. There were boys behind them all. And as they went away I felt sorry for them and for the Christian duty they had imposed upon themselves.

Thursday, there was another group; just as pretty, just as hesitant, just as timid with the same awkward attempt at momentary conversation.

"We are coming out every week from now on. All of us." Someone explained. "We want to visit the boys and cheer them up. Yes, we are from Bulgarten Street, too."

The conversation lulled. They looked at my bedside table with its heaps of magazines, books and mail; they looked at the linen where my nervous fingers had splashed the noon-day soup, smeared ashes on my pillow and soiled my once-clean, white bedspread. Evidently I never expected visitors, or I would comb my hair.

"Did you know Gene Gordon?" someone asked me.

"Gordon? Gene Gordon! Sure. I knew him. Didn't he send me half of a squirrel pie? And that little wife of his, she brought me huge portions of the favorite dishes that were cooked especially for him, even brought me all the cigarettes he got and couldn't smoke. No. I never saw him; but he was a friend of mine. Used to watch his little wife going back and forth to the Red Cross over there. Finest little woman a fellow ever knew! Faithful to the end. Just ask any one on the ward. Everybody knew. For twelve long months she waited all alone, and then—"

"Yes, we knew her, too, she was our friend. That's why we came today. We're making up for what we didn't do. You look for us Mondays and Thursdays."

Twelve long months alone, waiting for her Gene to die—and, now, her friends!

I smiled and understood.

They nodded and went away.

They never came again.

## Then and Now

(Continued from page 33)

who while on his way to deliver a message to the lieutenant, was stopped by a machine-gun bullet.

Lieutenant Ulmer crawled to the runner, "a little country boy from Iowa," obtained the message, revived him momentarily and listening for what he supposed was his last message, heard the lad whisper: "Did you get the message, Lieutenant?"

Now, some eight months after that big moment was recorded, we hear an echo of it in this letter from Legionnaire Dawson O. Clark of Wadena, Iowa:

"In the June, 1930, Monthly, on page

60, I read Herman Ulmer's big moment, 'The Message Went Through.' I am the little country boy from Iowa who carried that message. I am still very much alive although Lieutenant Ulmer's story reads like I had 'gone West' right there.

"Now that I have told you who I am, I will tell what I want. The check you sent Lieutenant Ulmer for his ten dollar prize, he indorsed to me: 'Pay to the order of Dawson O. Clark, the man who carried the message.' Then I needed the ten dollars so I cashed the check. Now I wonder (Continued on page 48)

## Lowest Prices in 10 Years!

5 Rooms,  
Bath  
\$1428



## MODERN HOMES at Wholesale Prices!

Choose from 100 prize designs—or let our Home Planners design a home from your ideas in wood, brick or stucco. We furnish materials of highest quality—direct from Mills-to-you. No extras! Material Plan-Cut (machine-sawed at mill) saves 1/3 labor cost—18% material waste. Makes tighter, warmer, sturdier home.

Get modern features: Warm Quilt Insulation (saves 1/2 fuel bills); Hardwood Floors, Built-in Kitchen Cases, Linen Closets, Ironing Boards, Clothes Chutes, Fireplaces, Phone Nooks, etc.; Colorful Kitchens. More comfort—less housework.

With Plan-Cut Materials, Easy-to-follow Plans, Complete Instructions, you can build your own home and save \$1,000 up. Invest your money in a home of your own! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

Before you rent, buy or build—

Send for  
**FREE BOOK**  
**100 HOME PLANS**

Check the information wanted:  
☐ Homes ☐ Garages ☐ Remodeling  
☐ Summer Cottages ☐ Poultry Houses



## Gordon-Van Tine

World's Largest Specialists  
in Home Building Since 1865  
1565 Case St., Davenport, Iowa

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## FISH ROD CARRYING CASE

**Price** Solves the problem of safe transportation of rods by auto, canoe, etc., and a place to keep them at home. Made of heavy white builder's canvas trimmed with high grade black elk leather with leather handle. Opened and closed instantly with automatic fastener. Holds 3 to 5 rods. Size 5 1/2 x 12".

**Postpaid** Price postpaid \$2.75.

Send for free sample of leather and canvas, also free catalog.

**L. L. BEAN, Mfr.**

257 Main St.

Freeport, Maine

## National Legion Champion Drummer "Heinie" Gerlach, Uses Slingerland Artist Model Military Drums

Slingerland Drums possess the quality champions demand. "Heinie" Gerlach, National Champion for 1929-30, uses, endorses and sells Slingerland drums in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Equip your corps with championship instruments. Possess drums that are Precision Built, easy to play, have tone, snap, reserve volume, and lasting quality.

Let us show you TODAY how your Post can organize, equip, and develop a good corps for the Detroit Convention.

Write for FREE Catalog and Easy Payment Plan.

**SLINGERLAND BANJO & DRUM COMPANY**

National Drum Corps Headquarters  
1300 Belden Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.





## • • • NOW A DRUM CORPS FOR YOUR POST

In just five simple steps—and within 6 weeks from now—your Post can have a playing drum corps ready for public appearance! Ludwig has worked out the plan—based on long years of successful experience—and will help you *put it in effect*. Details free; send coupon now for new illustrated book, "Here They Come," giving all the facts.

Prize winning corps use Ludwig drums—brilliant, snappy tone, easy playing. Instruction manual with every outfit.



### LUDWIG & LUDWIG

523C Ludwig Bldg., 1611-27 N. Lincoln St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Send me your free book, "Here They Come" and tell me how we can have a drum corps in 5 steps.

Name.....

City.....

Street.....

State..... County.....

GERMS ARE ALWAYS FOUND  
WITH DANDRUFF

### GLOVER'S

Imperial (SARCOPTIO)  
MANGE MEDICINE  
IS ANTISEPTIC—GERMICIDAL

**POSITIVELY REMOVES  
DANDRUFF**

Write for FREE, New Booklet on Care and  
Treatment of Scalp and Hair.  
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

## Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of  
Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Railroad Man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

**30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE**

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for Information  
Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.  
92-17 Odd Fellows Temple  
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK



## Then and Now

(Continued from page 47)

if I could get that canceled check. It would be one of my best keepsakes.

"I am very proud of the lieutenant's big moment—not that I am boasting of anything I did over there, but to think that of all the things he did and saw in France, after all these years this little incident was the most impressive. It makes me feel that all the hardships and suffering is paid for. I don't even mind the years I have spent in hospitals."

We sent photographic copies of the check to Dawson—and then learned some more interesting facts. He reports that this memento of the war will mean a lot to his three husky boys—aged eight, five and two, and that those boys are the joint property of himself and the nurse who had tended him for ten months in a government hospital and who became Mrs. Dawson O. Clark on November 18, 1920, the same day he was discharged from the hospital.

Vocational training developed him into a first-class photographer, which profession he follows. Hospitals have known him in the past eight years—seven long months having been spent at Waukesha, Wisconsin—but he hopes to stay on top now and some day tell his grandchildren war stories, and we heartily echo his hope.

WITH spring house-cleaning at hand, we think it a good time to repeat the appeal for early issues of the Weekly needed to complete the official files of Legion posts. More than three dozen posts are still clamoring for issues of Volume I (1919) and of the first half of Volume II (1920), which are not available in our reserve stock. Please send any copies of 1919 or 1920 issues to the Company Clerk who will give you credit for having contributed them to the cause.



DETROIT is preparing not only to entertain the tens of thousands of Legionnaires who will visit that city next fall, but the 1931 National Convention Corporation is also encouraging reunions of any and all service organizations during the period of the Legion national convention, September 21st to 24th. Assistance in planning convention reunions may be obtained from Raymond J. Kelly, chairman of the Reunions Committee for the convention. His address is in care of the Department of Street Railways, St. Jean and Shoemaker Streets, Detroit, Michigan.

The following outfits are already lined up for meetings in Detroit, September 21st to 24th, and detailed information may be obtained from the men whose names and addresses are given:

THIRD DIV.—Special reunion. Ed. Boivin, adjt., 230 Schenectady av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOURTH DIV.—General reunion of IVY men. Miss Dorothy Egan, asst. secy., Fourth Div. Assoc., 720 No. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

H COMPANY CLUB (126th Inf., 31st Mich., Inf. and First Mich. Inf.)—Reunion of all former members. Gordon L. White, secy., 6409 Theodore av., Detroit, Mich.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—Eleventh annual reunion. Frederick G. Webster, secy. and treas., 6819-A Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS.—Reunion, with 23d Engrs. Post, American Legion, as host. F. R. Erilsizer, comdr., 5253 Allendale, Detroit, Mich.

26TH ENGRS.—Reunion and organization of veterans association. Ray Bielman, 8100 Grafton av., or W. W. White, 15217 Forrer av., Detroit, Mich.

31ST ENGRS.—Third annual reunion. F. E. Love, secy., 113 First av., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

TANK CORPS—Reunion of all former Tank Corpsmen. Victor T. Porter, Tank Corps Reunion Headquarters, 2006 Industrial Bank, Washington at Grand River, Detroit, Mich.



338TH AERO SQDRN. AND PROV. M. P. Co., Charlotte, N. C.—Reunion of former members of both outfits. Homer R. Ostrander, 91 N. Brook st., Geneva, N. Y.

U. S. S. Rhode Island—Reunion of former crew. Sumner W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. South Dakota—Reunion of former crew. Philip T. Wallace, 14 Edwin st., Brookline, Mass.

U. S. S. Wilhelmina—Reunion of former crew. Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 1506 State st., Racine, Wis.

AMER. RED CROSS HOSPITALS No. 3 AND No. 112, PARIS—Reunion of former personnel. F. J. Maynard, 501 S. Warren st., Trenton, N. J.

NURSES—The National Organization of American World War Nurses will hold special reunion and meeting during Legion convention. Mrs. Samuel E. Bracegirdle, 5005 Spokane av., Detroit.

REPLACEMENT UNIT No. 4—Proposed reunion and banquet. Miss Elizabeth C. Schau, Box C, Traverse City, Mich.

M. T. C. No. 420, M. S. T. No. 411—Former members interested in proposed convention reunion, write to Adolph Illikman, Saginaw, Mich.

DOMGERMAIN ORDINANCE DET.—Former members not receiving notices, write to Fabian F. Levy, 213 S. Broad st., Philadelphia, Pa., for details of reunion in Detroit, Sept., 1931.

UNIVERSITY OF POITIERS, FRANCE—Reunion of former students who attend national convention. Alan B. Leonard, 601 Cadillac Square bldg., or Dan M. Lynch, 703 Hammond bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Announcements of reunions to be held not in conjunction with the Legion national convention, and of other activities of veterans' associations follow:

SECOND DIV. ASSOC.—Thirteenth annual reunion. Detroit, Mich., July 16-18. Arthur Counihan, secy., P. O. Box 1361, Washington, D. C.

THIRD DIV.—National convention Soc. of Third (Reg.) Div., New York City, July 13-15. Headquarters, Hotel Victoria. Ed. Boivin, adjt., 230 Schenectady av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW YORK—Annual business meeting and reunion, New York City, May 9. Carlton E. Dunn, secy., 57 E. 9th st., New York City.

SEVENTH DIV.—Copies of limited special edition of *History of Seventh Division*, autographed by Generals Bullard and Wittenmyer, may be obtained for six dollars from Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—A Connecticut Post of the 29th Div. Assoc. has been organized. Geo. F. Klopfer, secy., 70 Girard av., New Haven, Conn.

30TH DIV.—Former members are requested to send pictures, reports and stories of division's activities to E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark., who is writing divisional history.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Montgomery, Ala.,



Nov. 9-11. Complete history of division, two volumes and maps, may be obtained without cost by former members. John Edwards, secy-treas., 329 Stoneman bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS. ASSOC., NEW YORK CHAPTER—Annual ball, Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, May 1. Theodore L. White, Jr., pres., 69th Regt. Armory, 68 Lexington av., New York City.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS., INDIANA CHAPTER—Annual convention, Indianapolis, Ind., May 23-24. Gen. Robert H. Tyndall as guest. John M. Caylor, 619 Meyer-Kiser Bank bldg., Indianapolis.

80TH DIV.—Complete set of *The Bayonet*, official publication of division at Camp Lee, has been presented to the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., by Arnold W. Wetsel, 341 Madison av., New York City. Former members in need of official records at any time may write to the library.

91ST (WILD WEST) DIV.—"Back to the Front" reunion in Paris, France, including tours of England, Belgium, Germany and France. Leaving Pacific Coast on Aug. 14, sailing on *Leviathan*, Aug. 19. Returning to San Francisco Sept. 25. For particulars, write to George P. Miller, 451 Central av., Alameda, Calif.

20TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Fourth annual reunion, Reeds Springs, Mo., Aug. 27-30. Men of 42d, 43d and 70th Regiments also invited. E. E. Wilson, comdr., 1934 23d st.-A, Moline, Ill.

312TH INF. ASSOC., 78TH DIV.—Annual regimental dinner and reunion at the Newark Elks Club House, Newark, N. J., May 16. John A. Fitzsimmons, general secretary, 620 High st., Newark.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Grand Island, Neb., Oct. 15. Oscar Rosser, 1408 W. Koenig st., Grand Island.

28TH INF., Co. B.—Former enlisted men, June, 1917, to July, 1918. Report to Capt. Clarence R. Oliver Committee, 262 E. 13th st., Elmira Heights, N. Y.

103D INF., Co. M.—Former members, to complete roster and receive notice of 1931 reunion, write to George R. Caswell, 23 Chandler st., Somerville, Mass.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 6. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 4816 47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

328TH F. A.—Eight annual reunion, Occidental Hotel, Muskegon, Mich., June 15-16. L. J. Lynch, adjt., 209 Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

108TH F. A. BTRY. D.—To complete roster, former members write to Joseph P. Hopkins, 217 S. 47th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

108TH F. A. BTRY. E.—Proposed reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., in May. Harry A. Garvin, 1905 E. Allegheny av., Philadelphia, Pa.

305TH F. A. BTRY. B.—Members interested in proposed reunion, write to Frank J. Wiesner, 8970 213th st., Queens Village, N. Y.

17TH ENGRS.—Central Ohio veterans have organized with headquarters at Columbus. L. H. McKeynolds, 359 Clinton st., Columbus, Ohio.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 6. George Rempel, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

306TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Rochester, N. Y., last week in May. J. C. Schulz, 39 Aberdeen st., Rochester, N. Y.

401ST TELEGRAPH BN.—To complete roster and to obtain information regarding reunion in Boston, Mass., in June, former members write to William J. Sullivan, secy., 50 Oliver st., Boston.

THIRD TRENCH MORTAR BTRY., THIRD DIV.—Reunion, New York City, July 20. Barney Gallitelli, secy., 294 17th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

VETS. ASSOC. OF AIR SERV. MECH. REGTS.—Sixth annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 27-29. Thomas J. Leary, secy-treas., 7141 Jeffrey av., Chicago, Ill.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV., LAKEHURST PROVING GROUNDS—Former members, particularly of Company C, interested in proposed reunion, write to Nat Jacobs, Drawer L, Hollidays Cove, W. Va.

USAAC'S—U. S. Army Amb. Serv. convention and reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. John H. Fetter, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

AMERICAN FIELD SERV.—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. Albert E. Herrmann, natl. comdr., Usaacs, 1625 W. Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. A. S.—Annual convention, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. Lyle C. Jordan, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

ITALIAN CONTINGENT, USAAS—Reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-18. Wilbur P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH MALLET RESERVE—Former members of the "gyypsies of the A. E. F." interested in proposed reunion, address Howard T. Wiggers, 432 Main st., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

AMER. FORCES IN GERMANY—Limited number of copies of *Review of the American Forces in Germany* still available. Roster of officers, history of every organization, photographs. Two dollars. James G. Adams, 1236 Union st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS POST HOSP. AND EXAMINING BARRACKS STAFF—Fourth annual reunion at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Sept. 5-7. H. P. Riggins, 512 N. Pine st., Little Rock, Ark.

69TH NEW YORK AND 32D MICHIGAN VOLUNTEER REGTS.—First reunion at national encampment of the United Spanish War Veterans, New Orleans, La., Sept. 6-10. Daniel P. Sullivan, past comdr., 2384 Marion av., Bronx, New York City, or Robert Rattray, Dept. Q. M., 749 State Office bldg., Lansing, Mich.

The Company Clerk  
JOHN J. NOLL

## Teamwork

(Continued from page 35)

knee so badly he had to go to bed. In fact, he would have defaulted had not his adversary in a letter defaulted to him first. So he stayed in bed and the second day hobbled out to beat a second-rate Englishman. The next morning he was better, and to the huge surprise of a large gallery, including the winner, defeated Ouimet in a really great match.

Then one by one the Americans fell out, first Gardner, then Chick Evans, then Von Elm, then Guildford, then Jones. Eventually the hopes of the team centered on the pain-wrecked figure of Jess Sweetser. So the entire team got behind him to pull him along to victory. They assisted by tuning up his midiron play in the evening after dinner—it stays light late in Scotland in July—they checked up each day on his next adversary's strong and weak points, they even massaged his weak knee in an attempt to keep him well and fit. They cheered him off the course with song and story, they kept up his spirits in the most trying situations of a match, they encouraged him by pointing out that sick men are dangerous men in any sporting contest. When he went on to

defeat Robert Scott in the semi-finals and W. G. Brownlow in the finals and won the amateur title for the first time it had been captured by an American in over twenty years, they hoisted him to their shoulders and carried him half a mile to the clubhouse with songs and cheers.

Only a few of the natives realized that to the end the American side was together as a team, rooting and helping the weakest member carry off Britain's most prized golfing trophy. The spirit of team-play had overcome the disabilities of the individual; it was the deciding factor in the ultimate triumph of this plucky and courageous golfer. He couldn't have won alone.

As never before the individual athlete is magnified and glorified in the daily press until modern sport, to the casual observer, is a yearly kaleidoscope of famous names. To the average follower of the Olympic Games, for instance, it has always been an axiom that our great stars of track and field were the ones to place the American flag at the peak in every one of the games since the first of them all in (Continued on page 50)

## New Million Dollar CAN OPENER



No More Stabbing and Hacking!  
Just a Twist-of-the-Wrist Opens  
Square, Round or Oval Cans.

Brings Fortunes to  
Agents—UP TO \$6 and \$8 IN AN HOUR  
Full or Spare Time

IMAGINE a little automatic machine that opens any shape can, round, square or oval, in a couple of seconds at a mere twist of the wrist! Holds the can for you, and cuts out the entire top, slick, smooth and clean, *inside the rim*—juices can't spill! No jagged edges to snag your fingers. All food pours right out without scraping or spooning! No wonder Speedo representatives have sold to every house in the block and have made up to \$6 and \$8 in an hour! J. Williamson, Wis., made \$5 his first hour. Mrs. Spain, Kans., made \$9 her first afternoon. Duncan, Mont., cleaned up \$17 his first day. Orloff, Va., \$522 his first month. You, too, can make big money with Speedo.

### Write for Free Test Offer

Whether you have ever sold anything before or not, learn the facts about this new wonder-worker. We furnish everything including most novel demonstration outfit you ever saw. No experience needed. Not sold in stores. Three special selling plans for full-time or part-time workers. Act at once end you can test your profits FREE!

CENTRAL STATES MANUFACTURING CO.  
Dept. E-1004, 4500 Mary Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. E-1004  
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rush me your Free Test Offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Check here if interested only in one for your home.

## ACCOUNTING



### New Revised Course

Thousands of ambitious men are earning more money today because they know Accounting. Send for new booklet, "The Accountant—Who he is, What he does, How to become one," and first lesson of new revised Course. Both sent free. In reply please state age and position.

International Accountants Society, Inc.

A Division of the  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
Dep. 205, 3411 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



## UNIFORMS

WRITE FOR  
CATALOG No. 50.

ALUMINUM HELMETS  
POLISHED OR ANY COLOR

GEORGE EVANS & Co.  
132 N. FIFTH ST.—A. L. DEPT.—PHILADELPHIA.



Good and  
Good for You.



# MINIATURE POST COLORS



Miniature American Legion Post Colors designed for your personal use at home or the office! Each set consists of 8 x 12-inch silk U. S. and Legion Post flags (unlettered) fringed, and mounted on 18-inch ebony staff with gilded spear. A specially designed holder is included. Mail the coupon immediately for prompt delivery.

Emblem Division, The American Legion  
777 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please forward immediately one complete stand of Miniature Post Colors.

☐ Ship C. O. D.

☐ I am enclosing herewith check for \$1.25

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I belong to Post \_\_\_\_\_ Dept. of \_\_\_\_\_

## Teamwork

(Continued from page 49)

Athens in 1896. Actually this is incorrect. Not our stars, but the vast number of steady performers winning third, fourth and fifth places have pulled us to the front.

Thus in 1924 we won only 12 out of thirty firsts in the track and field events. The individual stars were the great Finnish distance runners, Ritola, Nurmi and Steenroos. Between them they won every distance race on the programme. Yet, thanks to our well balanced team, thanks to our second string men, our hurdlers and sprinters and weight throwers, we scored 94 points, while Finland with three or four stars scored 34. In 1928 the same situation was repeated. We scored 131 points and Finland scored 62. In 1924 in Paris we won the eight-oared crew race, the lawn tennis, men's and women's swimming events, rugby football, rifle shooting, trap shooting, and boxing. No nation could stand against such teamwork.

But of all the epics of teamwork the greatest is the Epic of Everest. Here were two hundred individuals, native Indians and Englishmen, starting out from Darjeeling, in the foothills of the Himalayas, to subdue the tallest mountain in the world. Porters and carriers, doctors and photographers, bearers and guides—all this crowd merely to help one or two men climb higher than mortal has ever climbed before. Slowly they marched across Tibet from Darjeeling, and at the foot of the mountain, even then 12,000 feet above sea level, they pitched their base camp at the head of the East Rongbuk Glacier, leaving seventy-five porters and helpers under the command of an English director.

Mules and carts now abandoned, the long, long climb began. At 16,000 feet No. 1 Camp was established. Here fifty men were left hauling supplies from below, erecting a hospital tent and work-

ing toward the ultimate success of the expedition. Several thousand feet higher up another shelter was constructed. The party dwindled. Still the rest went on, up and over the famous Rongbuk Glacier, 1,200 feet along a sheer wall by steps cut into the ice, through an immense crack and up this ice chimney until they were on the great ice cliff of Everest with the peak directly ahead. Windy Ridge Camp, their final secure shelter, was constructed at 25,000 feet. There more tents, more supplies kept coming over that endless human chain from the base camp in the valley far below. Smaller now, the party moved forward to a height of 27,000 feet, where the highest bivouac was established and preparations made for the last dash to the summit. Below, a photographer was ready with long-distance lenses trained on the summit above.

By now the natives had long been left behind. Only three Englishmen—Norton, Mallory and Irvine—remained. Each one carried an oxygen tank on his back; without this aid they would have lacked breath to go on in the rarified atmosphere. As it was every step meant exhaustion, fatigue, weariness. At 29,400 feet Colonel Norton sinks to earth, completely done. Two men left. For just a second the summit is exposed in all its grandeur before them, bare of ice and snow because of the terrific gale which sweeps across the cone day and night. The goal is at hand—they have all but conquered Everest, mightiest of mountains. Only a few hundred feet are left. Slowly, painfully they stagger up, higher than any human has ever climbed before, up, up until suddenly a thick cloud swirls across the summit. The two black figures are lost to those watching with telescopes below. They vanish, never to be seen again.

That's teamwork.

## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 25)

Bliss stated, as Pershing had, that the result of the conference was that "it was unanimously agreed that the United States should, as its minimum effort, send to France as rapidly as possible four complete corps of six divisions each or twenty-four divisions in all; the last division to arrive not later than the end of June, 1918."

To have placed these cablegrams before our people would have been a revelation of the problem which Ludendorff's new system of tactics had presented to us; and he would have published it to all his troops when he was beginning to drill for the Western offensive as proof of Allied alarm and of certainty of victory if they learned their lessons well.

But there was one portion of Bliss's

thorough cablegram which might well have been circulated at home as an answer to the rising criticism of the failure of our munition plants to supply our troops with artillery. The early French and British assurances that we could depend upon them for both guns and machine guns had been fully justified. Bliss said that Perkins, of our War Industries Board, and the ministers of munitions of France and England, had gone over the situation carefully with this result:

"The representatives of Great Britain and France state that their production of artillery, field, medium and heavy, is now established on so large a scale that they are able to equip completely all American divisions as they arrive in France during the year 1918 with the



best makes of British and French guns and howitzers."

In fact, in order to save tonnage, the British and French preferred to supply us with artillery. But we must send them sufficient raw material for their manufacture, which we could easily do if we had the shipping. They asked us that we should keep the British shell plants in the United States in full activity and concentrate on our own production of shells and high explosives. They would supply all the guns if we supplemented their own production of propellants.

This call for the twenty-four divisions disposed of the Allied plea in April, 1917, that we need send over only a division to show the flag; or Tardieu's view in August that we were expected only to give the final kick to the staggering enemy.

The War Department's highest estimate for our program, long before the Tardieu letter, had been for the dispatch of six hundred and forty-three thousand men by June, 1918. We had not been able to keep up to that schedule. Twenty-four of our big divisions, being double the strength of the German or French divisions, represented a total force equal to that of the Germans before the British army, as stated in the Tardieu letter, and a third of all before the French. Counting all auxiliaries and all special service and technical troops Pershing wanted, we must have about one million, one hundred thousand men in France by June, 1918.

SO THE Caporetto disaster had brought to the War Department a very acute reminder of the principle, which it had already so many reasons to appreciate, that the military power of a nation is in ratio to the distance of the front from the home base. Time was teaching us not only the truth out of the Allies' experience that it took longer in the industrial age to make weapons and equipment than to drill men in their use, but our own experience was teaching our nation with its mighty industrial power and skill, which was neither military nor maritime, that it takes even longer to build ships to transport the men and munitions.

We had formed and trained the twenty-four divisions, the more than a million men, which the Allied commanders had asked that we have in France by the end of June, 1918. This was the army for home defense which had been urged by the preparedness campaign of 1915-'16, and which had the support of the President, who reversed his attitude in 1916. However, now that we were in the war, we had no use for that force at home except to patrol bridges and munition works.

In spite of the prophecies of the imaginative in 1915-'16, as a reason for raising an army, the Germans had sent no aerial squadrons to bombard our seaport cities; and no landing force which left detachments to police their ruins while one army proceeded to the capture of our munition center of Pittsburgh and another to our capital at Washington in

order to compel us to sue for peace. No German submarine had come to test the efficiency of the mine fields of our harbors or to give our coast artillery an alarm.

Our Navy's barrier was not on our own coast but three thousand miles away on the coast of Europe. The trenches, where our soldiers were needed, were on the other side of our Navy's patrol. It was a world war, and so in a far larger sense since Caporetto, a land war on continental spaces, a sea war on all the seas. The reinforcements in men and material must cross the seas when submarines lurked in the sea-paths. Thus the problem of how to get the soldiers to the front and how to maintain them there involved all the transport facilities of the world.

A nation whose armies are to fight overseas neglects the primary element if it neglects transport. And her sea transport is in her merchant marine. Without it, if we had a strong Navy, our home defense was secure; but without it an enemy overseas was beyond our reach. The very lack of ocean transport prevented us from any military aggression against an overseas nation, which was contrary to our interest and policy, in keeping with our ethics and internal self-sufficiency.

Of the many shipping bills introduced into the Congress after the War began, one was talked to death at the close of the 63d Congress, March 4, 1916, in a remarkable marathonic record of a speech lasting sixty-five hours by Senator Stone of Missouri. The debates on subsequent legislation for which the President was pressing were more sectional than partisan. The rest of the country outvoted the munition making and shipping area of the Eastern seaboard. When, on September 7, 1916, at the very end of the protracted and stormy session of Congress, a shipping act was passed, there was no thought in the Congressional mind, of course, that we should need ships to send soldiers or their supplies to France. It was championed as strictly peace legislation, a corollary of the National Defense Act and the greatest naval appropriation bill in our history. It created a Shipping Board of five commissioners to be appointed by the President for the purpose of "encouraging, developing, and creating a naval auxiliary and naval reserve and a merchant marine to meet the requirements of the commerce of the United States with its territories and possessions and with foreign countries; to regulate carriers by water engaged in the foreign and interstate commerce of the United States for other purposes."

This was phraseology wistfully satisfying to the ear, but without guarantee that more ships would be the result. There was another provision which was much more to the point as peace legislation for thoughtful men who were envisioning our entry into the War. With the approval of the President the Shipping Board could subscribe to the stock of a private shipbuilding and ship-operating corporation. So the act allowed the Government (Continued on page 52)



## Make Pitchers Afraid of Your Slugging

FREE booklet tells how

Improve your hitting by reading this FREE booklet. It lays bare the secrets of batting known by Babe Ruth, Hack Wilson, Al Simmons, and other famous sluggers.

"Famous Sluggers of 1930" gives you the batting records and photographs of 50 leading batters of 1930, and tells how to get power into your own swing, how to lay down a bunt, how to time your swing, how to place your hits.

A copy of this authoritative booklet is FREE for the asking. As the supply is limited write at once to: The Hillierich & Bradshy Co., Inc., 403 Finzer St., Louisville, Ky.

## LOUISVILLE SLUGGER

Bats

used by practically all professional players



## UNIFORMS

OF DISTINCTION

For Legion Bands, Drum Corps, Etc.

Write for our new Legion Catalogue Samples and Prices

CRADDOCK COMPANY

Fine Uniforms

Craddock Building, Kansas City, Missouri

UNION MADE

America's Most Progressive Uniform House

## Quick Relief!

For rashes and all forms of itching, burning, disfiguring skin irritations.

Cuticura Ointment

Price 25c. Sample free of "Cuticura," Dept. B, Malden, Mass.

## INVENTORS

who derive largest profits know and heed certain simple

but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our hook Patent-Sense gives these facts; sent free. Write.

Lacey & Lacey, 635 F St., N. W., Dept. 8 Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

## Learn Radio in 10 Weeks

TELEVISION

TALKING PICTURES

Fascinating Jobs, leading to salaries of \$50, \$70 a week and up—In Service Work. Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Wireless Operating, etc. And Television is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for Thousands of Television Experts.

NO BOOKS—NO LESSONS

You qualify in 10 weeks—not by correspondence, but by actual work on actual Radio, Television, Broadcasting and Sound Equipment. No experience needed. Earn while you Learn. Free Employment Help for life! MAIL COUPON NOW FOR BIG FREE RADIO AND TELEVISION BOOK.

Radio Division, COYNE Electrical School, Dept. 51-1A H. C. Lewis, Pres., 500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio and Television Book. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State .....



**STOP**

foot fatigue. ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE gives quick relief to tired, aching, swollen, perspiring feet. Get the new convenient shaker top tin.

Sold Everywhere. A Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

use **Allen's Foot-Ease**

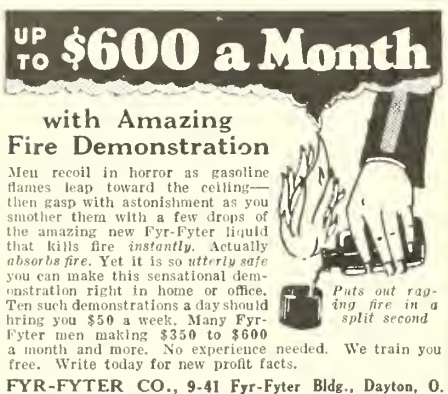


**UP TO \$600 a Month**

with Amazing Fire Demonstration

Men recoil in horror as gasoline flames leap toward the ceiling—then gasp with astonishment as you smother them with a few drops of the amazing new Fyr-Fyter liquid that kills fire instantly. Actually absorbs fire. Yet it is so utterly safe you can make this sensational demonstration right in home or office. Ten such demonstrations a day should bring you \$50 a week. Many Fyr-Fyter men making \$350 to \$600 a month and more. No experience needed. We train you free. Write today for new profit facts.

**FYR-FYTER CO., 9-41 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.**

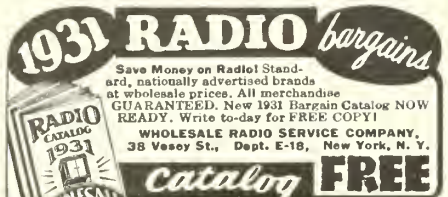


**1931 RADIO bargains**

Save Money on Radiol Standard, nationally advertised brands at wholesale prices. All merchandise GUARANTEED. New 1931 Bargain Catalog NOW READY. Write to-day for FREE COPY!

**WHOLESALE RADIO SERVICE COMPANY, 38 Vesey St., Dept. E-18, New York, N. Y.**

**Catalog FREE**



**RAISE CHINCHILLA AND NEW ZEALAND WHITE FUR RABBITS**

Make Big Money—We Supply Stock AND CONTRACT FOR ALL YOU RAISE

Paying up to \$6.50 each. Large illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of Fur Farming Magazine, all for 10 cents. **STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 102-A, Holmes Park, Mo.**



**WE MATCH PANTS**

To Any Suit!

Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. **100,000 patterns.** Every pair hand tailored to your measure; no "readymades." Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

**SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY, 115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 479, Chicago**



**—AMERICA'S— Lowest Tire Prices**

**12 MONTHS SERVICE GUARANTEED**

Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone and other standard rebuilt tires. Tire users who demand tire mileage at lowest cost can get it buying from us. This reliable company, Est. in 1918, will supply your reconstructed standard tires at lowest prices at all times and guarantee 12 months service.

CORD TIRES			BALLOON TIRES		
Size	Tires	Price	Size	Tires	Price
30x3 1/2	2.25	\$1.00	28x4.40	2.30	\$1.10
31x4	2.95	1.15	28x4.50	2.40	1.15
32x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.50	2.45	1.20
33x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.75	2.90	1.35
34x4	3.50	1.15	32x5.25	2.95	1.35
32x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
32x4 3/4	3.20	1.45	31x5.25	3.10	1.35
34x4 1/2	3.45	1.45	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
30x5	3.60	1.75	32x5.00	3.20	1.40
32x5	3.60	1.75	33x5.00	3.20	1.45
35x5	4.45	1.75	32x6.20	3.50	1.65

Send only \$1.00 deposit for each tire ordered. Pay balance C. O. D. 5% discount for cash with order. Tires failing to give 12 months service will be replaced at half price.

**YALE TIRE COMPANY, 3983 So. Parkway, Dept. 140, Chicago, Ill.**

**BE SATISFIED—ORDER FROM US**



## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 51)

to go into the shipbuilding business; and upon our entry into the War the Shipping Board did not have to wait on Congress to authorize it to organize the Emergency Fleet Corporation or to subscribe to fifty million dollars' worth of stock as its capital.

But the act provided that the Corporation should be run by a committee. One committee was bad enough under war conditions, but two much worse. The thing was that the Board and Corporation should act in harmony. This, in turn, was dependent upon the human equation. The Board had no legal right to operate ships; that must be turned over to the Corporation. As government operation was imperative, the Emergency Fleet Corporation was acting as a private corporation under authority from the President, which, as in the case of the War Industries Board might be considered "extra-legal" rather than legal.

William Denman was Chairman of the Shipping Board. In keeping with traditions, especially of unprepared countries at the outset of war, we sought men famous for past achievements of magnitude for all our great technical tasks. So Major General George W. Goethals, an engineer officer of the Army who had been the third and final engineer of the Panama Canal, was made general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Denman was supposed to favor and Goethals to oppose wooden ships, but both were for as many steel ships as could be built, and Goethals approved the wooden ship contracts, as offering additional bottoms without limiting the output of steel bottoms. The difference between the two men was inherent in their character. Soon the quarrels of the Denman-Goethals factions were brought into the open in a public scandal. Goethals, who was a powerful executive unfitted by his Panama Canal experience to act as second or a colleague in authority, went to the public with his cause and brought the issue to a head. He wrote to the President saying that he could not go on unless his authority was better defined. The President made an end of the row by accepting Goethals' resignation. There was other work for Goethals to do in a field in which his position had not become compromised.

The public call for more concentrated authority warranted the President in turning all of his own power over to Edward N. Hurley, Denman's successor. John E. Barber, whom Hurley summoned as his assistant, let it be known to all factions that where there was discord Hurley held the complainant to be about ninety-eight per cent wrong. Any member of the Shipping Board, or of the Fleet Corporation, who felt very belligerent would be turned over to Provost Marshal General Crowder, who would give him an opportunity for action in France. Many of our shipyards

had been busy with foreign contracts at war prices. Hurley immediately took over all shipyards in the United States and all ships of over twenty-five hundred dead weight tons under construction. This brought protests from other nations through the State Department. Hurley held to his rule and the President backed him. Exceptions were in favor of the Allies, rather than neutrals. Arthur Balfour joined his influence to that of the British shipping representatives, but yielded to the American viewpoint after the *War Sword*, which was nearly complete, and had been paid for in full, was turned over to the British owners.

**WE WERE** performing industrial magic. The magic of our skilled workmen had its part in reconditioning the 700,000 tons of interned enemy ships for our service. When the German crews broke the cylinder heads their officers thought we would have to make new cylinder heads, which would take a long time. Our expert welders from our railroad shops welded the fragments together. All expert welders were doomed to exemption. If one reached France in uniform he was put to work repairing locomotives which would pull other men to the front.

There was industrial magic in cutting in two lake steamers, too large to pass the Welland Locks, joining the parts after they were through to steam down the St. Lawrence to service on the Atlantic. Private shipyards on the lakes and coasts were expanded with the aid of government capital. Charles A. Stone conceived a great shipbuilding plant on the swamps of Hog Island. This vision, as in the case of so many visions in war days, was to be fulfilled. All the labor that could be spared from the cantonments, as they neared completion, was wanted at Hog Island, and still no less wanted if any part of it were diverted to other construction enterprises. Hog Island's enormous demand for materials further intensified competition for priority. It was to have ways for the building of sixty-eight steel ships at once. To house and feed the workers and to carry on all its business required two hundred and fifty buildings, hospital, restaurants, offices, barracks, sewerage, water, and telephone lines. Twenty locomotives and four hundred and sixty-eight freight cars would be occupied in moving the material to the ways on spur tracks which must be built. And this was just one plant in the industrial regions around Philadelphia where war contracts to the amount of two billions of dollars were placed.

So reassuring was the news from the theater of war on September 13, 1917, when work began on the Hog Island swamp that our war extravagance seemed, to many home observers, to have gone mad in spending vast sums which would have no result until long after the war would probably be over.



Ships built in peace time are worn out in service if they are not lost at sea; but the submarine might make the first voyage of any ship, old or new, or reconditioned enemy's, its last. Outside of the war zone time charters had risen from a dollar a deadweight ton in 1914 to thirteen dollars a ton in 1917, and in the war zone from twenty to eighty dollars; cotton freight rates from thirty-five cents to six dollars a hundred pounds; the market value of ships from sixty to three hundred dollars a ton.

On August 8, 1917, in face of the leaping costs of shipping, in which not only the neutral nations but many private firms of the Allies were profiting, it was recommended by the Council of National Defense's Shipping Committee that all ships should be requisitioned by the Shipping Board. The Board acted promptly. "There was nothing to do," said Hurley, "but to own or control every ship that flew the American flag and fix the scale of requisition rates ourselves at some fair level below that prevailing in the market, a level that represented legitimate values." The owners of requisitioned ships became operators for the Fleet Corporation; the Government assumed the risk of loss.

As the object of all shipbuilding, of the reconditioning of interned enemy ships, and of securing any additional shipping from any quarter was the increase of our army power in France, and we were behind our schedule, Baker's interest in our shipping program was intense. Pershing was naturally pressing to know ahead how many men and what quantity of supplies he could expect month by month in the future. Provision even for one month ahead was dependent on the time taken in loading and unloading, so uncertain to estimate on the other side; and it was dependent upon a foreknowledge of how many ships would be sunk by submarines the next month. In September, 1917, we had 177,000 deadweight tons serving the A. E. F. and submarine destruction of the world's shipping was four hundred and fifty-eight thousand tons, or twice the amount the world was building that month. At this rate, all that would save us from the eventuality of having our army cut off was such wholesale building as Hog Island or overcoming the submarine. It was our faith in these two elements that warranted us in sending more troops to France.

On October 17, 1917, seven days before the Caporetto disaster, Hurley reported to Baker that if all urgent needs were supplied by American bottoms it would take 900 ships with a deadweight tonnage of 5,650,000.

So the shipping situation was bad enough before Caporetto, and the House mission started abroad. Bainbridge Colby, of our Shipping Board, had been supplied with full information and expert assistance by the Board when the President sent him as shipping representative on the House mission. It was under the shadow of the Caporetto disaster, with its premonition of another German thunderbolt, that Colby met with F. W. Lewis, of the British Ministry

of Shipping, and representatives of the British Admiralty and the Foreign Office, on November 9th and 10th.

By November 20th the discussion about shipping in the London meetings had extended its scope into a general Anglo-American conference with the Earl of Curzon in the chair. All the experts of the House mission, and Viscount Milner, British War Minister, Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of Blockade, and Sir J. P. Maclay, British Shipping Controller, were present. Their business was to establish some sort of co-ordinated authority to control "the whole of the tonnage available to the Allies," and to determine what was "the best use to be made of the neutral shipping available to the Allies."

The idea of an Allied shipping committee was not new, as Curzon reminded the Americans who arrived with fresh enthusiasm for a program that seemed so obvious to the outsider. The idea had failed, as Curzon had said, for reasons that still applied. Britain would not submit her shipping, which he stated was four-fifths of the whole, to international control, because it would lead to inter-Allied friction and it was already entirely at the service of the Allies as a whole. Lord Robert Cecil said that the present system was not working well, and he was for control or anything that would work better. Of course real control meant pooling all the ships the Allies could gather. By this time Colby also had concluded that pooling was impracticable, and that the forthright requisitioning of neutral shipping was not yet practicable. America would not agree to control in London, he said, or London to control in Washington. The best that we could do was to send a representative to London to sit in with the English in the allocation of Allied shipping. Raymond B. Stevens was chosen by the President.

Bliss reported in his cablegram urging the twenty-four division plan that this resolution was adopted by the inter-Allied conference:

"The Allies considering the means of maritime transport at their disposal, as well as the provisions which they dispose of, should be utilized in common for the pursuit of the war, have decided to create an inter-Allied organization for the purpose of co-ordinating their action to this effect, and of establishing a common program, constantly up to date, enabling them by the maximum utilization of their resources to restrict their importations with a view to liberating the greatest amount of tonnage possible for the transportation of American troops."

The estimate for the twenty-four division plan was for 1,500,000 gross tons additional by January 1, 1918; 300,000 tons by March 1, 1918; and 200,000 by June 1, 1918, or a total of 2,000,000 gross tons.

Pershing in his cablegram, sent at the same time as Bliss's, said:

"A study of transportation facilities shows sufficient American tonnage to bring over this (Continued on page 54)

## AMAZING-STARTLING

PROVEN

2½ TIMES QUICKER

Than Other Water Heating Methods



EARN UP TO 20-30 DAILY  
—MEN  
Here's the King  
of Sight Sellers!

"Magical!" "Mysterious!" "Almost Unreal!"

say thousands who gasp in amazement at the lightning-like action of the new LUX ELECTRIC WATER HEATER which boils water steaming, sizzling hot instantly! Entirely new principle. No chemical action—no fire—no fusing, no waiting. Simply drop LUX in water, plug in light socket and—zoom! Cold water made piping hot in split seconds! LOW COST—EVERY HOME CAN AFFORD LUX.

New, PROFIT-SHARING Sales Plan for Agents. No Investment.  
Lux is a necessity everywhere. Dynamic demonstration clinches sales in 2 minutes.

Free Offer  
Up to \$1.95 Cash in Advance Every Sale.  
Write at once for full information, facts and proof.

Lux-Visel Company  
58 Jackson St. Elkhart, Ind.



Made of solid aluminum, 8 ft. waterproof cord furnished. For both AC and DC current. Guaranteed.

## HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

Your opportunity can never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards in earlier and larger success. Free 64-Page Books Tell How. Write now for book you want, or mail coupon with your name and address in margin today.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>○ Higher Accountancy</li> <li>○ Mod. Salesmanship</li> <li>○ Traffic Management</li> <li>○ Law: Degree of LL.B.</li> <li>○ Commercial Law</li> <li>○ Industrial Mgmt.</li> <li>○ Banking and Finance</li> <li>○ Telegraphy</li> <li>○ Rail. Station Mgmt.</li> <li>○ Railway Accounting</li> <li>○ Paper Salesmanship</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>○ Business Mgmt.</li> <li>○ Business Corres.</li> <li>○ Credit and Collection Correspondence</li> <li>○ Modern Foremanship</li> <li>○ Personnel Mgmt.</li> <li>○ Expert Bookkeeping</li> <li>○ C. P. A. Coaching</li> <li>○ Business English</li> <li>○ Commercial Spanish</li> <li>○ Effective Speaking</li> </ul> |
|---|--|

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY  
Dept. 5381-R Chicago

## LEGION UNIFORMS

We specialize in American Legion uniforms. Write today for our special Legion catalog which is beautifully illustrated in colors. It's free to Legionnaires—and no obligation.

S. Abrahams & Co., Inc.  
Juniper and Vine Sts., Phila., Pa.

## Reduce Your Waistline



IT'S surprising how fast flesh grows at the waistline, but it's more surprising how quickly the LITTLE CORPORAL "ELASTEX" Belt takes it off. Your comfort and appearance should come first.

Don't let fat and fatigue discomfort you. It's your birthright to look and feel fine. Simply send waist measurement over underwear and \$6.50. Money refunded if LITTLE CORPORAL doesn't please you.

The Little Corporal Co., Dept. V5  
1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.



## Use Your Car to Raise Your Pay!



## the McNess Way

If you have a car and a good reputation we'll back you with our capital in this paying business of running a McNess "Store on Wheels." Earl Garlick of Penn., writes: "Without selling experience, I started a McNess business and doubled my pay."

Hundreds of others are doing the same. Why not use your car to raise your pay? Fries of Illinois, Aston of Idaho, Cook of Iowa, are just a few of the men who—

**Make \$50 to \$150 a Week** every week selling McNess Sealed Remedies, Quality Food Products, Toilet Articles, Brushes and Stock and Poultry Preparations.

### No Experience Needed

Many of our best dealers were formerly farmers, mechanics, teachers, etc. Our national advertising, popular premiums and generous samples make selling easy for you and help you make money right from the start. Business is permanent, pleasant and profitable, and grows bigger every year.

**We Supply Goodson Liberal Credit**—to worthy men. We help you get into a paying business of your own and make money by using our capital. Write for details of new, double profit plan.

**Furst & Thomas** Dept. 718  
Freeport, Ill.



## NEW Shoes for Old!

### Mystery Discovery Replaces Leather

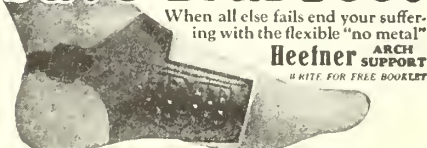
A NEW discovery now replaces a leather for shoe soles. *Cuts shoe bills in half.* Imagine putting on new soles right at home without nailing or sewing! Do a professional type job even better than the average shoemaker! In five minutes! Without special tools! And at a mere fraction of the usual cost! These soles come cut to size. Just stick 'em on. Light, flexible, waterproof. Outwears 3 pairs of leather soles. Send for Introductory Offer. Gives you chance to get a pair FREE. Send your name and address today.

### AGENTS!

Chance for \$40 to \$90 a week! New plan. No experience or capital needed. Full or Spare Time. Take orders for shoe soles and 47 other fast-selling household specialties. Write today for this FREE OUTFIT.

KRISTEE MFG. CO., 335 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO

## Save Your Feet



Heefner Arch Support Co. 71 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## Filters a Gallon Every 4 Minutes



### Low Priced—Guaranteed

Amazing new invention—patented Home Filter for fruit juices and beverages. Nothing like it. Removes all sediment, pulp, fibres. Filters a gallon every 4 minutes. **Perfect results guaranteed.** No moving parts. Simple. Practical. Low priced. Lasts a lifetime. Thousands already in use.

**FREE HOME TRIAL—Agents Wanted** Try free at our risk and return if not satisfied. Send name and address TODAY for full particulars of this liberal offer. Act NOW. AGENTS WANTED. HOME FILTER CO., 305 CENTRAL AVE., BAY CITY, MICH.

## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 53)

number of troops, but to do so there must be a reduction in the amount allotted to other than army needs. The use of shipping for commercial purposes must be curtailed as much as possible."

Pershing made no suggestion for reducing the amount of material for building railroads, docks, bases, depots, warehouses, and all manner of plants in France, whose quantity had so rapidly increased in the estimates of the A. E. F. It was very difficult for a soldier, preoccupied with a soldier's business of drilling and preparing his army and its needs, to realize what a vast amount of shipping must be occupied in all the complicated business of a world war. Action must be taken to have the 1,500,000 tons withdrawn from the submarine zone and all its errands in Europe and more distant waters, to American ports by January 1st, as the days sped by toward spring weather, which would precipitate the German drive on the Western front. If Pershing were wrong and we could not supply the shipping, then could and would Britain?

It was to their assistance and the defense of their soil we were sending the man power they requested. And the conference in London on shipping had gone no further than the resolution, which had a certain similarity to the resolutions of the many conventions in Washington soon after our entry into the war. Bliss, who was familiar with their fine pledges of unity and readiness to serve, which had to be organized into effectiveness, reminded the War Department that it must be insistent if results were to be forthcoming. The quantity of shipping we might receive from Britain in the crisis when Britain must make every man, ship and gun count, was related to another passage in the note which Lloyd George had written, urging America's prompt action:

"The American soldiers will not be ready to fight as an army until late in 1918. Our experience proves that meanwhile we must keep the fight going. Even half-trained American companies or battalions would fight well if mixed with two or three-year veterans. Beg H. (House) to consider this favorably."

This inaugurated an era of bargaining, complicated by alarms and interwoven with the ambitions and fears of statesmen, generals and nations, which is a subject that I shall treat as a whole later. It was disconcerting to War Department and Allied plans. It was time-consuming. Time, that very vital element in war! Time, which hobbles the unprepared! A wasted hour might turn the scale of victory.

THE Secretary of War did not have to call in military experts to explain the news that came from Italy in the last week in October. Its serious import, so clearly written on the map, was a spur to exertion all along the line. But it was four weeks before word came from the

other side formulating the extra effort expected from home in the twenty-four division program. The call was for five hundred thousand more men than Pershing had planned by June, 1918; and the real blame for this as for all the Allied troubles for three years was with the enemy's armies and submarines.

Meanwhile the Caporetto disaster hampered keeping up with the original schedule in which we were already behind. It laid a further burden on French resources in co-operation with our army. French railroads and shipping had to meet the sudden emergency of the transport of British and French reinforcements and munitions to Italy. The French army must hold in readiness a larger reserve of rolling stock for a concentration to meet a German drive on the French front.

With the submarine zone between the two, there was a bottleneck in French ports as well as in American. In September troop ships were actually taking as long as nine weeks and cargo three months for a turn around. Speed in unloading ships in France was as important in saving time in a turn around as speed at home. The French army and French private interests were bound to press for priority over the needs of an army which was not yet in action. The French port, municipal, and prefectural authorities had been under the strain of three years of war. Our State Department had long communications for the War Department as to the system by which we should pay port dues for our transports and cargo ships. Local authorities even thought that regimental trains in passing through their villages and towns should pay octroi duties. There were many things to be settled before the relations of the American Army in France could be established on a regular working basis.

If we were to unload ships rapidly on the other side we must send labor and build docks. Why didn't Washington send the labor and also the material for the docks? Labor also required transport and that we should feed it after it arrived, and frequently house it, too; and the material had to be provided, shipped by rail to an American port, and then wait for a ship. Naturally, the staff in France, which saw itself as the first scientific staff that the nation had ever had, was bound to view that antiquated staff system in Washington as failing in its part, while the staff system in Washington had a problem which had no precedent either for the British, French, German, Italian, or Russian staff systems. It had to adapt itself to local conditions no less than other staffs. When at G. H. Q. I shared its irritations. I had its viewpoint. When with the troops and I heard what line officers said about the G. H. Q. staff I shared their irritations and had their viewpoint. During a month which I spent in the United States, December, 1917, to Jan-



uary, 1918, I soon learned the viewpoint of home.

In French seaports I was reminded of the likeness to the critical period in the Panama Canal project and the confusion at the port of Colon. The chaos of unfinished works across the twenty-mile strip of the Isthmus was comparable with that along our lines of communication in France. The situation in Hoboken recalled on a larger scale that at Tampa in 1898 during the Spanish War. American energy was crowding men and supplies through the bottleneck on this side, and the same brand of energy in the A. E. F. was trying to pull it through the bottleneck on the other side and then push it into the interior of France with utterly inadequate transport. Pershing informed Washington in a cable that it might be better to stop sending timber for docks and send railroad cars instead. Meanwhile he was hastening the repair of French cars. He would communicate definitely when he had more information. And Washington kept on getting out the timber while it considered how the railroads could spare rolling stock.

The fluctuations of the A. E. F. demands were related to those of the Allies and dictated all deliveries in place of the orderly routine of peace in private business. For "over there" was the command that speeded up production in any plant and speeded factories and the railroads in transportation of the A. E. F. requisitions. Once it had reached the port, the railroad and producer's part was finished. So supplies piled up at the ports. Articles for which the latest cablegram from France demanded urgent priority were behind stacks of material much nearer the ship's side. Finding the right man for the job, when we lacked war experience, was a besetting quest. Officers who had charge of loading the ships, under stinging reminders of the slow turn around, madly hastened loading in order to clear a ship for sea. And big troubles found their way up to the Secretary of War. He might have enjoyed inspections of pleasant situations; but the only time he had to spare away from Washington was where a part of the general plan was failing of results.

So he answered an alarm sounded from the Hoboken wharves. General Francis J. Kernan had worked out our original transportation program, but not in contemplation of so large demands from the A. E. F. and least of all of the Caporetto disaster. The really big mistake of the Secretary of War, Congress, the War Industries Board, Pershing, and the people of the United States, not to mention all the Allied commanders, was not to have foreseen Caporetto. Such foresight should be included in future preparedness, thus removing from war the element of surprise and chance. And perhaps such an achievement would automatically abolish the stock exchange, as all prices could be charted for a year to come.

Baker saw the Hoboken piers, where production was banked up for the want of ships, as another example of the need of concentrated authority in war time. In place of French prefectures and Eng-

lish counties we had States which were far more independent integers of our national whole. New York harbor is bounded by two States. Each wanted to help win the war, no doubt, but State authority had clashed with State authority and with national authority. There were volunteer citizens' organizations, labor, shipping, and railroad organizations, and municipal authorities to be considered. Sea and land were related through the Army and Navy. The Treasury Department had a hand. There were bitter complaints against incompetent superiors to be analyzed. Strong personal jealousies must be soothed.

The demand was for one man, who was finally picked, in General Frank T. Hines, another Regular of the type who would compose, under army authority, civilian and military co-operation. But for the moment the best that could be done was that one board should take the place of several. Baker did not pass the buck to Hurley, who was driving the shipbuilders, or to the Navy for not repairing the boilers of the big German liners and reconditioning them as transports overnight. No administrative genius, but only ships could really solve the problem.

Some onlookers had confirmation of their views that a Secretary of War should be a "hard-boiled he-man" instead of a sentimental pacifist when Baker paused on the wharves to watch the soldiers going over the Christmas presents from relatives to men in France. Combustibles and perishables must be removed and the packages securely wrapped up again. Baker visualized all it meant that a package a mother had sent from Arizona, Maine, or a city flat, should reach her boy in a French billet. As one of the party with him remarked: "If he gets any relaxation out of that, let him have it. Life is not one grand holiday for him and his troubles are only beginning." But Christmas presents when the A. E. F. was crying for essentials! That killjoy of priority would hardly permit the presents to cross France to the billets in time.

However, it is not in human compass to explain all the mistakes that we made in the war. Mistakes were a part of the education when everybody was in a new school of experience. Only by making mistakes did we get ahead. We were at war and war is made at the front. The G. H. Q. was the front. It was responsible for the lives of men; and for victory in battle which would end all the expense and strain. Criticizing G. H. Q. was simply not done, owing to the example and order of the Secretary of War.

Yet even the new scientific staff system of G. H. Q. in France might make mistakes. Even it might be subject to human frailties, to exhausted men and shattered nerves. Indeed, as one who was at G. H. Q. a great deal, while I rarely met staff officers who admitted their own mistakes, I often heard them descanting on the mistakes of their colleagues, which was not surprising in the course of a rapid expansion of inexperienced person- (Continued on page 56)

# U.S. GOVERNMENT POSITIONS!

OVER 900 DIFFERENT KINDS of POSITIONS AVAILABLE

**For MEN—WOMEN, Age 18-50**

**IN or OUTSIDE WORK—LOCAL or TRAVELING**  
If you want a steady Government Position where strikes, hard times, politics, etc., will not affect you, where you draw twelve months' pay every year, get on Uncle Sam's Payroll. Stop worrying, enjoy life. Pick the position you want, it belongs to you just as much as to anyone else. Why not get it? It is all up to you! The positions described in this announcement are only a few of the many desirable ones obtainable. Fill out the coupon below, mail it today, and full particulars will be sent immediately.

## SPECIAL AGENTS (Investigators)

Start \$200 Month

Government Secret Service Work is a fascinating branch of the service. These positions located throughout the country are both traveling and stationary. Salaries up to \$5,000 yearly, and all traveling expenses paid while on the road.

## OUTDOOR POSITIONS

Ideal, healthy, fascinating work, where you can enjoy the forests and mountain trails. The duties are patrolling our Borders and Forests, acting as Game, Fish, and Fire Warden, furnishing information to tourists, etc.

## RURAL AND CITY CARRIERS

**\$1,400 to \$2,000 Year**  
Rural Mail Carrier easy, healthy work, short hours, with a large part of the day left to do as he pleases. Thousands of city positions for those who prefer inside work, delivering mail in office buildings. These positions open to both country and city people.

## MEAT INSPECTORS

**\$1,500 to \$1,860 Year and UP**  
Farmers, butchers, or anyone with a knowledge of live stock, food products, meats, etc., are in line for one of these positions. Salaries and promotions splendid. Both men and women are eligible.

## RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

**\$1,900 to \$2,700 Year**

Ideal work for men who like to travel and see the country free. You are usually on duty four days and off four days, but paid for full time. You receive extra allowance for hotel expense when away from home and when old you are retired with a pension which makes you comfortable the balance of your life.

## CUSTOMS INSPECTORS

**\$2,100 Year to Start**  
The duties are to check and inspect goods brought into this country, levy the duties, etc., and see that Customs regulations are not violated. This is very fascinating work with splendid salaries.

## EX-SERVICE MEN GIVEN PREFERENCE

We Help You Get One

( ) Ry. Mail Clerk	( ) Steno-Typist
( ) P. O. Laborer	( ) Immigrant Inspector
( ) R. F. D. Carrier	( ) Seamstress
( ) Special Agent	( ) Auditor
( ) Customs Inspector	( ) Prohibition Act.
( ) City Mail Carrier	( ) U. S. Border Patrol
( ) Meat Inspector	( ) Chauffeur
( ) P. O. Clerk	( ) Watchman
( ) File Clerk	( ) Skilled Laborer
( ) General Clerk	( ) Postmaster
( ) Matron	( ) Typist

## INSTRUCTION BUREAU

Dept. 460, St. Louis, Mo.  
Send me immediately, FREE, full particulars about positions marked "X". Also your big list of other positions obtainable, salaries, locations, how to qualify, opportunities, etc.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## STRANGE IRONING CORD

Pays Immense Profits

PREVENTS SCORCHING—SAVES ELECTRICITY  
CANNOT KINK OR SNARL

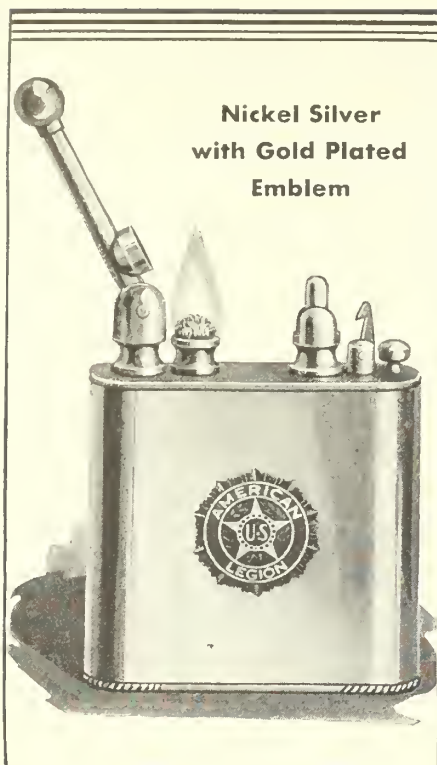
200% Profit!  
Hudson made \$75.00 in 15-minute sale to large Company for telephones.  
We furnish proof. Two Deluxe and two Low Priced models give you 4 chances for sales where other salesmen have none.

**NEW KIND OF CORD SET FREE**  
Every Neverknot Salesman is given free the beautiful Deluxe Neverknot Cord Set (with only Unbreakable Switch Plug of its kind in the World) whose automatically coils itself out of the way, prevents scorching and saves electric bills. Every woman buys this set instantly for it soon saves its own cost in electricity. It's a brand new and it's yours free if you work for it.

Important! There is only one Neverknot. Write this Company for exclusive territory, special prices and big free offer.

**NEVERKNOT CO., Dept. 5-0, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago**





Nickel Silver  
with Gold Plated  
Emblem

## IT NEVER FAILS!

The ease and certainty of operation, together with its ruggedness and lasting qualities, have distinguished this American Legion lighter from all others. Just a press of your thumb on a tiny button and the lighter is at your service. It never fails.

### Here's Your Order Blank

Emblem Division  
The American Legion  
777 North Meridian Street  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please forward immediately one American Legion Lighter.

- ☐ Ship C. O. D.  
☐ I am enclosing herewith check for \$5.00.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

I belong to Post No.....

Department of.....

## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 55)

nel and the frequent shifting of superiors in all branches. The inevitable delays in stating requirements and changes of mind "over there" were sometimes puzzling to Washington. There was the example of the enormous Gantry cranes, which were asked for the Bassens docks. Work was stopped at the plants by cancellation; began again, and again stopped, and then finally another reversal led to their completion. Their arrival in France was thus delayed many weeks.

**I**T WAS all in the course of the expansion of the A. E. F. as shaped by broadening experience. By the middle of December when Pershing was more than ever convinced that "a crisis was coming in the spring," he said that during the coming year our troops "will be required for defensive and possibly offensive work. . . . Both French and British are going to lean very hard on us, and public opinion in both countries will clamor loudly for American assistance. . . . Consider it of the utmost importance that our best troops be sent over. The National Guard divisions now here contain a large percentage of raw material both in officers and men. It will take very hard and persistent work to get them in shape." He emphasized the "importance of sending Regular divisions here for our first line combat divisions in order to get more time for training our National Guard and National Army divisions."

The Regular divisions, it should be said, were also largely composed of recruits; but the idea was that they were Regular in name, discipline, and formed in the Regular spirit and tradition and officered by chosen Regulars. Pershing suggested relieving the Regular regiments in Hawaii and Panama, which were already much reduced, with National Guard divisions. The answer was that the War Department had "begun organization of Regular regiments into brigades and divisions about three weeks ago. The Third Regular division will sail about January 1st, and will be followed by other divisions. In case of any delay in Regular divisions the best of other divisions will be sent to avoid loss of time. The matter of relieving the Regular infantry regiments at Panama and Hawaii now under consideration." This transfer would take more shipping and was a further tax on the railroads now unequal to the traffic.

Unforeseen additional demands of the A. E. F., for which only the war was to blame, interfered with keeping up the schedule of regular troop movements. In early December Pershing asked for four thousand aviation mechanics to be rushed to England; five thousand in January; six thousand in February; and thereafter fifteen thousand to be maintained permanently in England, where we should have to house and feed them. This of itself was a force as large as we had at Santiago in 1898.

Moreover, he wanted immediately twelve hundred bricklayers, one hundred carpenters, and four hundred laborers to construct aviation quarters in England. But this time the cable operator had slipped off a cipher instead of adding one, as in the case of another operator. The number of carpenters was one thousand and of laborers four thousand. It was some time before the mistake, for which neither G. H. Q. nor Washington was responsible, was known in Washington.

The total of these special units to be in England in December was more than any two troop transports we had at the time could carry. They would have packed the *Leviathan*, which was not yet in commission. The aviation mechanics must be summoned and transported from the flying fields when we had a shortage of railroad cars. The value of the draft's classification of manpower was exemplified in the preparedness of the boards to respond to such emergencies; but selection from the lists took time and every bricklayer or carpenter sent was taken from unfinished war construction at home, whose chiefs would have resented the loss for any reason except "over there." All the mechanics, after being mobilized, must be organized into construction squadrons under officers and given places on ships which might have been transporting infantry. When there were disasters at sea the A. E. F. had to wait until the articles lost were made and shipped again.

**T**HERE might be an American autocracy in France, but on this side of the Atlantic we were still a democracy, which is not ordered from on high to go to war but went to war through emotion and conviction. The Regular officer who served on the home background was receiving his morning paper, he was in touch with the popular mood. In a few weeks he might learn more about his own people than in all the years since West Point received him as plastic youth to be formed into the classic military mould.

Or, if he were not learning this, co-operation between the military and civil worlds suffered. For important civilians with whom he dealt were not reserve officers awkwardly saluting him as a superior, and foremen and workmen were not sergeants, corporals, and privates in khaki. The throb of the wheels of industry rather than the tramp of marching men was in his ears when his part was the humdrum, and so highly essential, business of inspecting material, which the recruit munition plants were turning out. He must make sure it was up to standard lest a premature shell burst at the muzzle of the gun and kill the gun crew instead of enemy soldiers.

At the cantonments he conducted the primary school of instruction for the recruit raw material of man-power which



was utterly ignorant of military forms. The graduate school was in France. Mothers and fathers of the men in the cantonments were more than names on cards to him. They and their friends, their clergymen and Congressmen visited the camps. He had frequently to explain why it was that the boys who lived within commuting distance might not sleep at home.

And he was training a different type of men from those of the peace time Regulars who were accustomed to drill two or three hours a day. All the classes of men in the new army came at war's call from civil occupations where they had been used to eight or ten hours of labor a day. They unquestioningly accepted the same number of hours of training as the soldier's routine job; and no Regular officer would slacken their industry by telling them that this was not the usual thing for soldiers.

If the primary lessons in America failed, then there would be failure in France, and the primary lessons would fail if the spirit to endure the drill was not in the new soldiers who reflected, in turn, the spirit of the people. Even in Germany the war lords understood this factor. It was the constant care of the German General Staff. Ludendorff often refers to its importance, and he recognized the turn of the military tide against him when national morale began to break. The civilian Secretary of War had reason to understand the difference between leading and driving in a democracy.

When Baker spoke to the graduates of the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer, August 13, 1917, he had said:

"I want you always to remember that you are officers of a democratic army, that discipline with us is not desired for the creation of pleasant emotions in a man who gives an order and humiliation in a man who receives it, but is desired for the purpose of executing the common will and of preserving the common right; in short, in the giving of an order you are the trustees of the common voice to execute the common will and preserve the common safety. Therefore, your duty is to remember that the men in the ranks, like yourselves, are citizens and members of a free people, that all the obedience and discipline necessary to effect the common purpose are appropriate and proper; and yet that the human relations in an army of free people are important, and the surroundings, the welfare, the happiness, and the life of every man entrusted to your command, is a part of the wealth of this nation entrusted to you to use most carefully, and to return with the utmost safety you can."

To the doubtful who were still inclined to a pacifist hesitation he said on October 17th in a speech at Cleveland:

"There are some things dearer than life. Would we call back the Continental army? Would we take the sword of Washington out of his hands and break it over our knee?"

Cleveland was far afield for him to go to make a speech, and speeches he must

make as part of his contribution to morale. Napoleon and other military leaders, as he reminded his audience, had said that war was three parts morale and one part force. Usually his speeches were near Washington, so that he would be away from his desk briefly. But Cleveland was his home town.

It was after the Caporetto disaster, as winter closed in and all the land felt the ominous if undefined portent of a great German blow in the spring, that his remarks to a meeting of college presidents in Washington on May 5, 1917, appeared as having had a prophetic ring:

"Now we are at the beginning of this. We are going to have losses on the sea; we are going to have losses in battle; our communities are going to be subjected to the rigid discipline of multiplied personal griefs scattered all through the community, and our feelings are going to be torn and our nerves made raw."

This was to the intellectual leaders of the land, the heads of our great institutions of learning, who, at the time, felt particularly helpless as they were too old to fight and did not know how to make munitions. It carried conviction beyond the mood of May, 1917, when we still thought we might have to send only a few regiments to show the flag in France and the gesture of our power in the balance against Germany might bring her to terms.

Meanwhile, the British and American navies had safeguarded us from the tragedy of a torpedoed troop transport. But, as our divisions continued to depart for "over there," we knew, after Caporetto, that we should have battle losses. In the winter of 1917-18 our feelings were being torn and our nerves touching the raw. A rigid discipline was upon civilians as well as upon soldiers and sailors, and the most settled and secure of us were being taken out of our habits. We looked for national leading to the President. His County Antrim jaw was still more firmly set in his message to Congress on December 4, 1917:

"Eight months have elapsed since I last had the honor of addressing you. They have been months crowded with events of immense and grave significance to us. . . . I shall not go back to debate the causes of the war. The intolerable wrongs done and planned against us by the sinister masters of Germany have long since become too grossly obvious and odious to every true American to need to be rehearsed. . . . As a nation we are united in spirit and intention. I pay little heed to those who tell me otherwise. I hear the voices of dissent—who does not? I hear the criticism and the clamor of the noisily thoughtless and troublesome. I also see men here and there flinging themselves in impotent disloyalty against the calm and indomitable power of the nation. I hear men debate peace who understand neither its end nor the way in which we may obtain it with uplifted eyes and unbroken spirits.

"But I know that none of these speaks for the nation. They do not touch the heart of any- (Continued on page 58)

John Hancock Series

## Be a father to your children ALWAYS

**B**eing mother to your children is a full-time job for your wife. You wouldn't ask her to be father, too. That's your end of the bargain.

Plan to see them through, *always*. The right kind of a life insurance program will promise them their mother's time and their father's protection as long as they need them—no matter what may happen to you.

Our booklet, "This Matter of Success," tells all about it. Send for your copy.

*John Hancock*  
MUTUAL  
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Inquiry Bureau, 197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.  
Please send me your booklet, "This Matter of Success."

Name .....

Address .....

A.L.M. ....

Over Sixty-Eight Years in Business



**CROWN UNIFORM CO., INC.**

323 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

## UNIFORMS OF DISTINCTION

Legion Posts — Drum Corps and Bands

Catalogue, Samples, and Prices on Request



**WANT A STEADY GOVERNMENT JOB?**



**\$1260 to \$3400 Year**

EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE

**MEN—18 UP**  
**STEADY WORK**

Many 1931 Appointments

COMMON EDUCATION USUALLY SUFFICIENT

Mail Coupon today, SURE

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. C189 Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay steady positions now obtainable. Send FREE 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and full particulars on how to get a position. Advise me fully regarding preference given to Ex Service men.

Name .....  
Address .....



# Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. A safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Well Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Well Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

## Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Well Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath, and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

### Write For 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write at once for detailed description, testimonials from delighted users and particulars of our 10-day trial offer.

THE WEIL CO., 585 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut



## Utmost in \$5 Comfort and Wear

Another Trade Builder challenge to the world, in foot comfort and durability. A broad, roomy toe with a snug fitting ankle pattern supported by a placed right steel arch. A foot form combination last in widths from AA to EEE. Sizes 5 to 15. Hours of Comfort. Miles of Service. Ask your dealer. Sold by thousands.

M. T. SHAW, Inc. Dept. 1, COLDWATER, MICHIGAN

Dealers Not Handling Trade Builders, Write!



arch support

## CASH FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

Easy to take orders from friends, relatives, fellow employees for Davis fine-quality, tailor-made suits at \$24.50 to \$45.00. Advertised in Saturday Evening Post. We supply instructions and \$40 order outfit. Write quick for our plan.

P. H. DAVIS TAILORING CO.  
Dept. C-3, Cincinnati, Ohio

## START YOUR OWN BUSINESS

The PLASTEX INDUSTRY needs manufacturers on small scale and for big production of Art Goods, Novelties, Souvenirs, Lamp Stands, etc., in Plastex and Marble Imitation. Experience unnecessary. Only water and plaster needed. Five cents' material makes one dollar articles. Rubber moulds furnished for speed production. Tremendous business done. We place orders and buy goods. Ambitious men have chance for real prosperity. Interesting booklet mailed free. Plastex Industries, Dept. G, 1085 Washington Avenue, New York.

### NEW INVENTION MAKES CAR WASHING EASY!

Gy-ro washes cars clean without soap or chamois. Attaches to any garden hose. Water pressure revolves center brush, removing all dirt and traffic film. Saves autoists, garages, service stations, etc., time and money. Easy to use—Easier to sell.

**AGENTS! BIG MONEY!**

Forceful demonstration sells Gy-ro Brushes without effort. Sensational new plan make money for you 100% PROFIT. Get started right now. Write AT ONCE for particulars—Free!

**GY-RO BRUSH CO.**  
Dept. E-32, Bloomfield, N.J.

## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 57)

thing. They may safely be left to strut their uneasy hour and be forgotten. . . . Our present and immediate task is to win the war, and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished. Every power and resource we possess, whether of men, of money or material, is being devoted and will continue to be devoted to that purpose until it is achieved. Those who desire to bring about peace before that purpose is achieved, I counsel to carry their voices elsewhere. We will not entertain it."

That appeal touched many angles of opinion, plugged many holes of dissent. His pacific followers had the urgent necessity pictured by their own leader; his political opponents who had deprecated his pacifism were fed the red meat of combat which they craved. The daring ascent of the heights of Caporetto by German divisions had dismissed another diplomatic hope. Wilson called for a declaration of war against Austria-Hungary, whose military morale was recovered now that her victorious troops were on the banks of the Piave.

The question of how we were to bring all our resources and power to bear on the enemy was becoming more acute every day as our spirit became more united and better educated in military realities. It required more imagination for G. H. Q. in France to realize the situation at home than for the people at home to realize the situation abroad. For the minds of the people at home were set on the front as the goal and responsive to all the repercussions from Europe in affecting their daily lives. Europe, which had been so remote, now became integrally intimate. Our fortunes, our comforts, our national future, were being settled three thousand miles away.

We saw England as grim in winter fog. Her people were on a strict food ration under police surveillance to save tonnage for war supplies. Her women and children, too, were doing farm labor, taking the places of the men at the front. Her statesmen were reassuring the public with reports of larger grain reserves than a year ago and of the immense increase of acreage under cultivation. In France rationing was related to morale. It must not be very severe. Food was not the principal concern of Ludendorff as he trained and mobilized his armies for the spring drive. It was more men, more guns, more killing and destroying power.

Our rationing was voluntary, saving our administration from the unpopular business of police regulations and queues waiting in line with their food cards. Voluntary dieting was one way for every American to do his bit, a release from the sense of helplessness for many individuals. While we spared gasoline for our cars, we were now having meatless days and turning to warbread. It was all good war psychology. There was ample food at home, and the thought

that we were economizing to feed our Allies strengthened the fellowship of sacrifice in all things for the common cause. Hoover was the War's master propagandist. He stood for the relief of famine, and when he said "food would win the war," our public believed in him, which was good statesmanship in the early period.

We had come to a sterner period. We were learning that sea distances were not the only limiting distances. England's advantage in bringing her force to bear was not alone in the narrow space of the Channel. Her forty million people were on a little island. Our one hundred million were spread from coast to coast between the Canadian and Mexican borders. Her coal mines, her steel plants, all her munition works, her camps, were much nearer the seacoast than ours, nearer the mouth of the shorter funnel which fed the rapacious hopper of war. Steel billets had to be transported farther to the rifle and gun maker in America than a new rifle from an English factory to the front. Our grain had to go a thousand or two thousand miles before it was at a port for transport to Europe. England's labor was in a congested area, quickly moved from one munition works to another.

Her railroad system pointed toward the many ports of a seaboard country, dependent upon overseas trade. Our railroads were already stretched to capacity before we were in the War and calling for more equipment. Many of our railroad equipment plants were transformed into munition plants. Our labor, which was usually occupied in maintenance, was building spur tracks, being alienated by the draft, and munition work at high wages, or sent to France to serve the railroad system of the A. E. F.

There were not enough freight cars to keep up with the transport of war material to the factories and the coast. Troops must not only be moved from home to camps and then from camps to the coast, but back and forth between camps. That new master, "military necessity," had become a nation's train-dispatcher. An army order called for many unexpected routings of what would have been called "excursions" in peace. Special units mobilized in one place were dispatched to other camps for further training, as new aviation fields and training centers were established. Large numbers of men were sent from the wintry North to camps vacated in the warmer South by departing divisions. And the divisions from the South waited, as pawns of "military necessity," in chilly Northern camps for troop ships delayed by storms or slow disembarkation "over there."

The location of all manner of new enterprises, as well as camps, meant of itself much switching and disarrangement of the peace transport system. In nine months the enormous and discon-



certing demands had greatly depreciated rolling stock, which had not been kept up since the World War began by peacetime renewals and repairs. Poor maintenance and undermining led to inefficiency. A railroad that was not in run-down condition had lost caste. Railroad men were proud of what they had accomplished with engines and cars that ought to be in the repair shops or the scrap heap.

Therefore, in face of the winter crisis and the call for the twenty-four division plan, War Department plans had been disrupted by the inadequacy of home transport. The munition plants had a reason for delay in keeping contracts because raw material did not arrive on time; and the General Staff reason for delay in meeting A. E. F. requisitions.

It had been proposed at the outset of the War that the Government should take over the railroads, but the railroads had accomplished remarkable co-operation by voluntary action which railroad experts thought was sound for the first stage, though they now understood we had reached another stage. At first Washington was testing public opinion in suggesting a limited control. The response was in the temper of the hour. The people were ready for the war time measure which pooled all the railroads to be run as if they were a single system. No dissent arose from stockholders and managers of railroads which had to share valuable terminals with competitors that had none or inferior ones in the great cities. Evolution had brought us one more dictatorship. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, of the many jobs, had still another. He became the dictator of all the railroads of America.

There was another shortage in the most vital material of all, which is another reason why life was not so pleasant at home or abroad. The nation which had formerly only worried about the prices charged for fuel now worried about a sufficiency. In spite of all our stores under the earth we had a coal famine. Such is human nature that the war dictator who enforces a schedule of rationing inevitably becomes a target, and Administrator Garfield had a "No" task which should have made him sympathetic with the Secretary of War. In the rich United States housewives were standing in line to get rations of coal just as they were in England and Germany for both food and coal.

I was colder in a New York City hotel in the winter of 1917-18 than I had been in France. In Europe coal was selling for sixty, seventy, and eighty dollars a ton. France was calling for coal which England could not supply. If Italy did not have coal she might be forced out of the war. Lord Robert Cecil, British Minister of Blockade, thought a shortage of coal had been one of the factors in Italy's defeat by weakening her morale. The A. E. F. must have coal. Proclamations by Dr. Garfield were receiving as much headline space as Hoover's or McAdoo's, as he asked for "complete patriotic co-operation" in his system of rationing. He asked it in the name of our soldiers overseas, the

touchstone for all successful appeals.

"The main urgent thing to be done," he said in his proclamation of January 18, 1918, "is to send to the American forces abroad and to the Allies the food and war supplies which they vitally need. War munitions, food, manufactured articles of every description, lie at our Atlantic ports in tens of thousands of tons, while literally hundreds of ships, waiting loaded with war goods for our men and the Allies, cannot take the seas because their bunkers are empty of coal. The coal to send them on their way is waiting behind the congested freight that has jammed all terminals."

The railroads must first have coal to carry material to the munitions plants, and the munitions plants must have coal to go on manufacturing. The soldiers must have it in their cantonments or freeze. The wheels of industry, except those propelled by oil or water power, must have coal. As a public slogan coal now outranked food as the means of winning the War.

Providence was not on our side in providing an open winter. The weather was in a war mood. In regions where it rarely touched zero the thermometer frequently registered below zero. The snows were heavy, and shoveling snow was in order for the soldiers at the cantonments where drifts covered the drill grounds. When there was no coal for ships ready to clear for France, the railroads of the Eastern United States, fighting snow and ice, were almost paralyzed in the last days of January. Passenger trains between New York and Chicago and solid trains of supplies for the Allies were cancelled. Elsewhere, flood conditions were a menace, and production was stopped in several mines. Ships which waited for coal before they could leave port, when they had it, were held back by terrific storms.

We were having workless as well as heatless and meatless days. There had been many kinds of holidays, but none so strange as that, when all industries were suspended for five days by Fuel Administrator Garfield, in order that the railroads might catch up with the transport of coal and supplies. It was reassuring to learn in a cablegram from Pershing that the soldiers of the A. E. F., as well as of our cantonments, had food enough.

"This war is being fought in every factory, every workshop, every home in the country," said Baker, "by those marvelously subtle processes of modern scientific achievement by which we are all co-ordinated." And again, at a meeting of the National Woman Suffrage Association in Washington, on December 14, 1917:

"If I had some subtle and instantaneous way of using efficiently all of the good will and willingness to help that there is in America, the world could not stand against her five minutes. Facing the fact that it takes some time to order the process by which so much willingness and good will can be used—that is the difficult part of this situation, and yet that is one of the prices we pay for democracy. (Continued on page 60)



## CROCKETT of

### TEXAS REPORTS

# \$1231 PROFIT AS A SIDE LINE



### Make Colorcrete Products

#### New Easy Fascinating

Big Money for you—part time or full time. No experience necessary. Make them in 30 colors and shades, and in 38 designs. They sell on sight, many of them for 10 times cost to make.

Learn how Mr. Crockett made \$1,231, O'Shea of Pa. \$780 with 2 designs, Kauble of Iowa \$2,000 with 3 molds, etc., by sending for

**Book on Colorcrete**

Now is the time to act—before someone else beats you to this great opportunity for your city. Equipment as low as \$30. 15 days' free trial. Write today for book—32 pages of ways to make money.

**COLORCRETE INDUSTRIES**  
350 Ottawa Ave., Holland, Mich.

## BE A Traffic Manager


### Big Pay—Big Opportunity

Big business needs trained traffic men and pays them well. Train in your spare time for this highly profitable, growing profession. Low cost; easy terms.

Write now for valuable, interesting 64-page book—FREE.

**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**  
Dept. 5361-T, Chicago

## TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price



Save over 1/2 Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices.

**SEND NO MONEY**

All late models completely refinished like brand new. Fully Guaranteed. Sent on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!!

231 W. Monroe St.  
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 541, Chicago

## UNIFORMS



For Legion Drum Corps and Bands. Write for NEW catalog showing 88 designs IN COLORS; also wonderful line of samples—9 QUALITIES and 156 SHADES. DeMoulin Bros. & Co., 1004 South Fourth St., Greenville, Illinois.



## DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR OLD SPARK PLUGS

**Hot SHOT**

Makes OLD Plugs act like NEW SAVES UP TO 30% GAS—80 OIL

New motor invention "HOT SHOT" increases power—speed. Starts car instantly without choke. Delivers 11,000 volts. Transparent—shows BLUE spark if ignition O.K.—RED if faulty. Pays for self immediately. \$1.50 seller. Fits any car. Installed without tools. Gold mine for agents. "25 a day, easy," says Alekman. "Rush 500 HOT SHOTS," wires Kibit. "Doubled my mileage," writes Bekele. "HOT SHOT a wonder," says Abbott. Car owners amazed. Agents cleaning up; part time, full time.

**Act Quick**  
Write for FREE SAMPLE OFFER  
**Reardon Mfg. Co.**  
Dept. 045  
Peoria, Ill.







no longer wondering if they should see France, but when their turn to go would come. The question was if there would be enough of them and in time; if there were not, how long would the War last?

The extra shipping for the twenty-four division program had not been forthcoming. England insisted that if she had it to spare she would not spare it until some definite understanding as to how our man-power was to be used came out of the negotiations between Pershing and the Allied commanders. The nation was gradually settling down to recognize that the two great essentials were man-power and shipping. Not coal, not food, not loans, but a "Bridge to France" had now become the slogan for a new national drive. The hand behind the rivet, joining the ship's plates, became the heroic hand of industry. Hog Island was now far from a mad conception of wild extravagance. Why had we been so long in starting it? Why had it been so slow in building? As significant in its place and time as the draft regis-

tration day and the landing of our first contingent in France was the day when the first keel was laid at Hog Island. Speed the building of ships; speed the troops and supplies to "over there!"

Our Navy had the great *Leviathan* with her first crowded passenger list in khaki on the way. Her deep draught brought a problem for Liverpool, while Brest was not ready for her yet. Other German liners had been also reconditioned and fitted out as transports. In December we had seven hundred and eighty-six thousand deadweight tons of troop and cargo ships in the service of the A. E. F. and we transported forty-nine thousand men. In January we had eight hundred and sixty-three thousand tons and had transported three thousand fewer men. Storms and delays accounted for the decrease. At this rate we should not have half a million by the end of May. The crisis at home was mounting with that abroad—a crisis in the fortunes of the War Department.

(To be continued)

## Advice

(Continued from page 13)

harmful advice given than that which is helpful. For instance, our acquaintances or friends often advise us what medicines we should take for our ailments. More often than not, this advice is dangerous, for although well meant it comes from people unfit to give medical advice. Especially dangerous is advice from older people—often relatives, loving friends, or business associates—who think traditionally in terms of past conditions, and advise us against newer, better methods, because these methods are different.

On the other hand, the man who never takes advice, averages to live a less successful life and a shorter life. The reason for this is apparent: namely, that he does not profit by the experience of others, and therefore at best many of his experiments in living and doing are costly and at times dangerous.

I think we must conclude that advice is like medicine—good when given by straight-thinking experts, and not to be taken when given by people ignorant of

the subject—even when the motive behind that ignorance is love and sympathy.

I remember that years ago, in a back country Chinese town, I took the advice of a wise official with whom I was staying, when, just as I was opening the door, he warned me not to go out. He explained that a mad dog was running about the streets. And a few minutes later, a man who had not taken his advice was severely bitten by the dog.

On the other hand, I have escaped money losses in many instances by not heeding the advice of well-meaning friends as to buying certain stocks. Then, too, I know I am better off for having rejected much well-intended business advice, especially advice against using newer and unusual methods in business.

Finally, I think that I sometimes—my critics say "often"—do not take good advice because I am not wise enough to recognize that it is good.

## Ici on Parle Americaine

(Continued from page 31)

and, according to Post Vice Commander Glenn S. Aston, proceeded to forget about their deed. Frank R. Kirk Post had done what a Legion national convention had recommended that all posts do and the knowledge of duty done was a sufficient reward.

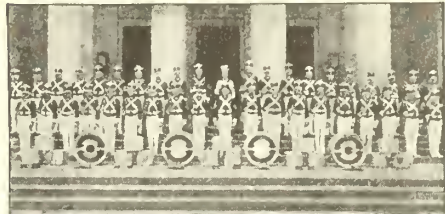
That deed was blessed by an aviator's gratitude on a foggy and smoky day in the middle of this last winter. Captain Jack Morris, who flies regularly from Rodgers Field in Crafton, took off from Columbus, Ohio, with a passenger. When he approached the Crafton district his ceiling was only several hundred feet and there was absolutely no visibility.

He flew over the town for fifteen or twenty minutes, unable to locate his position. Then he flew over the long building of the Crafton Lumber & Supply Company and saw the name "Crafton" which the Legionnaires had painted upon it. He immediately got his bearings, located the Crafton field and landed his passenger safely.

The post archives now contain a letter expressing Captain Morris's appreciation. Nothing ever looked better to him than the name on the roof, he said.

Dalton (Massachusetts) Post also has the satisfaction of knowing that the air marker it paint- (Continued on page 62)

**Drum Corps, York Post No. 127, York, Pa.**  
Pennsylvania State Champions, 1930  
Completely equipped by WEYMANN



### SPECIAL OUTFIT

Complete musical equipment for unit of 15 men

**\$116.00**

Write for details and Special Bugle and Drum Corps equipment catalog.

We organize and equip complete bands, orchestras or string bands for Legion, School and Civic Organizations. Sole distributors for Keystone State Band Instruments, Ludwig Drums, King Band Instruments and Saxophones.

### KEYSTONE STATE PARADE BUGLE

New, long, rakish model, stirring trumpet tone.

Single Bugle, prepaid - \$8  
Quantity prices on request

**H. A. WEYMANN & SON, Inc.**

Dept. LM-5, 10th and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Musical Instrument Mfrs. Since 1864

## NEW SMOOTH CUTTING 25c

### CAN OPENER



makes can opening a pleasure. Simple and easy to use. Cuts top off completely of any size or shape can leaving a smooth edge all around. No tins no more jagged edges—no more danger of cut fingers. New patented safety roll works like magic. Safe-way does the work of expensive can opening machines yet retails for only 25c. No wonder women everywhere are eager to buy.

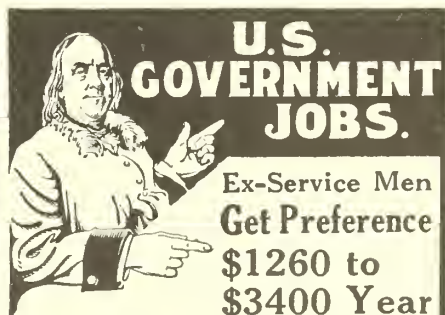
**AGENTS MAKE \$8 TO \$12 A DAY**  
Get started at once. "Safe-way" can openers sell as fast as you can hand them out to homes and dealers. Packed on single cards or 12 on a beautiful self-selling counter display for volume sales to dealers. Act now! Send \$1.50 for dozen on dealer display or 25c for sample, including full particulars. Write today!

**MASTERLITE MFG. CO.**  
DEPT. OE-12  
110 E. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

## New Adding Machine Fits Vest Pocket!

Adds, subtracts, and figures just like \$300 machine—yet it costs only \$2.50. Weighs only 4 ounces. Not a toy—guaranteed for lifetime. Perfectly accurate, lightning fast. Sells on sight to business men, storekeepers, homes—all who use figures. Write at once for Free Sample Offer and Money-Making Plan. 100% Profit!

C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 215 303 W. Monroe St., Chicago



## U.S. GOVERNMENT JOBS.

Ex-Service Men  
Get Preference  
\$1260 to  
\$3400 Year

## Become Railway Postal Clerks

Steady Work  
Paid  
Vacations

Common education usually sufficient  
Mail coupon today—SURE

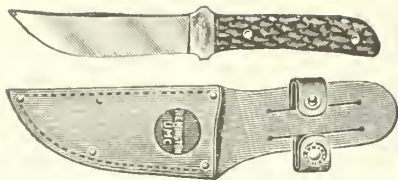
Franklin Institute  
Dept. C183 Rochester, N.Y.

Rush to me free of charge, 32 page book with (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (3) Send full information describing preference to ex-service men.

..... Railway Postal Clerk .....	(\$1900 to \$2700)
..... Postoffice Clerk .....	(\$1700 to \$2300)
..... City Mail Carrier .....	(\$1700 to \$2100)
..... Rural Mail Carrier .....	(\$2100 to \$3400)
..... Immigration Inspector .....	\$2100 to \$2900
..... Probation Agent .....	\$2300 to \$2800
..... Inspector of Customs .....	(\$2100 up)

Name \_\_\_\_\_





## This Remington Sheath Knife

Is just what you need for hunting, fishing or camping trips. It has a 4 1/4-inch forged blade with strong, durable, keen-cutting edge, Bone Stag handle and leather sheath. We will send you this knife

# FREE

of charge on receipt of only \$1 for a two-year subscription to Hunting & Fishing, a 52-page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc.

Clip this ad. and mail today with \$1.00 bill to

HUNTING & FISHING  
111 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.



## \$350 a Week in OWN Business

F. W. Tesnow, Berwyn, Ill., earned \$350 his best week. Many others make \$125 to \$200 a week with H-B Rug-Washer. E. Anderson, Cedar Grove, N. J., made \$87.50 in 10 hours. C. J. White, Louisville, writes: "I \$100 business in 6 days—never a complaint." Harry Hill, Marselles, Ill., says: "Paid for home with rug-washer. Earned \$75 first day." Frank Dietrich writes: "I started business with one H-B Rug-Washer. Today I own large Milwaukee store with 4 machines." Thousands earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs like new on customer's floor. Write for booklet.

### EASY TERMS

Inexpensive equipment. No shop necessary. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns—residences, hotels, offices, schools, clubs, theaters. Backed by \$58,000,000 company. Used by U. S. Government.

**FREE Book** treating rug washer and telling how you can earn large profits at prices below other methods; how you can build a permanent year around business; and how you can pay on easy terms. Enjoy a larger income. Mail a postcard or letter today—NOW.

H-B Co., W6155 H. B. Bldg., Racine, Wis.

## THAT STORY YOU CAN'T FORGET

**YOU** can read it again and again if you save your back issues of The American Legion Monthly. Besides, back issues grow more valuable with the years. Many command premiums now.

So bind every copy as you get it in a beautifully embossed, blue and gold, artificial leather binder. Each volume holds six copies. Available for volumes I to X. Price \$1.00 per volume. Use the coupon.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY,  
P. O. Box 1357,  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$..... (Insert proper amount computed at \$1.00 for each binder.) Please send, postpaid, the new binder for Volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, of The American Legion Monthly. (Check or circle binder or binders desired.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

## Ici on Parle Americaine

(Continued from page 61)

ed after it had helped its town obtain an aviation field was instrumental in saving lives. Post Commander Edward J. Norman, Jr., reports that this winter an air liner carrying mail and passengers from Newark, New Jersey, to Montreal, Canada, became hopelessly lost in fog after leaving New York.

"The Berkshire Hills are treacherous for aircraft," wrote Commander Norman. "Far from his course, the air-mail pilot sighted our field and its marker and landed safely—on the only field marked in Berkshire County."

The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion will send to any post on application a bulletin on the promotion of air-landing fields by posts of The American Legion.

### Invitation

**P**ORTLAND, Oregon, sends word it wants The American Legion's national convention in 1932 and it is going to Detroit this autumn to try to get it. The Pacific Northwest, with its rose gardens, big forests and distinctive scenery in general, has never been convention host although most other sections have had the honor.

"Portland will present a certified check for \$25,000 along with its formal invitation," writes Carl R. Moser, Adjutant of the Department of Oregon. "This was assured when Governor Julius L. Meier signed an appropriation measure which was passed by the Oregon Legislature without a dissenting vote. The fund provided is the unexpended portion of the state educational aid fund voted for Oregon's World War veterans just after the war."

### Membership Gains

**D**ROUTH and depression have reduced everything except debts—everything from the birth rate to income tax payments—but if reports from Legion departments in March meant anything the Legion's national membership for 1931 will greatly exceed the total for 1930 and may come close to a round million.

On March 24th the Legion's national membership, as shown by cards received by the Monthly, stood exactly 756,630. On that day the Legion had 71,120 more members than it had enrolled on the corresponding date of the year before and only 131,124 fewer than were enrolled at the end of 1930 when the enrollment was 887,754.

Porto Rico was leading all other departments in March, with 226 percent of its membership quota. Rhode Island was second to exceed its quota. Kansas

was third, with 20,815 members. Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, North Dakota, Colorado, Michigan, Florida and Ohio also were over the top on March 24th and others were near the top.

### Ohio Sons and Daughters

**T**HE Ohio Department in February began enrolling sons and daughters of Legionnaires in a new auxiliary organization which it called Legion-Heirs. Public and parochial schools co-operated with Legion posts in the enrollment and in many cities parades were held. The boys and girls of the new society wore

ribbons which identified them and were carried in buses and private automobiles to meeting places. Children of service men not Legionnaires were accepted as provisional members, to gain full membership rights after their daddies had joined the Legion. All members were to receive a book explaining the purposes of the Legion

and the new organization and a membership certificate signed by John A. Elden, Department Commander.

### The Firing Line

**U**P-TO-DATE Daniel Boones and Davy Crocketts are thick in the Legion. In the Legion's First National Postal Rifle Match five hundred teams took part in preliminary department try-outs and 189 teams entered the final matches on February 28th and March 1st. The Paul V. McNutt Trophy was won by the team of Vancouver, Washington, which also got first place last year in a national test match. The team of Frankford Post of Philadelphia won second place.

Frank J. Schneller, of Neenah, Wisconsin, National Director of Marksmanship, is anxious to line up all Legionnaires who will attend the national matches at Camp Perry the last two weeks in August and the first two weeks in September. Twenty-three department teams competed for the Milton J. Foreman Trophy in the national matches at Camp Perry last autumn.

The National Legion Team had the highest civilian team score at Camp Perry last autumn. Director Schneller hopes it will win first place again this autumn. He has prepared a bulletin giving information on this team, on the Fidac international match, the junior marksmanship program and formation of new Legion rifle clubs. National Headquarters will send the bulletin upon request.

PHILIP VON BLON



# THE UNFINISHED BATTLE

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D.C.

TEN million or more poppies will be sold by The American Legion Auxiliary this month, most of them on May 23d, the Saturday before Memorial Day. On that day 100,000 Auxiliaries will work from dawn until dusk selling the little paper flowers which disabled men have been making for many months in hospitals and special workshops. Each of the sellers is a voluntary worker. The money—a million dollars it will total—will be used to finance Legion and Auxiliary relief work and most of it will remain in the cities and towns where the poppies are sold.

This year the Auxiliary's poppy workshops have been unusually busy because the depression has hit the disabled man first. The poppy-makers receive a penny for each poppy. Three hundred is about all a reasonably active hospital patient can make in one day without fatigue, so most workshops set this figure as a limit. Some men, weak from long illness, can make only half that many. Poppies are being manufactured this year in thirty-one States, the other States obtaining their poppies from them.

All poppies sold by the Auxiliary bear on a paper sticker the names of the Legion and Auxiliary, and this sticker is the buyer's guarantee that the flower was made by a needy, disabled veteran and that all the money paid for it will be used for the relief of the war's living victims.

TO CORRECT the wrong impression that a large construction force is already at work or is now being organized at Hoover Dam (Boulder Dam), the United States Civil Service Commission issued a statement urging that no workers journey to the dam site or Las Vegas, Nevada, before communicating with the Public Employment Service at Las Vegas. This employment service has been established jointly by the Government and the State of Nevada and will give information on prospects of getting jobs. Only small preliminary works are now under way.

HOLDERS of United States Government Life Insurance policies are being pleasantly surprised as they receive dividend checks for 1931 and discover that the amounts of the dividends are substantially greater than in previous years. George E. Ijams, director of the Veterans Bureau, has announced that this year dividends will be \$900,000 more than the amount allotted in 1930. The total amount will be \$8,200,000.

"The increase in dividends was made possible by the satisfactory experience of Government Life Insurance in 1930," Director Ijams said. "It indicates the healthy condition of the Government Life Insurance Fund. Considering the benefits granted, the premium rates

charged by the Government afford protection at a low cost. This cost is further reduced by the dividends."

Despite the fact that the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion has been carrying on a continuous campaign to acquaint service men with their insurance rights, the committee finds that a surprising percentage of service men outside the Legion do not realize that Government insurance is still obtainable. The committee urges that all posts take steps to acquaint their own members and, through newspapers and radio stations, outside service men with the fact that veterans in good health may obtain upon application policies of seven standard forms—ordinary life, 20-payment life, 30-payment life, 20-year endowment, 30-year endowment, endowment at age 62 and 5-year convertible term. Policies may be obtained in amounts from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in multiples of \$500. Any office of the Veterans Bureau will furnish upon request proper forms, rates and instructions and will conduct without cost, when feasible, the necessary physical examination.

An important improvement in the Government's service to its policy holders was made two years ago when regional offices of the Bureau in each State were directed to receive payments of premiums and conduct other business which had formerly been handled in the central office of the Bureau in Washington. Later, all regional offices were authorized to make loans to policy holders, thus reducing considerably the time and formality involved in getting a loan on a government insurance policy.

JULY 3, 1931, is an important date to veterans who claim insurance benefits because of permanent and total disability. On that date under present law the right generally to bring suit expires if permanent and total disability is claimed to have existed before July 3, 1925.

Before suit may be filed a claim for insurance must be denied by the Administrator of Veterans Affairs. The Bureau has established a new board in the central office at Washington which passes originally upon claims for insurance. Many claims are being allowed by this board, making it unnecessary for the claimant to file suit.

If a veteran files claim for insurance before July 3, 1931, and the claim is thereafter denied, a special provision of the law permits him to file suit after he receives notice of the denial. This special extension of time will be equal to the period elapsing between filing of claim and July 3, 1931. For example, if a claim is filed on June 1, 1931, with notice of denial reaching the veteran September 1, 1931, (Continued on page 64)

## '2 to '3 An Hour In Your Own Cash Business

Put yourself in business with your bonus money—here's your big opportunity to start in spare time and make good money in a steady, year-round business that pays good CASH PROFIT. ITS. C. E. Winters writes, "I average about 20 saws a day and make from \$12 to \$15 a day. Customers are all well satisfied..."



**FOLEY AUTO MATIC SAW FILER**

**Files All Saws Automatically**

It's easy work to turn out perfectly filed saws on the Foley. They cut better, faster, cleaner, truer and stay sharp longer than hand filed saws. 91c CLEAR PROFIT out of every dollar.

**FREE Plan Starts You**

Start in spare time at home, and you will soon be able to build up a fine paying business, NO CANVASSING. Free Plan tells you how to get the business, NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Write for Free Plan and Details NOW!

**Foley Manufacturing Co.**

1541 Foley Bldg., 11 Main St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

## Get Into ELECTRICITY My Amazingly Easy Way



Right now—Today—decide to get out of the small pay class. I'll train you here in my shops in 12 weeks on real electrical machinery for jobs leading to salaries of \$50 a week and up. No books—no lessons. You don't need previous experience or advanced education. Earn while you learn. Free employment service for life. This is your big chance to get into a big pay field. My big free book gives you all the facts. Write today for your copy.

Coyne Electrical School, 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 51-04, Chicago

**COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, H. C. Lewis, Pres.**  
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 51-04, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE your big catalog and your special offer of extra courses. No obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**Send for Free Catalog**

2000 illustrations—Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. Largest Diamond and Watch Credit House in the World.

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO.**  
Dept. N-36, 30 N. State St.  
Chicago, Ill.

## Fall in!

**SIDE-STEP COMPETITION**  
Sell this new, low priced method of duplicating cards, menus, invitations, notices, sales, programs, announcements. Does the work of club secretaries, teachers and business men like magic. Send for descriptive circular and learn how it sells on sight. No investment—no waiting for profits. Prove you're good and get more territory.

**EARN \$5.00 to \$15.00 Per Day!**

**EVERY CLUB SHOP AND SCHOOL RESTAURANT, BUSINESS, IS A PROSPECT**

Write for details! **THE STENCIL STAMP CO.**  
NOW } 297 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



# NO MORE BIG TIRE BILLS!

**GOOD YEAR · FISK · Firestone · U.S. AND OTHER TIRES**  
**At 1/4 Regular Prices**

**Tires You Know and Prefer AT NEW LOW PRICES!**  
 You can rely upon Chicago's oldest and most reliable rubber company to deliver tire mileage at lowest cost. Actual tests on the worst roads in the country prove that our standard brand, reconstructed tires deliver 50 to 60 per cent more service. A trial order will convince you.

**BUY 12 MONTHS' SERVICE SAVE NOW GUARANTEED MONEY**

BALLOON TIRES	Size Rim Tires Tubes	Size Rim Tires Tubes	Size Rim Tires Tubes
28x4-21	\$2.30 \$1.10	30x3-22	\$2.20 \$1.00
28x4-20	2.40 1.15	30x3-21	2.25 1.00
30x4-21	2.45 1.20	32x3-23	2.70 1.15
30x4-20	2.45 1.20	32x3-22	2.55 1.15
30x4-19	2.30 1.35	32x4-24	2.95 1.15
30x5-20	2.95 1.35	30x4-23	2.95 1.15
30x5-19	2.95 1.35	30x4-22	2.95 1.15
30x5-18	2.95 1.35	30x4-21	2.95 1.15
30x5-17	2.95 1.35	30x4-20	2.95 1.15
30x5-16	2.95 1.35	30x4-19	2.95 1.15
30x5-15	2.95 1.35	30x4-18	2.95 1.15
30x5-14	2.95 1.35	30x4-17	2.95 1.15
30x5-13	2.95 1.35	30x4-16	2.95 1.15
30x5-12	2.95 1.35	30x4-15	2.95 1.15
30x5-11	2.95 1.35	30x4-14	2.95 1.15
30x5-10	2.95 1.35	30x4-13	2.95 1.15
30x5-9	2.95 1.35	30x4-12	2.95 1.15
30x5-8	2.95 1.35	30x4-11	2.95 1.15
30x5-7	2.95 1.35	30x4-10	2.95 1.15
30x5-6	2.95 1.35	30x4-9	2.95 1.15
30x5-5	2.95 1.35	30x4-8	2.95 1.15
30x5-4	2.95 1.35	30x4-7	2.95 1.15
30x5-3	2.95 1.35	30x4-6	2.95 1.15
30x5-2	2.95 1.35	30x4-5	2.95 1.15
30x5-1	2.95 1.35	30x4-4	2.95 1.15
30x5-0	2.95 1.35	30x4-3	2.95 1.15
30x5-20	3.65 1.75	30x4-2	2.95 1.15
30x5-19	3.65 1.75	30x4-1	2.95 1.15

**DEALERS WANTED**  
 All Tubes New—Guaranteed First Quality

Send only \$1.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 5 per cent. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at half price.

**MIDLAND TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY**  
 Dept. 1154 1000-10 W. Sixty-Third Street Chicago

## PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches  
 Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

**SEND NO MONEY**  
 Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 95c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

**Special Free Offer**  
 With each enlargement we will send free a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

**UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY**  
 900 W. Lake St., Dept. E-331, Chicago, Ill.

## BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

**EARN BIG MONEY AND TRAVEL FREE**  
 BOTH RAILWAY AND BUS  
 Active Men 19 to 55—needed at once as Railway and Bus Passenger Traffic Inspectors with opportunities for promotion to even higher positions. We train you in your spare time give you certificate on completion of a few weeks' course and place you immediately to earn \$120 up per month, and expenses, or refund your money. Many graduates earn \$250 per month and expenses. Send for Free Booklet and Testimonials. Begin your advancement now.

**STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE**  
 Div. 2405, Buffalo, N. Y.

## PANTS MATCHED

**DON'T THROW AWAY THAT COAT AND VEST!**  
 Save \$15 or more! Let us match your coat and vest with new trousers tailored to your measure. Save the price of a new suit. (Average price \$8.50.) Over 100,000 patterns. Mail sample of suit, or your vest which will be returned with FREE Sample for your approval.

**MATCH PANTS CO.**  
 20 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. B11 Chicago

## CHEMISTRY

Complete, practical home-study courses prepared by some of the best-known chemists in this country, including ALLEN ROGERS, B.S., M.S., Ph.D.—Head of Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute; L. M. TOLMAN, Ph.D., Vice-president, United Chemical and Organic Products Co.; BRADLEY STROUGHTON, B.S.—Head of the Department of Metallurgy, Lehigh University; and OWEN L. SHINN, Ph.D.—Professor of Applied Chemistry, University of Pennsylvania.

**Mail Coupon for Free Booklet**

**INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY**  
 Division of the International Correspondence Schools  
 Box 7577-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your home-study course in:

☐ Analytical Chemistry ☐ Metallurgical Chemistry  
☐ Chemical Engineering ☐ Short Chemistry Course  
☐ Industrial Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

# The Unfinished Battle

(Continued from page 63)

suit may be filed at any time up to October 3, 1931. The claim for insurance should be presented to the nearest regional office of the Veterans Bureau for consideration.

It must be borne in mind that only those veterans who can establish that they were permanently and totally disabled at a time when their insurance was in force will be entitled to insurance benefits. A complete definition of total and permanent disability, as expressed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, was published on page 63 of the Monthly for March, 1931.

**THE** Veterans Bureau some months from now will turn out a book which will probably join the ranks of best sellers. In a single volume will appear a "codification of all federal laws relating to the veterans of our various wars," together with "appropriate explanatory notes and annotations, headings, reference tables and indices."

John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee, reports that the Senate authorized the book on January 24th by passing a resolution introduced by Senator Norris of Nebraska. Rex A. Bagley of Chris Hansen Post of McCook, Nebraska, says his outfit requested Senator Norris to introduce the resolution and has asked to obtain the first copy of the book for exhibition at the Nebraska Department's 1931 convention. The date of publication will not be known for some months but will be announced in the Monthly.

**WHILE** we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

**30TH INF., Co. L, THIRD DIV.**—Statements from Capt. E. D. ROTT, Sgts. Mickey LANAHAM and CHASE in support of claim of Richard F. VENTERS, shell-shocked Oct. 4, 1918, in Meuse-Argonne sector.

**52D INF., Co. M, SIXTH DIV.**—Former members later transferred to Co. B, 355th Inf., 89th Div., who remember E. A. ROBICHEAUX, who was treated for flu in French barn, Sept., 1918. Especially 1st Lt. LEWIS and 1st Sgt. HUCKERBAY.

**358TH FIELD HOSP., 90TH DIV.**—Former members who remember fractured knee sustained by William Earl RAY while at San Antonio, Tex.

**THIRD CO., C. A. C.**—Men who remember R. M. (Windy) BAUR being hit on head with sledge hammer by man named BARKER while dismantling mortar guns at Fort Hancock, N. J., during summer of 1917.

**359TH SUP. CO.**—Affidavit from Maj. Frank W. VAN KIRK in support of claim of Marion A. CLARK because of injuries to head at Bantheville, France, Oct. 27 or 28, 1918. Also men who remember treating him at first-aid station, Third Bn. dressing station, Madeleine Farm, for fractured arm. Injured while hauling supplies for 359th Sup. Co.

**60TH INF., Co. M, FIFTH DIV.**—Men who remember severe injury to ex-Cook Henry EMBIE of Co. G, when loaded ammunition wagon fell on him in France.

**496TH AND 497TH AERO SQDRNS.**—Statements from Sgts. Fred SMITH and RICHEY, and Ralph G. DAVIS, who remember Charles A. ELLIS while stationed at Beaumont Barracks, Tours, France.

**PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.**—Statement from foot specialist (about six feet tall, 175 pounds, aged about 40 to 45) at Parris Island, June or July, 1918, in connection with disability claim of Charles P. CRAMER.

**128TH ENGRS., Co. B**—Statements from former comrades, particularly 2d Lt. R. W. YOUNG, who remember disability to Horace Levi LAWSON contracted at Issoudun and District of Paris. Patient in Base Hosp. No. 57.

**327TH M. G. BN., Cos. C AND D**—Former members, including William VAREUBA and Frank ROSSI, who served with these companies in Camp Wheeler at Macon, Ga., in 1917-18, and in Mayet, Vernille and Allison, France, or the Belgian Camp at Le Mans in 1918-19, who remember Sidney HART.

**BAKERY CO. 391, Q. M. C.**—Statement from former Sgt. Harry H. WELLS (or Fred E. WELLS) in support of claim of Lucien L. HUFFINE.

**121ST ENGRS.**—Former members of Cos. A and B who remember former Sgt. Icl William A. KENNEDY.

**313TH M. G. BN., Co. C**—Affidavits from former members, including Capt. HAMILTON, Capt. STODDARD, Lt. LINEHAUSER and 1st Sgt. Frank FEE, in support of disability claim of former Pvt. Thos. H. MCGREW.

**STARTIN, Rex**—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of this man who enlisted in Army at Tombstone, Ariz., Feb. 5, 1918, and was discharged at Ft. Riley, Kas., June 26, 1918. Disappeared in 1926 from Ukiah, Calif., leaving wife and child. Was in bad physical and mental condition.

**BAKERY COS. 9, 304 AND 305**—Statements from former officers and men, Dijon, France, March-April, 1918, who remember former Sgt. Dean D. WHITNEY of Co. L, 23d Inf., Second Div., killed in action in Meuse-Argonne offensive about Nov. 1, 1918. Widow who is receiving benefits from \$2,000 War Risk Insurance policy wants to establish fact that late husband applied for additional \$8,000 insurance while in Dijon where he was detailed with bakery companies.

**CALLAHAN, Edward J.**—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of this man who served as private in Coast Artillery Corps from July 7, 1918, to Dec. 21, 1918. Age, 44 years; born in Rosindale, Mass. Blue eyes, gray hair, very bald, all upper teeth extracted, ruddy complexion, 5 ft. 6½ in. tall. Very shy. Has clerked in store, worked for gas company and did cloth cutting for clothing firm. Missing three years. Mother anxious to find him.

**MARE ISLAND NAVY Yd., Calif.**—Affidavit from former comrades who remember explosion of black powder magazine at yards, July 9, 1917, and recall William George STEWART of seaman guard from Yerba Buena (Goat) Island who was there at time with severe case of mumps. Stewart was quartered in tents below nurses' home, July 3-24, 1917, and went across draw to hospital for treatment of ears and eyes after explosion. Doctor who treated him was civilian specialist from Vallejo, or San Francisco, Calif., who visited island three times weekly.

**BASE HOSP. No. 42, FRANCE**—Statements from former doctors, men and nurses, particularly Helen B. McCherry, in support of claim of John ADAIR, treated for gas and double pneumonia from Sept. 2 to Nov. 13, 1918.

**AMERICAN RED CROSS MILITARY HOSP. No. 6, Bellevue, Sene-et-Oise, France**—Former personnel, including nurses, and patients who remember Placide ROBICHAUX, sgt., Co. B, Fifth M. G. Bn., Second Div., who was gas patient in October, 1918, are requested to assist. Plans of hospital wanted also.

**373D INF., M. G. Co.**—Former members who recall Albert A. BERNARDINI, supply sergeant and machine gun instructor at Camp Los Casas in Porto Rico during 1918, and remember his fall from a service horse. Bernardini, now totally disabled, requires affidavits in support of claim.

**310TH F. A. BTRY, E**—Former members who remember LeRoy Joseph MARTEL, can assist him in establishing disability claim.

**FIRST DIV. AMMUNITION TRN., Co. A**—Former members, especially Pvt. John RUFFNER and Cpl. Harry SUCH, who remember that James F. BUTLER was sent to a hospital in France, Sept. 6, 1918. Also men of Camp Headquarters, Camp Sherman, Ohio, Feb. 25, 1919, to Feb. 9, 1928.





## MEMORIAL DAY SUPPLIES

THE fitting observance of Memorial Day is a duty which your community rightfully looks to your Past to fulfill. The 1931 Emblem catalogue illustrates and describes Post banners, caps, arm bands and, in fact, everything which your Post will require in fittingly observing Memorial Day. This interesting booklet, which is beautifully illustrated in colors, is the one and only catalogue of official American Legion supplies. Your copy is ready to mail. Write for it today. It's free to Legionnaires—and no obligation.



The American Legion  
Emblem Division  
777 North Meridian Street  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please rush, without obligation, my free copy of the 1931 American Legion Emblem Catalog.

NAME

STREET

CITY  STATE

I am a member of Post No.  Dept. of



*“I’ve ridden the Western Plains*

*—says Chesterfield*



*Yet* you'll meet me in the thick of a Broadway crowd"

It's a far cry from the cow country to Broadway. But what it takes to make the broncho buster "open up" about his cigarette is exactly what you want in your smoke. Good *taste!* And that's first of all tobacco quality. What you taste in Chesterfield is riper, better tobaccos—not another thing—blended and "cross-blended" to fragrant, *satisfying* mildness!

*Chesterfield*



*They satisfy  
—that's why!*